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May 16, 1936

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Blackshirt Heaven

By W. B. Courtney

May 16, 1936

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A leading feature is the famous "Magic Brain." This sensational triumph of skilled scientists and engineers is 5 to 20 times more sensitive on and below 16 meters!

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Silent tuning

You get further thrills from the super-sensitive "Magic Eye"! New tuning ease and accuracy is yours. And *silent* tuning, which ends station-to-station clatter, as well!

The new sets have RCA Metal Tubes... *more* tubes than ever! Distinctively beautiful cabinets, constructed to give better tone. Intriguing new range dials. Oversize speakers and a host of other fine points. Your RCA Victor dealer will give a free demonstration. See him soon. RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A Service of Radio Corporation of America. In Canada, RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal. Prices, subject to change without notice, from \$19.95 up *f. o. b. Camden, N. J., including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C. I. T. easy payment. And remember, any set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to the "Magic Key," every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m. E. D. T. on WJZ and associated NBC stations.

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The compact T6-11...a good-looking mite with surprising power. Excellent volume. Brings you many foreign stations, police and amateur calls **\$39.95***



A little space—but a great deal of radio. Handsome model T6-1 is another RCA Victor table set with delightful tone and power a-plenty. 6 tubes. Wide range. **\$49.95***



Model T8-18 gives performance far in excess of its small size. Has "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye" and Metal Tubes. Receiving range, 540-18,000 kc. . . Only **\$69.95***



Music you want when you want it. RCA Victor Record Player converts nearly all AC radios into electric phonographs. Plus slight connection cost . **\$16.50***



RCA Victor



AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF *Charm* AND *Distinction*

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

MRS. SAMUEL L. BARLOW of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.

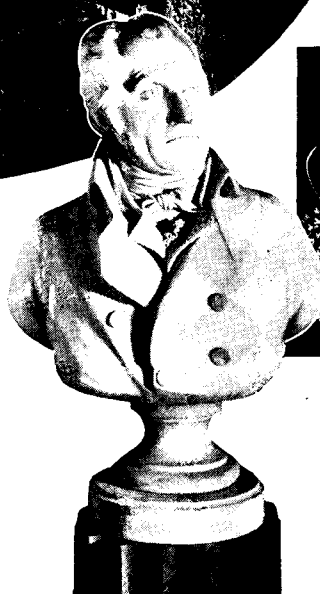


Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.

Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. The foundations of the rambling buildings at Eze are partly Roman and the structures themselves are largely of the 10th Century. There has been little change here since mediaeval times. Like her other homes, this too, houses a rare collection of antiques and objets d'art, and is the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.



A Carle bust of Joel Barlow, Ambassador to France in 1812, by Houdon, the famous sculptor.



Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.

Listerine

TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Next Week

BEFORE her diploma from the nurses' training school was three hours old, she had had a proposal from Dr. Anthony Starr. Change the drudgery of training school for the slavery of being a doctor's wife? That wasn't Celia Landis' idea at all. She longed for luxury, excitement and freedom. There must be some way of bringing true her bright, intoxicating dreams. There was.

For Celia Landis was a beauty, full of vital and stirring loveliness. Adventure blossomed in her path and drama enveloped her wherever she went. Next week Teresa Hyde Phillips begins the brilliant story of "The Prodigal Nurse."

THIS is the year when the third party was scheduled to come into its own. The program called for a great love-feast in which representatives of dissent, organized and unorganized, would come together and sink their individual differences in the soul-stirring task of embarrassing the old-line parties. But something has gone awry. Mr. Davenport, touring the country in earnest search for the third party, found a surprising lack of affection between its constituent parts. In short, "An Uncertain Party."

"NEVER Help a Woman." That's what Jimmy Banks always said; it was a kind of maxim with him, and he got along nicely by acting on it. Until the night Al Grempa was shot in Rich's roadhouse. Jimmy was on a spot that night and had no time to think of maxims. After he'd rescued himself he discovered he'd rescued the girl as well. The consequences are vividly presented in a short story by Lucian Cary.

IT'S probably not true that the climate around Dallas, Texas, is the best in the world for producing women athletes. It's more reasonable to look for the cause in Colonel M. J. McCombs, coach of Babe Didrikson and originator of the "Golden Cyclone." Bill Cunningham introduces him.

THE people of New Hope, on the edge of the prairie, were slow and solid, undemonstrative people, hiding the heat and strength of their lives behind silence. They were "Proud People," proud of their obligations to the town and to the people in it. Ernest Haycox tells the story of two of them whose love, long-delayed, was as stubborn as their pride.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, Kyle Crichton, Will F. Jenkins, Jo H. Chamberlin, George Creel, George Agnew Chamberlain, Freling Foster and others present a full program.

This Week

May 16, 1936

Cover by Al Parker

WALTER DURANTY
Conspirators. Russia in the Reign of Terror. Page 7

FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD
Sailor's Star. The love-stricken crew of a battle wagon. Page 10

W. B. COURTNEY
Blackshirt Heaven. The Italian dream and the Ethiopian reality. Page 12

JOHN WATSON
Loser's Luck. Some girls love a fight. Page 14

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Under Pressure, Part VI. Dorado's campaign. Page 16

HANNAH LEES
Two Million Tightrope Walkers. Living by science and by insulin. Page 18

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
Strange Language. Beauty in the wilderness. Page 19

HELEN G. THOMPSON
Home is Like This. Interior decoration for Collier's House. Page 20

O. B. KEELER
Strong-Back Golf. How many clubs do you need? Page 22

SAX ROHMER
The Invisible President (Conclusion). America saved—for the time being. Page 25

GEORGE CREEL
Is There a Republican in the House? Bertrand H. Snell, lonely and uncompromising. Page 41

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Secret for Two, by Quentin Reynolds. Page 44

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Things unimaginable. Page 48

EDITORIAL
We'll Keep Our Rights. Page 82

Any Week

WE are turning this one over to Owen P. White, who recently wrote what we considered a neat piece about one of our favorite old bravos—Luke Short, the gallant, gambling desperado who, we always thought, was a very fearless fellow. But no. Mr. Clubnose Johnny McCune of Omaha, Nebraska, says he knew Mr. Short "all too well." Mr. McCune remembers back fifty-four years to the night when "Charlie Doran, armed with a toothpick and nothing else, took Short's two guns away from him. And to rub it in, Mr. McCune remembers back fifty-six years to the night in Mr. Short's own saloon when "a boy who hadn't learned how to spit over his chin made Short turn so yellow that folks thought the sun was setting twice the same evening."

AND as if that isn't disheartening enough, here's news from Mrs. Amanda Troop of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. Mrs. Troop warns us that "a lady of no position in this or any other colony is signing her letters as Lady Bulb of the Empire Order of the Tulip." It's really none of our business but Mrs. Troop wishes all to be notified that "the position of Lady Bulb, which is the woman's equivalent to Lord Bulb in the gentlemen's organization, Empire Order, is vacant and has been vacant ever since the demise of Mrs. Lucybell Murdock of St. Kitts, B. W. I."



SO, while we are being alert lest bogus bulbs creep into our lives, let us do what we can to lighten the burden of Mr. Herbert J. Stout. From Roanoke, Virginia, Mr. Stout notifies us that he bought an overcoat from a "secondhand clothing merchant" in Richmond. Inspecting the garment more carefully in Roanoke, Mr. Stout found a ten-dollar bill and a note in the lining. The note read: "Please send this money to Mary. I ain't got the heart." Mr. Stout says he needs ten dollars but would be glad to send it to Mary if he had her address.

MR. PETER E. PADDEN of Kansas City, Missouri, has money trouble too. Mr. Padden has been reading the lists of the large salaries paid by rich corporations to their officers. "It makes me so mad," says he, "that I can hardly hold on to my pen. No man in the world is worth \$50,000 a year. PS. Except me."

FROM Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. Darrell Loomis, actor, who has been tramping with a WPA dramatic outfit, reports that "we've been doing the town hall circuit for a month. At one bend in the road we did Rain. After the show two old ladies stopped us to ask us if that was what city folks call a burlesque show. We all thought that was very funny," says Mr. Loomis, "until we began to think it over."

A FRIEND of ours who thinks it modest to withhold his name told us that he went to buy licenses for his two dogs in Connecticut. It cost him a couple of dollars to register the male dog but the female's license cost ten. He protested. The clerk explained. Some years ago Connecticut was having lots of trouble with dogs killing sheep. The legislature or something decided that it should

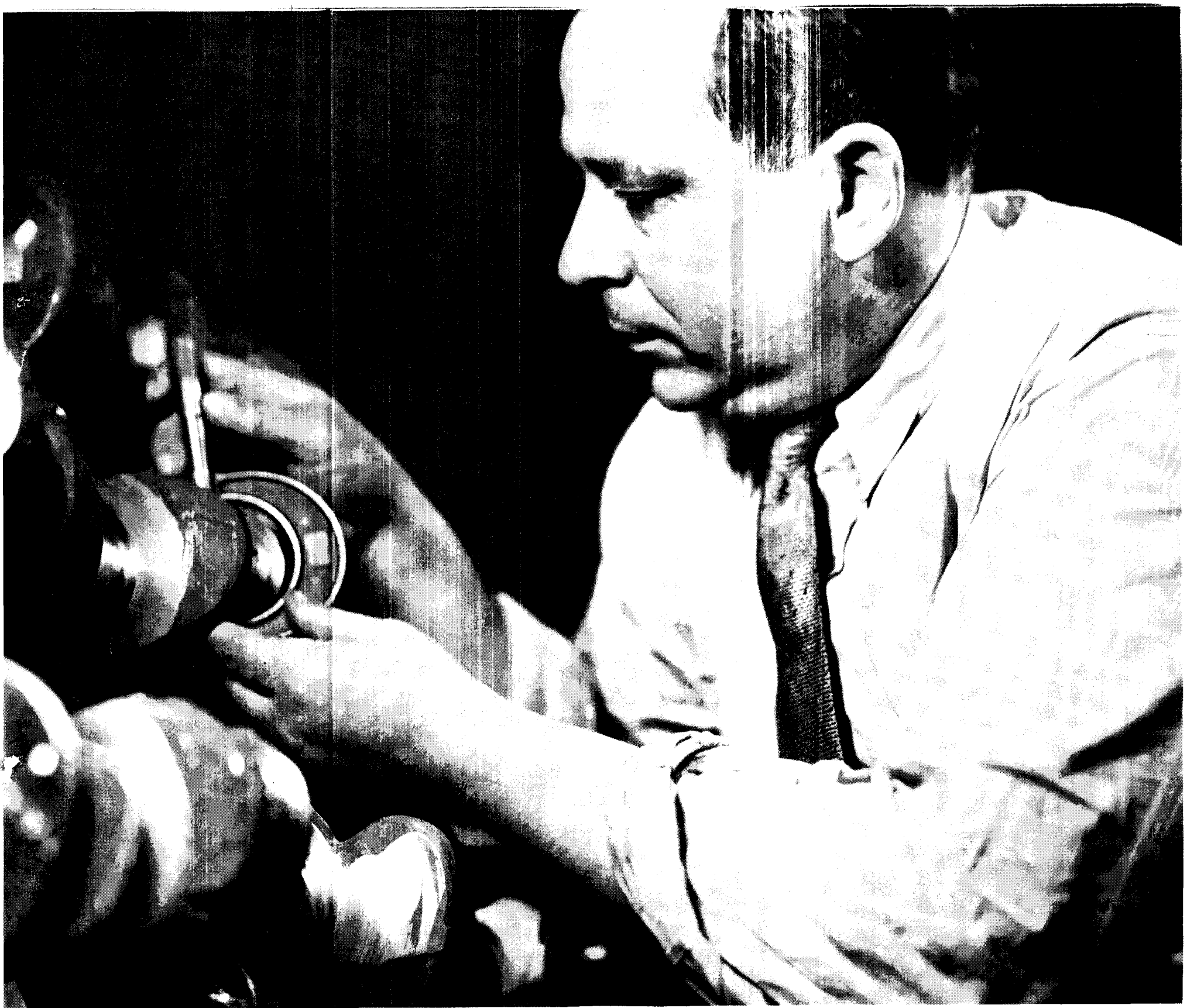


be made more expensive and therefore less desirable to keep female dogs. Fewer females, fewer dogs to come, you see. The clerk went further: "The state's worrying about humans, too, now," said he. "First we get this blood-test marriage license law and now they're thinking of raising the marriage license fee to twenty bucks. But it won't work. We got more dogs than ever."

"FIRST," laments Mr. F. C. Rockwell, a jeweler, of Del Rio, Texas, "they hike gold so high that everybody having even a gold-plated ticker sold it to Uncle Sam and bought an eighty-nine-center at the drugstore. Then they boosted the price of silver until all the ladies had to be satisfied with Andy Mellon's aluminum tea spoons. And on top of this Brother Morgenthau sends me a nice letter telling me how dandy it would be if I bought some of his savings bonds. Something tells me that there's a jeweler in Del Rio who is getting awful mad and may do something desperate, like voting for Alf Landon."

WHICH paves the way for Mr. James Dean Dunphy of Wichita, Kansas. Mr. Dunphy is not enamored of Mr. Landon. "You think," sneers Mr. Dunphy, "that just because Landon doesn't talk much he's like Coolidge. But keeping quiet wasn't all that Coolidge knew. He knew when to keep quiet."

LET'S all try it.



He's Been at it 22 Years

THEY WERE BUILDING CARS with axles of white ash wood when this Plymouth foreman broke into automotive work, early in the century.

But he learned crankshafts...became expert... has been at it for 22 years. He has been with Walter Chrysler since the first Chrysler-built car.

Now he is one of our crankshaft foremen...and knows what he's talking about when he tells you a Plymouth crankshaft is machined and finished more accurately than that of any other leading low-priced car. (To a fraction of a human hair's thickness for every Plymouth crankshaft...which means smoother running, longer wear, better service.)

We introduce Stanley J. Rosolowski because he is typical of the thousands of skilled, careful Plymouth workers in our great Detroit plant...workers who take pride in working for Plymouth.

Most of them have been with Plymouth since this plant was built...men far above average in skill...who find inspiration in great engineering... in work that is fine and exact mechanically.

And here's the point we make: unless you have plenty of men like this...and you'll find them in every department in this great Plymouth plant... you can't build a car as great as Plymouth!

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Plymouth is priced with the lowest...terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for \$25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto Dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

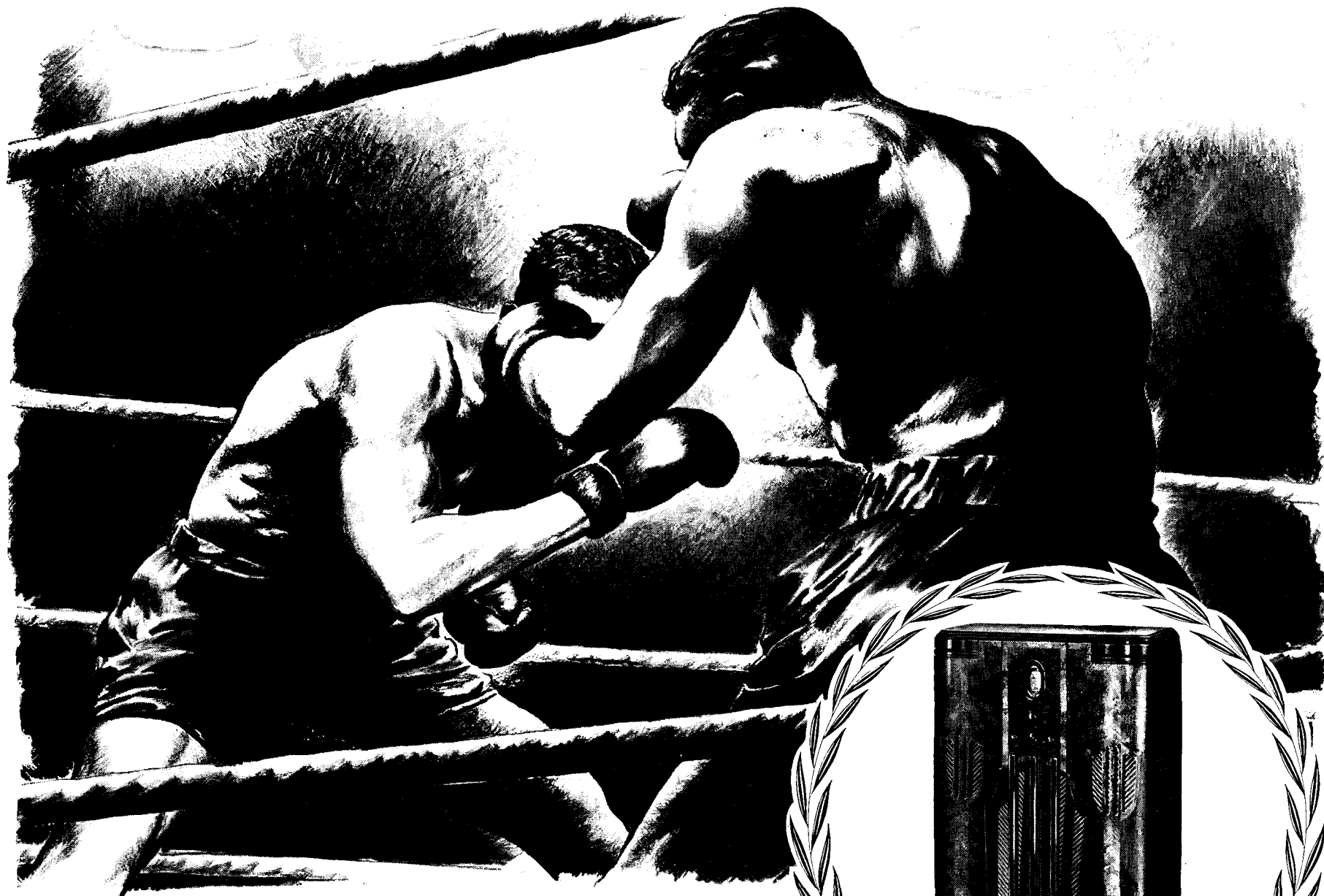
TUNE IN ED WYNN TUES. NIGHTS, 8:30 E.S.T. N.B.C., RED NETWORK, "Gulliver the Traveler"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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"And there's the gong! Both men leave their corners fast . . . meet in the center of the ring. They're sparring a bit . . . feeling each other out . . . looking for an opening . . ." From great outdoor arenas . . . from smoke-filled indoor fight clubs . . . come thrilling accounts of title bouts. Hear them through Philco and you hear the thudding impact of fighting-weight gloves landing on bare flesh . . . individual shouts of encouragement from frenzied spectators . . . all the color . . . glamor . . . excitement that surrounds a spectacular ring battle. Philco gives you a ring-side seat right up with the sports writers of the big newspapers! Just as Philco keeps a choice seat reserved for you when Iturbi directs the symphony orchestra at one of the Stadium concerts . . . brings Guy Lombardo into your home when you are in a dancing mood . . . or carries you overseas to European capitals to enjoy the programs which are entertaining London . . . Berlin . . . and Rome.



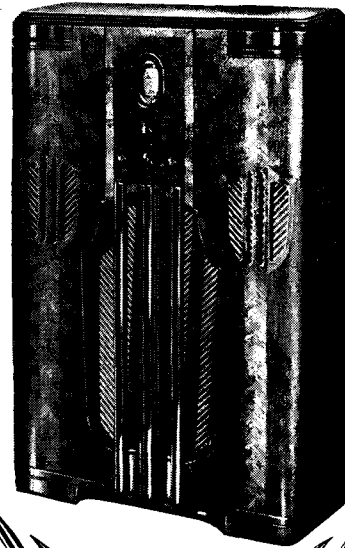
The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

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SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE



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THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System . . . \$180



The girl paled. "All right," she said. "Go ahead, Comrade Zubof. Decide as you think fit"

Conspirators

By Walter Duranty

THE man at the desk stroked his black beard with caressing fingers. There was egoism in the gesture, thought Zubof, watching. Something reminded him of Assyrian kings as he looked at the dark hair waving back from the high forehead, the hooked nose, heavy lips and arrogant jaw; and the fierce Oriental eyes, so different from those of the Jews Zubof used to know, passive and meek toward their Russian masters.

The Revolution had changed that. This man, middle-aged, dominant, was president of the Petrograd Organization Bureau of the Communist party. Zubof, the young Nordic, sat like a schoolboy waiting his orders. He looked out of the window, where the falling leaves were a presage of snowflakes soon to come. It was September of 1919, that cruel year of hunger and Civil War.

The Jew signed the last of a pile of documents, stroked his beard again, and said in a voice so friendly that the young man felt uneasy, "Forgive me, my dear comrade. Sorry to keep you waiting. We have excellent reports of your work in the country."

Zubof knew that he ought to say he was honored, but no words came.

"Unless I'm mistaken"—the voice was

too smooth—"you've been a member of the Party since April, 1917. Your father was a landlord near Pskov, and you lived there till you were twenty. Yes?"

"Yes, a landlord," Zubof stammered. "But I didn't keep it, the land. I knew how wrong—this exploitation. I gave it back to the peasants voluntarily—"

"I'm not blaming you for your father's position," broke in the other. "Your revolutionary record is excellent, and we have every confidence in you. Otherwise you wouldn't be here."

They made the young and innocent Zubof a member of the dreaded secret police. And the first question he had to answer was: Shall I or shall I not send the girl I love to a traitor's death? Soviet Russia gives us the story

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The harsh note at the end somehow made Zubof feel more comfortable.

"But you know the people thereabouts, most of them?" the Jew asked.

"Yes," said Zubof, puzzled.

"There's been a lot of trouble in these border provinces, what with the Estonian war and Yudenich's White Guard army—you may know Yudenich is going to drive at Petrograd one of these days—and English cruisers banging guns to frighten old women. But they can't beat us that way. If only . . . The Red Army,

if only it were red! But we're not solid. And down there in Pskov, the key point, the railroad junction, right on the Estonian border, there's conspiracy—White Guards, English money, Estonians, Social Revolutionary traitors."

He paused and glared at Zubof.

"I don't understand," the young man ventured.

"Of course not; forgive me, my dear comrade." The voice was bland again. "You see, we have trailed these conspirators on our own Russian soil. An Extraordinary Commission has been appointed to investigate, with our very good Comrade Galkin in charge. But Galkin, like all of us, has been desperately overworked. Yesterday he fainted. They couldn't revive him. They took him to a hospital. Now he's been ordered absolute rest for a fortnight. You're to take on his job."

Zubof was bewildered.

The Jew bent forward and signed another document. "This is a mandate appointing you head of the Extraordinary Commission to investigate, with full powers, the conspiracy in the region of Pskov."

Then Zubof understood. He had been made an executive of the Cheka.

He sprang from his chair. "Oh, Com-

rade! This isn't my line at all! I can organize the peasants; you admitted I did my job well. And I can fight; on the Samara front my company lost eighty-five men out of two hundred, and I got a bullet in my shoulder. I have papers to prove it. But I'm no police spy, no provoc—"

The Jew seized his wrist.

"Stop! There's no talk of police spies or provocation. You are required to examine these people and judge them and—"

"I'm no grand inquisitor, either! It's no good; you must find—"

"Stop! I tell you! And listen to me. You are not here to argue, but to take orders which you will obey. The Party has decided you can be useful in a certain position. How dare you question that decision? You say you have commanded men in battle; what would you think of a soldier who—"

"Why, if the Party ordered Lenin himself to—"

"You young fool," said the other more quietly. "The matter is settled. You have never worked for the Cheka; very well, you begin today. There are a dozen people here under arrest, probably most of them known to you, as they come from your home neighborhood. Find out those who are guilty and have them shot at once. If any are innocent, let them go free. Above all, act quickly; that is the principle of the Terror. Your predecessor, Comrade Galkin, promised to have it all finished by tomorrow night."

Zubof's face was pale, but resistance was smashed. He took the mandate, saluted and left the room.

TWENTY-TWO is an elastic age, not overprone to quarrel with sudden promotion. When Zubof jumped from the automobile before the small, square building that once had housed the darling of a millionaire contractor, his dismay had become pride.

There was a sweet savor in the quick salute of the sentries, and in the deference that met him as he entered the ante-room leading to his private office. It had been a sort of Cubist studio. The walls were a patchwork of orange, blue and green framed in bars of black; the floor a checkerboard of black and white marble; the ceiling a stained-glass dome. In all this color, the black leather tunics and breeches of the three secretaries seemed perverse and dreadful.

The inner room, which was formerly the lady's boudoir, was like a jewel case. Its silk panels of pale fawn were flushed by the light from a bowl of pink marble. The carpet was white, thick and soft as moss, but a strip of red baize ran across it from the door to an ivory table. Even the telephone cord was white, and the box on which the receiver rested had been coated with creamy paint.

"Comrade Galkin must be a strange person," thought Zubof, as he sat down in the high-backed ivory chair behind the table.

THERE was a tap at the door, and a little elderly man with a leather portfolio came forward, stepping carefully on the narrow red strip. His assured manner was that of the smaller officials Zubof had known, living on modest pensions in the country.

With a murmur, "Egor Nikich; at your service, Comrade," he sat down at the table and began to explain the work in hand, referring from time to time to the typed papers in his portfolio.

The conspiracy, it appeared, was for the purpose of blowing up a railway bridge near the important junction of Pskov, and at the same time rousing the country against the Bolsheviks. The conspirators had been in touch with the counter-revolutionary army of Yudenich, and with the "Green Bands," who were in theory anti-Bolshevist patriots, but in



She must die, and he; their short lives had been linked for this end

practice marauding bandits who had heard the clink of foreign money. Once the bridge was out, they would sweep down from the northwest and the Estonians would attack from the west and south.

The plans had been revealed by an accident, about which Egor Nikich knew little. At any rate, the leaders had been caught. The bridge was guarded, two battalions were moving in, and a military tribunal would soon reassure the local population.

There remained only the execution of justice on the chief conspirators. Perhaps, the secretary said, not all the prisoners in hand were equally guilty; but there was no doubt that the motive force of the conspiracy was among them. Comrade Zubof would apportion their guilt and pass judgment. The sentences would be carried out at once. In fact, Comrade Galkin had hoped to finish the whole—

"All right," interrupted Zubof. "I'll begin now; see them one at a time. You stay outside and send them in."

Egor Nikich tiptoed out along the red baize strip.

When one is young, and tender of heart, it is no light thing to condemn one's fellow creatures to sudden death. Zubof braced himself to do his duty. They had plotted against the revolution. He must have no false sentiment. He must show—

There was a burst of exclamations at the door, and a tall, stout woman was pushed into the room.

Severe and rigid, Zubof waved her to a seat before the desk. The model judge, he felt, should be impassive, without animosity.

His gesture was hardly finished when the prisoner flung herself upon him with a squeal of delight, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Vassia, my little Vassia! It is really you!"

Zubof's brain swam. This first of his dangerous plotters was Tatiana Ivanova—Aunt Tania, one of his mother's friends. His relation to her had been fixed one October afternoon years ago, when she had caught the young Vassia, who was then about ten, robbing her orchard for the sake of small Kyra, the seven-year-old daughter of the commanding officer

of the district. For himself, Vassia would never have stolen a button; but it was the old story—Eve wanted the apple.

On that October day their present roles had been reversed. Aunt Tania had executed summary justice with the palm of her hand. He had yelled and kicked in vain. His young accomplice had said that she did not like little boys who cried, and had left him. In that moment the boy tasted the first pangs of unsuccessful sin. And from that day he kept a respectful fear of Aunt Tania, though he was grateful for her kindness in his mother's last illness.

HE PERSUADED the agitated lady to sit down, but his judicial mien could not be recaptured. Aunt Tania gave him no chance. She burst into thanks to heaven that at last she had found her little Vassia. How pale he was looking, and how thin! How hard he must be working! What would his poor mother think, to look down from heaven and see him in such a position! And those dreadful Bolsheviks, what did they mean by arresting her and taking her away before she could pack up anything?

"—and you know, Vassia, I always do my best for the peasants. How much wine and soup and all I have given them, ungrateful creatures! And their prisons are so dirty. Vermin, actually, Vassia! And horrible black bread!"

And as she was a living woman, only one change of linen in three weeks, and little chance to wash anything. She did not ask for much in days like these, but at least, if she had to meet her God, she would like to meet him clean and decent. Zubof could not stem the torrent until she stopped for breath.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said. "But look here, Aunt Tania"—the term slipped out in spite of him—"we must consider this seriously. I have an important duty to do. It appears you have been mixed up in a serious business."

He tried to speak sternly, but memory brought the picture of a small, kicking boy firmly held on that ample knee, minus—supreme indignity—his trousers, with a small, scornful Eve in the background.

Tatiana Ivanova pulled herself to-

gether. Thrusting out an angry chin, she said in a hard tone, "You don't mean to tell me, Vassia, that you believe this nonsense! There was I, living quietly, and the good God knows it's hard enough to live in these days with money of no value and prices beyond reason! And suddenly, in the middle of the night, a lot of hulking rogues, drunk, half of them, I am sure, burst in and told me I was arrested; that I must go at once to Petrograd. I gave them a piece of my mind, I can tell you; and after that they behaved a little better. But I had to sit in a dirty third-class compartment with a soldier puffing *mahorka* in my face, and since then . . . I cannot tell you. It makes me sick. But if your dear mother could see what is happening, poor saint that she is, she would not be happy, even in heaven."

Zubof was thinking that it was unlikely that the old lady, the widow of a small official, living quietly on her tiny estate, could be mixed up in an important conspiracy. She had a fondness, he remembered, for interfering in other people's affairs, and she was a bit of a gossip; but her charity and Christian virtues were a pattern to the neighborhood.

FOR form's sake he questioned her. Had she been in touch with anti-Bolshevik elements? What about the "Green Bands?" Had she ever sent messages to Reval? And so on.

Again he was overwhelmed by a flood of words. What had a poor widow to do with politics and conspiracies? She lived in her own house, if that was a crime nowadays. She had even kept a few gold pieces, and her cook had refused to leave her. Was that a crime? She had written to her brother's wife in Reval. Was it a crime to write to one's own relatives? But she knew Vassia understood all this. Vassia had education; and if he was working for the Bolsheviks, at least he could not share their blind prejudice against anyone who had once owned land. Vassia himself had owned land. He had made a great mistake; she had told him what would come of it if he gave it back to those ungrateful peasants. And see what was happening! In these days, landlords must stick—

The old lady checked herself and burst

into tears, calling upon a number of saints, among whom Zubof's mother was most prominent, to protect her. His mother knew the truth, she could see, sobbed Aunt Tania. She must even now be praying for mercy for her unhappy son.

Zubof could bear it no longer. At the worst, the old woman was a busybody. She had perhaps talked unwisely. But there was no harm in her; he knew that.

He seized a pen and filled in a mandate from the little book at his elbow. "Citizeness Tatiana Ivanova Kouznetsova is released unconditionally. By order of the Extraordinary Commission: Investigating Officer, Zubof."

He scratched his name and stamped the seal of the Cheka in red on the paper. "All right, Aunt Tania," he said, "I am sure you have had nothing to do with this business. But for heaven's sake be more careful. It is not only what you do that matters, but what you say. Of course our people are suspicious. Why, there may be fighting on the northwest front at any moment. Try to be careful.

He cut her thanks short by ringing the little bell of jade that lay on the ivory table. Egor Nikich came in.

"I have decided to release this prisoner," said Zubof. "Here is the mandate. You will see to it. Kindly send in the next."

Zubof drew a long breath as the door

closed behind the triumphant lady. He felt physically weak. This was not what he had expected. He sat for a few moments, trying to remember the importance of his mission; the need to be cool, careful, impartial.

His mind flashed back to a picture he had once seen in an illustrated magazine of an English judge, stern and dignified in his old-fashioned robes. So he tried to see himself. But the setting was impossible! The boudoir of a naughty lady was far removed from the Gothic dignity of Westminster Abbey, or wherever it was that the English tried their prisoners. Nevertheless, the idea held him. He pressed the jade button.

THE next prisoner was a middle-aged peasant with a brown beard, dull round face, and piglike eyes under a low forehead wrinkled with fear and mistrust. He wore a dirty coat of sheepskin with the wool outside. As he shuffled across the strip of carpet in his heavy felt boots, his arms hanging and his red fingers emerging like bundles of sausages from his greasy sleeves, there came a stench of stable and sweat. As he stood swaying a little before the desk, Zubof recognized him: Dmitri Feodorovich Ozol.

Dmitri had a small farm on the property of one of Zubof's mother's friends. In the old days he had been in trouble several times for stealing game, and once

he had been imprisoned as a result of a struggle with the gamekeeper. Zubof remembered that the village priest had complained that the man was a wife-beater, and more than usually drunk. It was suspected, too, that he made illicit vodka. A pretty bad lot, thought Zubof; just the man to turn a dishonest penny by acting as messenger in an affair like this.

If Ozol recognized his judge, he gave no sign.

Without speaking, Zubof looked quickly through the prisoner's dossier. Ah! Known to have made frequent trips across the Estonian border without permit, on several occasions bringing back a heavily loaded cart. Nothing ascertained as to contents. Reason to believe him engaged in traffic in arms. Explanations unsatisfactory, uncorroborated. Seemed to have plenty of money. Declined to speak when arrested. Noted by arresting officer as highly suspicious.

Zubof looked up and said severely: "You have been caught red-handed. We know all about you and what you have been doing. Your life is properly forfeit. Your only chance of saving it is to tell freely what you know, who employed you, and the names of the people you saw in Estonia."

The other looked at him blankly.

"Come on, man. Speak up. I have no time to waste with you. Tell me at once who paid you."

Still no answer. The peasant moistened his thick red lips with the tip of his tongue. His little eyes glanced anxiously round the room.

Again Zubof saw the stern English judge in his robes at Westminster. His manner became more judicial.

"I shall count five," he said, "and if you have not answered, it will go hard with you."

Stretching out a threatening forefinger, he began. "One—two—three—"

The man gulped and bent forward, putting his hands on the table. "I have done nothing," he said thickly. "Nobody paid me. I do not know what it is all about."

"You know that you went across the border with your horse and cart. You know how many times you went. You know whom you saw, and what you brought back. Speak now—quickly!"

THE prisoner opened his mouth, and shut it again. He tried once more. He exploded in one word, "Contraband!"

A thrill of triumph ran through Zubof. Ah! This was the way to handle them.

"Yes," he said sternly, "contraband. And what kind of contraband? And where did you get it?"

"Good stuff," was the reply. "None of your dirty *samagon*, but fully sixty per cent; good corn liquor from the big distillery in Reval."

Suddenly a torrent of words came: "My brother, he lives in Reval and he was working in the distillery and the boss said to him, 'Michael Feodorovich, we aren't doing any business here. There aren't enough people in all this wretched little country to buy the stuff we make. We have got to sell more of it. Russia's the place, my boy. They must be pinched tight as a harness over there. What about that good-for-nothing brother of yours there?' he said. He said, 'You get hold of him, Misha. We will make a little piece of change.'"

"And so Misha sent me a message. He said it was no use bringing out money to exchange, because of the money being different now and only paper anyway and worth nothing—and God knows life is hard enough without that—and so I was to bring things that came from the big houses—carpets or chairs or silver samo-

vars or plates. Well, Barin, I got hold of some of that and took it over and we swapped it for the liquor, and it was good business. Even the president of the soviet bought it, and he kissed me on both cheeks and said I was a fine fellow, and the priest, too, and he had never liked me before, and everybody. And I went two or three times again, and everybody was happy, and then suddenly come along these soldiers."

The man's volubility made a bad impression on Zubof. He remembered similar protestations of innocence from Ozol, when half a dozen plump pheasants had been found under some straw in his stable. Zubof knew he was stubborn, and would stick to the stupid tale.

For the sake of fairness Zubof asked some further questions. As he had expected, there was little variation. It was without much compunction that he sent the man out. He meant to order his execution as soon as the investigation was finished. The man was clearly guilty, but he might need to talk with him again.

ZUBOF pressed the button for the third time. After a moment, he heard quick, light steps coming across the anteroom. The door opened, and before him stood the one person he had no thought of seeing, the playmate of his childhood. He had thought her far from Revolution and its changes, in her school in Paris.

She stopped short at sight of him. "Vassia!"

Again he felt that pang of intolerable loss that he had known three years ago. Somehow he steadied himself.

"Well, Vassily Petrovich, this is a nice mess!" The commonplace words, spoken with a little smile, half nervous, half appealing, brought Zubof back to reality.

"Sit here, please, Kyra Nicolaevna," he said formally, "while I read through these notes."

Shading his eyes as if from the light, he glanced at his prisoner. She was prettier than ever, with bobbed golden hair, pansy-blue eyes, and a graceful figure. . . . Zubof forced himself to look at the page before him. Suddenly the phrases shocked him.

"Arrested in the company of two men and one woman, all former aristocrats. This group attempted armed resistance, in which two of the officials and the prisoner's three companions were killed."

The report was long, and damning enough. The prisoner had returned illegally from France at the beginning of 1919, and had lived some time in Petrograd under an assumed name. Three months previously she had appeared in the neighborhood of Pskov, where she was born and where her father had formerly been a landlord. She was known to have made several trips to Reval, once in company with the prisoner Ozol. Had fired a revolver at the head of the arresting officer, narrowly missing him. In company with the three prisoners killed was undoubtedly a ringleader of the plot.

ZUBOF could not master his thoughts. They returned to a child in a pansy-blue cap that matched her eyes, watching him struggle on the lap of Aunt Tania. He thought of a slim girl in a St. Petersburg drawing-room, looking up at him from under her long lashes, a pitiful quiver at the corners of her mouth, as the old general shouted, "Say goodbye now, and make an end of it. Once for all, young man, I tell you plainly, no daughter of mine shall marry a revolutionary, a traitor to the Czar."

He thought of the lonely days that followed, the growing despair until he had thought he could not go on living. Perhaps it was his anger at her father's intolerance that had made him decide to live. Revolutionary, was he? He'd show them, all of them. . . . At least it had helped him to forget.

(Continued on page 63)



"You are required to examine these people and judge them," he said

Sailor's Star

What beautiful heroine is not averse to an occasional cocktail, likes a cigarette, took a prize doing the Charleston at fourteen—yet failed to stir a preposterous young sea dog's blood?

By Frances Minturn Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

THE Captain on my old battle-wagon had mean gray eyes the color of chophouse stew. The gleam that came into them when you asked for leave was like nothing you ever saw on a human face; and his chin stuck out in front like the nose of a sub. The last man in the world who had any business having a daughter.

But of course that's just what he had. He had a daughter twenty years old, and her name was Hermione.

Strictly speaking, I wouldn't blame her name on the Captain because he would have been more likely to name her Fore Top or Port Bag Alley than Hermione. Some blame should attach to her mother. Hermione was a nice girl; nobody could deny that. But she had inherited her father's chin, and though the eyes above it were a good color blue, I could never have made love to her without feeling that I was kissing the Captain, a thing no man in his right mind would attempt.

It came up over the banana shortcake, the first night we were asked to dinner in the Captain's quarters, and completely ruined the shortcake for me.

"Which of you," says the Captain, turning on us his Rasputin eye, "is free for dinner tomorrow night?"

DOGGY SANDERS spoke first; you could see the makings of a future Admiral in the lightning speed with which his brain functioned.

"Very sorry indeed, sir," says Doggy, "my fiancée is coming up tomorrow night."

"Your fiancée, Mr. Sanders!" says the Captain, surprised. "I didn't know you were engaged."

"You never can tell by appearances, sir," says Bobo Nash. "I knew a man once with a cast in both eyes—"

"Never mind that," says the Captain, very stern. "What are you doing tomorrow night?"

"You're free, aren't you, Bobo?" says Doggy. "I remember you saying—"

Bobo said, speaking very slowly so's to give himself time to think, "Free, yes. In the evening. But in the afternoon—"

"What has the afternoon got to do with the evening?" says Doggy.

"In the afternoon," says Bobo, looking at him reproachfully, "I am going to the dentist. To have a tooth out. So that in the evening I'm afraid I won't be pleasant company for any girl."

"Oh, you expect to be all right again by evening?" says Doggy.

The Captain isn't listening. "What time is your appointment at the dentist, Mr. Nash?" he says in his meanest voice.

"My appointment's at—at four o'clock, sir," stutters Bobo.

"Then," says the Captain, "no doubt I shall see you there, because I have an appointment at three-thirty. In case you should become faint, Mr. Nash, I shall be glad to detail a couple of men to take you back to your quarters."

"Thank you, sir," stammers Bobo, turning pale from fright; and he had to go to the dentist and lose a perfectly good tooth the next day, just through fear of the Captain. That's the way he had gotten us.

There were only six bachelors in the mess; but they were jumping about like cats on a hot stove, making excuses. "Doc" Pardy had his old mother coming up to see him; Chick Mathews was going to a formal dinner party; Stew Edwards was taking a girl to a show. It looked like tough going for Hermione. The Captain was getting madder by the minute when Doggy comes to the rescue with one of those brain-bolts for which he is famous the fleet over, showing he has something under his curly mop besides a good-looking pair of hazel eyes.

"Sir," he said, "disappointing as this is for all of us, have you thought of Mack Bremer?"

"Bremer?" says the Captain, frowning, "who's he? Oh, you mean the new man that arrived this afternoon?"

He looked down the table. A big blond husky who was scraping his plate clean of banana shortcake quivered.

"Excuse me, sir," he began, "but I never—"

I jumped. I remembered him now, Mack Bremer, the White-Haired Boy of the Naval Academy, who never dragged to a single hop. Bremer had it that with the Venus de Milo dead, he just felt it wasn't worth his while.

Bobo cut in quickly. "Congratulations, Bremer, you lucky dog," he says. "Fancy arriving on a ship knowing nobody and running into a swell date the very next night! Not many men—"

"But I don't—" begins Bremer again. "Some fellows," said Chick Mathews, "have all the luck. More power to you, Mack!"

"I can't possibly—" stutters Bremer.

"He's not so slow, himself," says "Doc" Pardy cheerfully. "Remember the night three men in Bancroft Hall were hunting for their girls? All because Mack chose to attend that night."

"Never in my life—" protests Bremer.

The Captain gives a big, good-natured chuckle. "Don't bother to deny it, my boy. I was young once myself."

We had to take his word for it. "I was young once myself, and I know how it is," said the Captain. "My daughter will be pleased to meet you. She's bringing a friend. Six-thirty sharp. You'll probably want to take in a movie later."

If anything could have made us feel more like we had been snatched from the lion's jaws, it was that friend business. Because a girl that hasn't much looks herself, instead of selecting a friend that will improve matters, will always pick one worse-looking than herself. Sometimes it doesn't seem possible, but they always do.

"Tubby," says Doggy to me later, "that was a narrow squeak. Because this afternoon I met The Girl. My dream-girl."

"What, again?"

DOGGY registered lofty reproach. "Tubby," he said, "you don't understand. This is the real thing. It happened to me—Zip!—like that. I wanted to take her in my arms, to strain her to me, to feel her heart palpitating against mine—"

"And so what happened?"

"I handed her a cup of lemonade," said Doggy, "and we went up and looked at the compass." Doggy emitted a long, quivering sigh. "She shall have my class-pin," he said, "as soon as I can get it back from Millicent."

"Go easy, Doggy," I cautioned him. "You know some feds look good on first acquaintance—"

"First acquaintance!" says Doggy indignantly. "I talked to her steadily for three hours."

"And they call women the weaker sex."

"I finally persuaded her I loved her," said Doggy dreamily. "At first she talked some nonsense about a Navy line—accused me of saying the same things to other girls—"

"Imagine."

"Imagine," said Doggy raptly. "As if I could! I tell you, Tubby, we're soul-mates. The phrase may seem a little hackneyed—"

"Oh, no."

"We have practically identical tastes. She loves to dance; likes a good party; plays a fair game of bridge; doesn't object to a single cocktail—"

"Where did you say she lived?"

"I don't know," said Doggy crossly.

"Oh, all right!"

"It's the truth. She wouldn't tell me. She just laughed and said, 'Oh, you're going to see a whole lot of me.' Just then the Captain barges up with Hermione, and I had to dance with her, and she slipped away." Doggy sighed. "It's certainly lucky about Mack Bremer."

"Stop that!" he yells. "Stop it at once!" Tag Belden and his boys didn't even hear him, let alone stop





"You didn't care what you did to him." Doggy snorted. "That big stuffed shirt! I roomed with him a year at Annapolis. He's a hero-worshiper and the hero is himself. Do you know why he doesn't dance? Considers it frivolous. And some day when you've got a lot of time on your hands, get him going on the Purity of Womanhood." Doggy ground out the butt of his cigarette with disgusted fervor. "It's enough to turn the stomach of any self-respecting girl."

NEXT night we were all on hand to see Mack load up with his heavy date. Even Bobo, who was nursing a sore jaw and cursing the Captain, managed to stagger in with the first gong. And you never saw such a gang of fiancées, wives and mothers as turned out.

Hermione was late, and that wasn't natural; she had her father's punctuality along with his chin. We laid her being late to the other girl.

Mack Bremer looked sort of pale. His face was set and you could see he was saying extra things to himself about the frivolity of womanhood.

At twenty minutes to seven there were steps outside. The whole mess turned like one man to look.

Hermione came first, and she'd picked a little shrimp of a civilian for her date. But we weren't looking at Hermione. We were looking at the girl behind her.

Everything about her was tiny but her eyes, and they were the largest and brightest you ever saw. Her hair curled all over in little tight curls that looked like they were natural. She was dressed in some sort of red outfit that made you notice how dark her hair was, and her mouth was the kind they try to get in the tooth-paste ads.

I looked down the table and you could have popped a fist in a dozen mouths.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Captain genially, "shall we sit down? Hermione, my dear, this is Mr. Bremer." He turned to the girl beside Hermione. "Miss Porter—Mr. Bremer."

We all made a note of her name. Miss Porter gave Mack her hand and a smile I hated to see wasted on him, and Bobo and Doggy smacked their heads together pushing her chair into the table.

It didn't do them any good. She gave her whole attention to Mack Bremer. Acted like she thought he was fascinating. I couldn't understand it; she looked like a girl who would have good taste. Stew Edwards was sitting on her other side, and he got in a few words now and then. She was like a kid, all excited and eager. I saw her looking at Bobo Nash.

"What makes his jaw stick out on one side?"

"It's a mild form of elephantiasis," says Stew. "Runs in his family."

HER gaze shifted to "Doc" Pardy. "Doc" has a profile like John Barrymore, and he'd been doing his best to show it to her. "What makes him keep turning his head like that?" she asked Stew.

"He's a little deaf in the left ear," says Stew. "Listened to himself talk one day, and been that way ever since."

"Who's that one?" she says, looking at me.

"That's Tubby Mallowby," says Stew. "We keep someone that size on every battleship. Saves carrying pigs."

Well, it's always nice to have a good, loyal friend at court.

Miss Porter's bright eyes went round the table, and finally lingered on Doggy a little longer than on the rest.

"And who's the one with the hazel eyes," she said, "that keeps looking at me in that funny way?"

"Oh," says Stew, "you mustn't mind him. That's Doggy Sanders, and he always looks like that."

Doggy jumped like he'd been filled
(Continued on page 29)

Blackshirt Heaven

Everyone in Italy knows all about Ethiopia. Morning, noon and night they hear the glories of the land of milk and honey, the Blackshirt heaven. But the angels that fly about in this heaven aren't mentioned, and there are hundreds of thousands of them—mosquitoes, flies, locusts, roaches—the disease-bearing squadrons that ravage the land. Come to think of it, the place doesn't look like heaven, either.

By W. B. Courtney

PUDGY Signor Grazzi was obviously a little sorry for me; this was in late October, three weeks since De Bono's army of whites and blacks had carried the Italian flag across the northeastern frontier of Ethiopia without the old-fashioned formality of a declaration of war. Grazzi, one-time Italian Consul General in New York, is now a party bigwig in Rome, a director in the Ministry of Propaganda. He sits in a fine room above the tops of the sycamore trees which line the Via Vittorio Veneto. He is cordial and human.

He drummed his fat white fingers on the desk and said it was too bad I had not come earlier, for the war might be all over before I could reach East Africa. There was a schedule, you see; indeed, the rest of the world now would find out something about modern Italy's efficiency under its great leader. Three months had been allotted for the campaign—the actual fighting, that is; of course the consolidation, military and economic, of the conquered land would require a little more time, perhaps two years. Everything spectacular and ro-

mantic, however, would be over by Christmas.

Humbly, I went out to repent my tardiness. The fashionable avenue was enchanted by the Roman dusk. Under a cindery sky the rusted limbs of the buttonwoods were grates through which autumnal mist sifted like the ashes of rain. You drifted along the pavement, with fellow shadows, in a tender gloom of poetry and dreams; here, with this earth's most imposing city for a backdrop, were the frills, the intimate foreground settings, the unreality, the people, the cadence of opera: Ladies, beautiful and sad; girls, beautiful and thoughtless, strolled with their proud officers; men, or boy children, in mufti at this hour of the promenade, were conspicuous. And the informed observer might now perceive Mussolini's version of unemployment relief: a million and a quarter men under arms at home, plus the expedition overseas. Besides, orders from on high had lately warned unmobilized reservists, and veterans, that uniforms and decorations did not contribute to national pride when in moth balls.

Thus, each wearer of regimentals



WIDE WORLD

A barren land of profound valleys and forbidding peaks greets Italian seekers after the Promised Land: the route from Aduwa to Makale



Women, with primitive equipment, are the laborers of Ethiopia



Complete destitution is the lot of this native street beggar

had a further mission; he was a walking advertisement of his country's destiny. Ah, such uniforms!—full exercising of racial artistry in drama and colors. Such headgear!—the bright helmets of the cavalry, in the ancient Roman style, with visors and neck shelves and gilt crests like metal roosters; the feathers of the Bersaglieri; the white plumes and tassels of the carabinieri tricorns; the high crowns and the death's-heads of various foot branches; the monkey caps of the aviators, each held precariously by one eyebrow and one eartip; the drab sun casques of the tropics.

Such capes!—fastened over the high chest with ornamental fish-skeleton braiding, turned back gayly over the right shoulder; sea-blue tops, with furnace glow underneath; black, with sunset lining; light greens and blues, with yellow or fawn or lavender undersides. Such black shirts!—from the shoddy cotton of the humble ones to the fine silks of the mighty.

Such boots, such tunics, and swords, and bandoliers, and saluting. If uniforms won battles, Italy would be invincible. Everyone so good-natured; not impatient in the least with the miser-

able, thin people who, from dark corners, thread in and out the gay pattern of the avenue like a fatal warp. It is well known, of course, that Il Duce has ordered there must be no begging on main streets; but if you do not *give*, signore and signori, the law is not broken, is it?

Mussolini, Super Salesman

The only thing lacking to make this evening scene complete is music; and, truly, even that comes now—from the allee di Cappuccini, a girl's voice egged on by muted strings. You are lulled into that condition of sentimental exaltation in which you cannot decide whether to laugh or to cry, and both acts mean the same—and then you are fetched up with a shock by the recollection that all this display is neither aimless nor mere froth, but the window dressing of a nation grimly at war, her teeth set in defiance of all other nations.

Some of these dark-eyed boys, who laugh, "Scusa!" when they jostle you accidentally, will die under tomorrow's equatorial sun. Tonight they are heedless salesmen of their own doom. Little matter that, although Mussolini has re-



WIDE WORLD



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EUROPEAN



Top: Men and women slaves, bound together, in the interior

Bottom: Abera, a hilltop town with its typical "fortifications"

Top: At Harrar, natives gather at the general store to gossip

Bottom: A family of Ethiopians outside its home at Aksum

corded in his speeches how he has put iron into their blood, the Italian middle people historically would prefer something gentler. You are impressed by the fervor, the unanimity achieved by the measured, calculated government program of selling the East African war.

And you have seen only a part of the fundamental effort: you must witness other factors in order to gain a necessary perspective of the whole sales plan. Then we shall go to Ethiopia to observe what is being sold. Most of these good Italian people, who must pay for Ethiopia, will not share your advantage of being able to see it.

You round the Piazza Barberini and turn down Via del Tritone. The policeman on corner duty there orders you to cross the street; one-side traffic for pedestrians is the rule on some of the important thoroughfares of Rome. This puzzles foreigners, because obviously it is not due to congestion; Romans are sitters, not walkers—rather more like Viennese than Londoners or Amsterdamites. Roman crowds form islands, in places like the Galeria Colonna, and characteristically thin out along the streets proper. A carabinieri officer explained the matter to me:

"This one-way rule is only for those built-up streets, like Via del Tritone, Corso Umberto, Via di Quirinale, Via Venti Settembre, Via Cavour, along which Il Duce passes in going from Venezia to one Ministry or another, or to Villa Torlonia, where he lives. It simplifies guarding him. All other streets are closed, so far as he is concerned. Indeed, there are streets, especially behind Vatican City across the Tiber, on which he would not dare to pass without turning out the whole garrison. You have heard that Italian cities have been cleaned up under this regime. Yes, on their faces. Have you looked behind their ears, signore, into the off streets and the slums, and noticed any difference?"

Before a store window, halfway down the first block, there is a small gathering, quietly intent. You join it, and find yourself contemplating a sports dealer's window in which is featured a settler's outfit for Africa Orientale. Spread in the foreground is a relief plat of Abyssinia, with a large Italian flag pinned over Addis Ababa, and small markers dotted about to proclaim the agricultural virtues of the widespread land.

In the background there is a tent, with

both flaps turned back so that you might observe the furnishings and the wax Italian mother and two plump *bambini* who are seated to a rather bountiful meal. Outside, a stuffed young Papa, in rakish shorts, is petting a rubber goat. Scattered near him are shovel, axe, rope coils, trowel and rifle. Here might be the tools that built America.

An Italy Beyond the Seas

Lettered cards give enticing directions for the assembling of your outfit; while quotations from Il Duce and certain Ministers tell that Abyssinia is, indeed, heaven on earth for worthy but now overcrowded Italians. The Ministry of Colonies has supplied an abundance of photographs, chiefly of Libya, to prove what industrious tillage may accomplish in Africa. This homesteading scene, with its smiling wax family, its subtle aura of contentment and plenty, is embowered in lush tropic flora.

You look to your neighbors. Mostly young people—some couples—and it is plain these are standing on mental fence boards, stretching to see the years ahead. There are four pensive veterans, and one old man with a drop on his nose

who chuckles enigmatically. There is, on the fringe, an elderly pair. The wife tugs impatiently at her man's arm. She has a thin and skeptical face, and a mustache. He is a reserve lieutenant-colonel of the Commissary. He does not want to move on, but to linger and stare. He has adventurer's eyes, but an armchair body. Except for his woman, not a soul of the little crowd is in Rome at this moment.

Here is the oldest sales appeal in this world; the one that touches human roots in their instinctive hunger and groping for land. "You need no longer work the ground, no longer grow the fruit," Mussolini promised his people, last summer, "no longer build the houses for others. I will give you an Italy beyond the seas!" The impulse that washed a tide of men and women across our country; the lure that moved Andrew Jackson and Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark.

But, you wonder, is there a blue-grass Kaintuck, a beautiful and green Ohio, beyond the southern oceans? You hope so, for the sake of these dreaming people; and you step away on tiptoe and continue your wandering down the Via del Tritone.

(Continued on page 51)

Loser's Luck

If a man becomes involved in a fist-fight, with the girl he loves a spectator, how does he feel if he is knocked cuckoo? This may change your answer

By John Watson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

JASPER MCGOVERN had just telephoned and called off our weekly boxing date at the club. "I can't make it, Dorset," he said, "I've got to help Guinevere with the garden."

His voice was defiantly assertive. He was practically asking me if I wanted to make anything out of it. And I did.

"Why can't Guinevere take care of the garden? She usually does."

"Bugs!" said Jasper angrily. "Bugs on the rosebushes. And you know how Guin is about bugs."

I had a picture of Guinevere, her sweet mouth twisted in disgust, her naïve blue eyes alive with horror, edging gingerly up to a bug and recoiling, squealing for help.

"No," I lied, "I don't know how Guin is about bugs. How is Guin about bugs?" Jasper hung up.

And for the umpty-umphth time I thought how glad I was Jasper had belted me on the jaw that time in Maine.

A healthy hatred sometimes fuses men into something more enduring than friendship. It is that way with Jasper and me.

From the first flash of hostility between us, Jasper's beaklike nose had fascinated me. I always believed if I hit it hard enough it would squeak. I used to go to sleep imagining that squeak. It was something like the noise you get when your fingernail scratches on a blackboard and a cold shiver shoots up your spine. You can see how I brooded about it.

I dare say if you asked any of my acquaintances about me, their reply would go something like this, "Terry Dorset? Oh, a nice enough chap. Quiet and on the sluggish side." I am a miler where Jasper is a hurdler; a guard where he is a halfback. For as clear a tip-off as I can give, let me say I don't like the way Jasper drives a car. He makes me nervous. Jasper thinks every curve is a challenge. I think every curve is a curve.

Jasper was a sophomore and I a freshman when we met. His fraternity brothers were giving me the old "stanch fellow" business. When they introduced us, Jasper was lounging in a chair by the fireplace and didn't bother to rise.

He looked at me as though he were examining a novel, but obnoxious, specimen of swamp life.

He looked at the pledge button in the lapel of my coat. He nodded. Then he shifted in his chair, his back toward me, and picked up a magazine. It was a gesture of such complete indifference that it went beyond contempt. I trembled a little from anger and humiliation.

Freshman Night, dedicated to higher brutality, was as I had expected, only more so. Jasper singled me out. He

wielded the paddle viciously. He had me dress in a kind of Fannie Brice burlesque of an Isadora Duncan tunic and stung me into leaping and yowling over the floor.

I took it all year long. I made a safety deposit box in my mind and I stored there every indignity Jasper perpetrated; every humiliation he conceived—and he was a very imaginative guy that way.

It seemed a long time arriving but it finally did come—the last night of the freshman year. I walked into the fraternity house. Jasper was chatting with some of the boys.

"Brother McGovern," I said, "I have been meaning to tell you for some time that I do not like your face."

Jasper sneered. "Well, Brother Dorset," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to change it," I said, and socked him. He went down. He rose slowly and brushed himself off. He spat some blood and smiled. I didn't like that smile.

"Shouldn't we go to the basement?" he asked.

We went to the basement. It wasn't a bad fight. I was willing and I was strong. But I knew less about boxing than I did about physics, in which my professor rated me D minus and said he

didn't know why he was so kindhearted.

I spent my strength too quickly. I lunged. I swung, but Jasper was never where I expected him to be. He worked on my face for awhile until one eye was closed. Then he bent me over with a hook to the stomach and put me away with a right to the jaw. When I came to, he said, "Well, Brother Dorset, maybe you'd like to try again sometime."

I said I would—sometime.

FOR six weeks that summer I spent six afternoons a week in Artie Cohen's gym. It was a dirty place, reeking with the odor of sweat. I didn't mind. I didn't mind the lonely, sweltering New York days. It didn't even bother me that my family was in Maine. I had become a one-purpose boy. My purpose was to get Jasper and get him so he would stay got. Nothing else was worth giving a hoot in hell about.

Then my mother wrote she'd send a psychiatrist around to see me if I didn't come up, so I joined the family for the rest of the summer.

Guinevere and her parents occupied one of the larger houses at the summer colony. Her father, old man Hodges, was reputed to be worth a couple of million.

Ever since we were kids I had always

regarded Guinevere as a combination of a pain in the neck and a case of arrested mental development, retaining the worst features of each.

She was a dewy-eyed child, as sickeningly sweet as that syrup they put over ice cream sundaes. On the slightest provocation she would recite cute little verses. She burst into tears and called me horrid once when I threw my spaniel pup into the water. The fact that the pup adored water the way I love Scotch and soda made no difference to Guinevere. "Nasty, nasty boy!" she said.

She had a boundless sympathy for flowers, especially itty-bitsy flowers, and for the weak and suffering. Finishing school and a tour of the more moribund European museums placed her irrevocably in the pastel class.

Guinevere was spending the summer casting a gentle aura over the beach and trying to make up her vague mind to take up a vague kind of welfare work. She liked me from a sense of duty. She felt she was under a debt since she was convinced I saved her life a few years before when she toppled from a boat into about five feet of water.

My mother started putting on the pressure for me to ask Guinevere to a "prom." Some things Mother doesn't seem to understand. But the easiest way was to say "sure," so I said "sure," and for-



I saw Mary. She winked at me. I sat up. Was this a dream or wasn't it?

got about it. But not Mother. With her gentle, deadly persistence, she went to work and finally in my junior year she won.

By that time Jasper and I were caught and held fast in the web of our hostility. We had become practically inseparable because each was afraid of what the other might put over.

"You going to the prom?" he asked. The depression had cracked down about then and Jasper's father had been left holding the bag with a lot of stocks that meant something on paper but weren't much good for buying food.

"Yeah. Are you?"

"No. My sister's going abroad to study art and that will take about all the ready cash."

"Didn't know you had a sister. She like you?"

"People say so."

"With a guy it isn't so bad. But how can a girl overcome a handicap like that?"

"Your flippancies," said Jasper, "always sound like an oxcart going over a wooden bridge. Who you taking?"

Some first-class lying was called for. "A pip," I said, "a lovely, wild-eyed thing. A little blond Helen of Troy. If her old man weren't so rich she could just walk into George White's office and name her price."

"You're giving her too much of a build-up," said Jasper. "No girl who would go to a prom with you could be that good."

But I saw the hunter's look in his eyes and I set myself for a battle.

GUINEVERE arrived on the afternoon train and gave me that be-kind-to-animals smile of hers. It seemed to me she had determined to be sweet no matter what the cost and wanted me to understand she had accepted my invitation with a sisterly sense of obligation. That was all right until we got to the house and she met Jasper. Jasper bowed and said he had no idea I had such excellent taste.

Her blue eyes took on an appraising look such as I had never seen there before and it came to me with a shock that in her buttercup way Guinevere knew her way around. She blushed prettily, as the phrase goes, and answered, "I don't think Terry feels exactly like that about me. He always acts more like a brother."

"That's fine," said Jasper, "I may expect to dance with you often, then. No girl cares much about dancing with her brother."

Guinevere giggled.

I like to believe the next two days were among the more exciting ones in Guinevere's life; days, you know, that would sort of catch hold of her as she would be sipping a cup of tea in later years. To her, my sudden rush of competitive spirit seemed to evoke a startled curiosity. After spending half the night watching her dancing with Jasper, I even developed a bit of the old poetic business.

WE WERE walking under the trees, and every once in a while a big gob of moonlight would splash on Guinevere's honey-colored hair.

"Rose-crowned into the darkness,"

I ventured.

"Eh?" asked Guinevere. "What did you say?"

"I was merely repeating a line from a poem by Rupert Brooke," I said stiffly.

"Were you?" She edged a little away from me.

"Yes. Don't you remember the last line. . . 'And then you suddenly cried and turned away.'"

"No," Guinevere replied, "I don't remember it. I don't feel like crying." Her tone changed. "Terry," she asked, "do you feel all right?"

"Certainly I feel all right," I said indignantly. "Why shouldn't I?"

"I mean," she persisted, still keeping away from me, "have you been drinking much?"

I laughed bitterly.

Guinevere suddenly tucked her arm in mine and said soothingly, as though she were comforting a child, "Don't you think we ought to go back, Terry? It's chilly."

THE next afternoon Jasper took her for a long walk. She returned radiant.

"Jasper has been telling me lots about you," she said, looking at me strangely.

"Good old Jasper," I said, "a great guy."

"He is sort of wonderful, isn't he?"

"Well, I never thought of him that way, exactly."

She reflected a moment. "You probably see too much of him to appreciate him."

"Yes," I said, "that's probably it."

That night I kissed her. It was not very satisfactory. As she rested in my

arms she tilted her head back and looked at me as though she were comparing notes.

Jasper insisted on coming to the train to see her off, so it was rather an awkward leave-taking. If he had not been along I would have said merely, "Well, so long. I'll be seeing you." But before him I tried to assume an expression of tender regret. I seized both her hands and whispered, "Goodby, Guinevere, goodby—until summer."

I expected Jasper to put on something of a similar act. But for the first time since I had known him, he seemed confused. His voice was husky and unnatural. "Goodby, Guinevere," he said, and took her hand as though it were a piece of fragile glass.

As we walked back, each silent, there was born in my brain the first feeble glimmerings of an evil scheme that was to blossom into a double-cross that even Machiavelli would have been proud of. For it burst upon me suddenly that Jasper really seemed to care about this nitwit. The idea seemed so preposterous

at first that I tried to dismiss it. But it kept popping back. And I get so few hunches that I always gamble on all of them, figuring sooner or later the percentage will turn in my favor.

There was only one way I could think of to determine whether my hunch was right. That was to bring Jasper and Guinevere together again. The easiest thing to do would be to invite Jasper to visit me in Maine that summer. Yet I knew I must provoke him into coming. It couldn't be just a casual invitation. That would make him suspicious. The old brain failed me completely on this detail and it took Guinevere to help me out.

SHE helped me out by taking one of those jaunts of hers to Europe. Her mother thought Guinevere looked done in. She had always been unattractively anemic as far as I was concerned, and I thought privately that extract of liver probably would do her more good than a European excursion. But since the excursion was more expensive, Guinevere took that. Her mother must have been feeling a bit done in, too, for she coasted along with Guinevere, leaving old man Hodges with the bills and his conscience. The old man got a break at that, in my opinion.

Jasper and Guinevere had been corresponding right along. I knew this because I saw her letters to him on the hall table of the fraternity house. I didn't say anything, for all the time the old brain had been chugging along on this scheme that, block by block, was being assembled. The whole structure of this knavery was based on the assumption that, given half a chance, Jasper would throw his quivering heart at Guinevere's six-and-a-half, quadruple-A feet. And more and more evidence seemed to be coming in that he would.

In the first place, the letters. In the second, the change in Jasper. He was quiet. He took long walks in the country. He read a lot of serious books that no normal person would bother with while there was a good movie down the street. Books on appreciation of art and books on psychology in which the authors announce the sensational discovery that the mind is a very complex thing indeed. He had sudden lapses of attention. While in the middle of a conversation about something really important, like prospects for next fall's football team, for instance, his eyes would become glazed and vacant, his spirit would take flight and do a couple of outside loops before heading straight for Paris, France.

BUT he was in for a shock and he had no one to blame but himself. He had written Guinevere, he told me, to look up his sister, Mary, and he had written Mary to take care of Guinevere. They met, and Guinevere was entranced. She was so entranced she decided to take a course in art herself.

Guinevere wrote me she thought Jasper's sister was "just too darling for words." There were lots of things Guinevere considered too darling for words, and I put down Mary as a grotesque female caricature of Jasper. What Guinevere said she thought of anything or anybody I always regarded as overstatement anyway. I didn't think she could think.

The year slid by. Jasper got himself a job in a brokerage house. The roots of the deception I was plotting dug deeper in my mind and, although I was unaware of it, the whole, beautiful idea was about ready to burst into flower. By one of those mysterious laws of nature, I got through my exams, was graduated, and landed with an advertising agency.

Jasper and I used to meet occasionally
(Continued on page 59)



"Well," this lovely stranger commanded, "ask me something"

Under Pressure

By

George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

HIS beautiful Mexican *hacienda*, La Barranca, seized by bandits, and his wife murdered before his eyes, Cuiler Sewell, an American, escapes with his life. When he finally dies, years later, after marrying again, he leaves a twenty-year-old daughter, Joyce. Unhappy with her stepmother, with whom she lives in the small Eastern city of Elsinboro and who insists that she marry "for money," she resolves that she will seize the earliest opportunity to regain La Barranca. So when the Mexican Ambassador in Washington sends her a check for ten thousand dollars (indemnity for the death of her mother), she goes to Mexico City—by airplane.

From Dirk Van Suttart, young second secretary of the American Embassy, she learns that she need expect no aid whatsoever from the ambassador. Whereupon, she turns to a woman lawyer: Margarida Fonseca, who, in turn, seeks the advice of General Zacharias Onelia, whose bitterest enemy, General Dorado, is living at La Barranca.

Onelia makes it clear that the one way

to win back the *hacienda* is to drive its present occupant out and take possession forcibly. Following an exciting adventure with one Adán Arnaldo, night-club proprietor and man of mystery, who gallantly leads her to safety during a shooting affray in his establishment, Joyce goes to La Barranca. There, Dorado is ousted unceremoniously by General Onelia's men and she is installed as the rightful owner of the estate.

Discussing the attack on La Barranca with the Mexican Minister of War, the American Ambassador suggests that it might be advisable to send one of his young aides—Dirk Van Suttart—to the *hacienda*, to straighten matters out. But Dirk, obedient to orders from Washington (orders for which Helm Blackadder, an Elsinboro man who is soon to marry Joyce's stepmother, is responsible), is already en route to La Barranca. There, he is brought to a sudden halt by shots from the *hacienda*.

Mystified by Dirk's disappearance, the ambassador listens while the minister makes a suggestion. "I'll send a young friend of mine," he says. "Adán Arnaldo."

VI

THE shots which had so astonished Dirk Van Suttart stirred Joyce Sewell to swift action. She rushed down into the patio, ascertained they had been fired from two eastern towers, dispatched Luz to the northern one with a categorical order to lay off and hurried herself up the spiral stone steps of the bastion overlooking the south-eastern gate. There she found Leonardo with head and shoulders thrust into an embrasure, looking out. For an entire century discussion raged in Mexico as to whether gun slots should be narrow at the inner or outer face of the three-foot masonry and the latter system had won out, placing the age of La Barranca at not over two hundred years. Joyce pulled at Leonardo's jumper until he backed out and turned to her with a grin.

"We stopped the car in its tracks," he announced, "and it's almost a kilometer away!"

"That's fine, Leonardo," said Joyce, her face white, "but we'll have no more shooting until I say the word. Let me look, please."

The embrasure was just the right height; leaning on her elbows she thrust her face between its converging walls and looked out through the three-inch aperture. Almost at once she discovered the distant car, a shining mark under the rays of the morning sun. It was a roadster and presently she saw emerge from its single seat a huge bearlike figure. Instantly Helm Blackadder came

to mind, for who else could it be? Well, she was ready for him. What could he do besides talk? Let him come, and the sooner the better. The man stood for a moment as still as a pillar, staring at his car, then he opened the rumble, dragged out a duffel bag and what looked like a gun, threw them over his shoulders and started to walk toward the *hacienda*.

He had gone less than a hundred yards when he came to the *barranca*. Again he stood for a moment, then veered to the left and followed the chasm in a south-westerly direction. Presently he sighted the rope bridge and hastened his steps. At that juncture Joyce's attention was diverted to a cloud of dust moving across the prairie far to the east. It disappeared in a dip only to reappear and cease on the top of a knoll half a mile away. She saw it had been caused by a troop of horsemen and the next instant she realized they had dismounted and were emitting strange puffs of smoke. What seemed like a whole minute elapsed before she heard the crack of their rifles. What could they be shooting at? At her? She was about to draw back instinctively when she saw the bearlike figure leap into the air, come down on all fours and scurry for cover. Leonardo wedged himself into the embrasure next to hers.

"Dorado!" he yelled, "Dorado *y su gente*!"

Joyce heard him but her attention was riveted on something else. The bearlike apparition she had mistaken for Blackadder had undergone a strange transfor-



mation. Duffel bag and furs discarded, the slender figure of a young man in riding togs had emerged and was making a dash for the bridge. He reached it, was fooled by its sudden dip, pitched headlong, rolled to the bottom, saved himself by a snatch at one of the ropes, climbed out and continued to run toward the *hacienda* as if there had been no interruption in his stride. Joyce gasped, shaken by an insane desire to laugh, but the puffs of dust thrown up by bullets to the right and left of his flying feet quickly sobered her. Dragging a *mozo* with her she scrambled down the spiral stairway, rushed to the outer *zaguan* and ordered him to lift its heavy bar. A minute later she and the youth reached the great gate and swung it open.

NONE too soon, for, as it slammed shut behind the fugitive, bullets buried themselves in its solid timbers. He was a young man, at the moment too breathless to speak, but his gray eyes were dancing and even his mussed dark hair gave an illusion of merriment. She was brought up all standing, and so was he. They stared at each other. There was an

instant of suspension when they were not Dirk Van Suttart and Joyce Sewell, not people who had seen each other before, not even two persons. While they looked in each other's startled eyes, time and consciousness paused for the space of a breath, then rushed crowding between them like a dividing flood. When they came to their senses they were miles and miles apart.

"So it's you," said Joyce slowly, trying to measure the meaning and consequences of his presence.

"Yes," gasped Dirk, "and it's you too. Are—are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Joyce unsmilingly.

"You're sure?" he persisted, "I mean quite, quite all right?" He flushed at her frown. "Nothing's happened?"

"Several things have happened," said Joyce dryly, "but I assure you my health is excellent."

"Wha—what about Dorado? Where is he? What did he do to you?"

"Nothing. He came a lot nearer doing something to you. It's Dorado out there—" She broke off and lifted her head at the sound of a fusillade from the bastion

"Now, don't be cross, please," Dirk begged. "You wouldn't expect to play a concerto at your first music lesson, would you?"



above her. Leonardo, tempted beyond his powers of resistance, had opened fire on Dorado and his men. Well, let him; they were too far away to suffer much harm. She returned her attention to Dirk. "I hardly know what to do with you, Mr. Van Suttart."

"Why?" he asked flippantly. "Is the house crowded?"

"Fairly," she answered, her cheeks coloring. Remembering the hard realities against which her dreams had crashed, the deaths she had witnessed and her own narrow escape, his mood seemed not so much annoying as puerile. "Unfortunately," she added gravely, "we already have more than a full complement of children."

He was confused, conscious he was being shamed, yet wondering why. He had felt genuine ardor at setting out to make what Arnaldo termed a sentimental gesture. He had enjoyed a vision of himself arriving by some fluke in the nick of time and by some other fluke performing a masterly stroke which would re-establish

him in his own esteem and place him high in the regard of his chief. If the troublesome Miss Sewell had figured in the picture at all it had been merely as pole to the pole vaulter. But how had it turned out? He had come to rescue her from the clutches of Dorado; she had rescued him. Now she was putting him in his place, insinuating he wasn't grown. He set himself squarely before her, his hands thrust in his breeches' pockets.

"It appears I'm not welcome. Are you suggesting I get out?"

IT SOUNDED young—so young he felt a fury rising within him. Was she right again? Having gone a long way toward proving him a popinjay, was she now about to convince him he was only half grown? In that moment, unknown to himself, he was handsomer than ever before in his life. Again he had stepped outside the insufferable complacency of the diplomatic shell to become a symbol, something impersonal—a visualization of fiery youth. Joyce, startled and confused in her turn, forced herself to look away.

"That's the trouble," she said, frowning. "I can't ask you to go because you couldn't leave if you tried."

"Oh, yes I can," said Dirk. "I'll show you."

He turned quickly, dropped one end of the bar on the great gate, dragged it open only a foot and slipped through. His cheeks burned with anger. He knew she was right, knew it better than she. There was more than the combination of Dorado and the wrecked roadster to keep him from leaving. His job—the job so carelessly tossed him and so blithely taken on! He hadn't even nicked it; all he had done was to stand around while it swelled from a toy balloon into a blimp. But he was here and so was the job; consequently here was where he would have to stay. Joyce dashed after him; the *mozo*, spluttering protests, followed her.

"Don't be a fool," she protested angrily. "This isn't the time or the place to show off."

DIRK stopped and turned on her. "Go back," he ordered. "I'm not trying to show off and I'm not a child. I admit you're right on the rest of it. You can't throw me out and since my car is junk, thanks to your sharpshooters, I can't possibly get away."

"Then what are you doing?" asked Joyce, bewildered. "Why are we out here?"

"I'm going to fetch my things," said Dirk sullenly, "but your being out here is just a piece of nonsense."

Abruptly Joyce became aware of silence. She looked up and around. Leonardo had ceased firing and far to the east she caught sight of the pillar of dust, this time moving away. She turned to the *mozo* and asked his name.

"Tobalito, Señorita," he answered.

"Come with us, Tobalito," she ordered and led the way toward the bridge.

"I've been in lots of countries," Dirk grumbled as they walked along, "but this is the first where everybody shoots before they ask who you are. By the way, did you know mine isn't the only car parked the other side of the glorified ditch?"

To her amazement she heard herself say: "No. Where?"

Why? Why had that lie sprung ready-made to her lips? Her brain had had nothing to do with it; it hadn't had time. Now she paused in her stride, almost brought to a halt by memory of Pancho's flivver. She had forgotten about it. Where had she put its key? In her bag, and her bag was lying on the mantel in the bedroom she had chosen on account of its open fireplace. So there had been a way, after all, to send Van Suttart

(Continued on page 68)

Two Million Tightrope Walkers

By Hannah Lees

AND I sentence you . . . to walk delicately along a tightrope for the rest of your life." You've never heard a sentence like that, have you? Yet it is being imposed right along in hundreds of doctors' offices and hospitals all over the country. It is what a doctor is really saying when he tells you quietly, "Your trouble is diabetes."

For the moment a person gets diabetes he sets his foot on a long tightrope that can hold him suspended above invalidism and death. If his diabetes is mild he can become quite at home on this tightrope, learn to do stunts and fancy dances. Even if it is severe he can, with care, learn to walk easily and pleasantly. Just so long as he keeps his balance all is well; but if he slips and falls, he falls into diabetic coma and perhaps death. His only hope is to keep walking carefully, and he's glad to do it, for fifteen short years ago, about the time most of us were humming Just a Love Nest, or going wide-eyed over Rudolph Valentino, there wasn't any tightrope. Fifteen years ago most people with diabetes starved or died. Sometimes they starved and then died anyway. Fifteen years ago the thing that held this tightrope up hadn't been discovered, and that is insulin.

I'm not going to tell you about the discovery of insulin. That has been told often. But there is a funny story tied up with the discovery, the story of a young medical student who flipped a coin and won immortal fame on the flip.

Back in 1922 a young, unknown coun-

In 1922 there were 175,000 men and women in this country condemned to death—from diabetes. They got a reprieve, all of them. It was granted by Dr. Banting, the discoverer of insulin. Today there are many more of them, leading happy and useful lives, and science is constantly at work making their lot easier

try doctor came to Toronto all excited about a new way to find the stuff that diabetics needed,—maybe. That was Banting. But the head of the laboratory at the University of Toronto, a Dr. Macleod, wasn't too enthusiastic. There had been a lot of work done on diabetics, none of it coming to anything useful, and who was Banting anyway? Finally, however, to shut him up, he granted this Banting ten dogs to work on, the use of a tiny attic laboratory for eight weeks and an assistant to do his chemical analyses. Two men were chosen, not trained men but medical students, one Charlie Best and another named Noble. Each was to work four weeks and they flipped a coin to see who would begin. Now, so much is fact. Even Banting himself says that a coin was flipped.

But here's the funny thing. Banting says Best won, and perhaps he ought to know, but legend—and legend that persists wherever doctors gather—says Charlie Best lost. Flipped a coin and

lost and made a face, no doubt, at having to waste his time on this hare-brained scheme, never suspecting that, because he lost, his name was going down in history as the codiscoverer of insulin, as one of the great benefactors of humanity, and that long before he was thirty a Nobel prize would be granted in which he had a share. I hope he lost. It's so realistically cockeyed but, win or lose, the two of them did a very great piece of work.

What it comes down to is roughly this: Everybody has inside of him a gland, about the size and shape of a pistol, called the pancreas. When it's in a cow you call it sweetbreads though you can't buy it in the butcher shop any more because Banting found a better use for it. But, bovine or human, it is this gland that makes you able to burn sugar and turn it into energy. When this gland is damaged most of the sugar you take in is wasted. If you're badly off you can lose as much as a good-sized bowl full

of sugar a day. You get weak and thin, you're hungry all the time because however much you eat it isn't nourishing you, and you're thirsty all the time for water to wash away the sugar that isn't doing you any good. And finally, if it goes on long enough, you literally starve to death and your death certificate reads: Cause: diabetes mellitus.

But it isn't the whole of this pistol-shaped gland that lets you burn sugar. It is only a part of it, a bunch of island cells, weighing altogether about as much as a buffalo nickel, that lie scattered through the rest of the gland, here and there aimlessly like the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. And that is why it took doctors so long to do anything about diabetes. They knew long ago that the pancreas was what helped you to burn sugar, but they didn't know it was those island cells that did the work; and even when they did find that out, about 1901, they couldn't get hold of the stuff those island cells secreted. They were fairly sure it was there but they'd never found it.

That was what Banting did. He got a hunch that the reason you couldn't get hold of this active principle was that the rest of the pancreas got in its way. He found out how to keep the island cells alive while letting the rest of the gland die, and when he and Best did that and then made an extract from those island cells and injected it into sick diabetics they weren't sick any more. Keep on injecting it at intervals

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF



There are all sorts of reasons why people get diabetes, but the most important is getting too fat, or living too well



During that brief respite Rutherford got footing and stood up. He dragged Armand ashore

Strange Language

ILLUSTRATED BY
NEIL O'KEEFFE

By Ben Ames Williams

The wife of Armand, the guide, was beautiful. And so is this fascinating story of a man who thought he knew himself

THE great salmon, tiring, tried to bore down to the bottom; the strain of the rod turned it, and for a moment the white belly showed plain as the fish yielded to the current. Rutherford reeled in line; and Armand, standing in the stern of the canoe, was ready with the gaff. The polished point glittered in the sun.

The flash of light fascinated Rutherford and held his eyes; yet he had seen the gaff a thousand times, seen Armand draw its keen point through the thick muscular bodies of the salmon with that sure clean stroke that never failed. On two or three occasions Rutherford had even gaffed fish himself; and he knew how easily the sharp point slipped through flesh and even bone.

Armand cried urgently: "Easy, Mr. Rutherford! The leader is up to your rod!"

Rutherford realized that he had been watching, not the salmon as he should, but the curved steel gaff. He looked up at his tip; and as he did so, Armand tried for the fish.

But at the same moment, inadvertently, Rutherford lowered his rod a little; and the salmon whirled, and the tip wound around Armand's arm like a

cord, and then the leader had snapped, the salmon was gone.

Armand swore loud and gustily; and Rutherford said:

"Forget it! I'm glad he got away. I wouldn't know what to do with him if I caught him."

Armand's eyes twinkled; but he spoke angrily:

"But no, you do not care if he get away. So! Well, neither do I care, if it is your fault he get away; but if it is mine, yes I do care! It is not for me to let fish get away! When I take that gaff, I am not supposed to miss, you know."

He shook his fist at the swirling, driving river with a comical defiance.

"Come back just once," he challenged. "See if Armand misses twice in one day."

"It was my fault," Rutherford confessed. "I dropped the tip too soon."

Armand, preparing to pole back upstream to the pool where they had hooked the fish, had laid the gaff along the thwart. Its steel was near Rutherford's elbow, and he could not take his eyes off it. His imagination this morning was quick and lively, sharpened by the events of the last few hours.

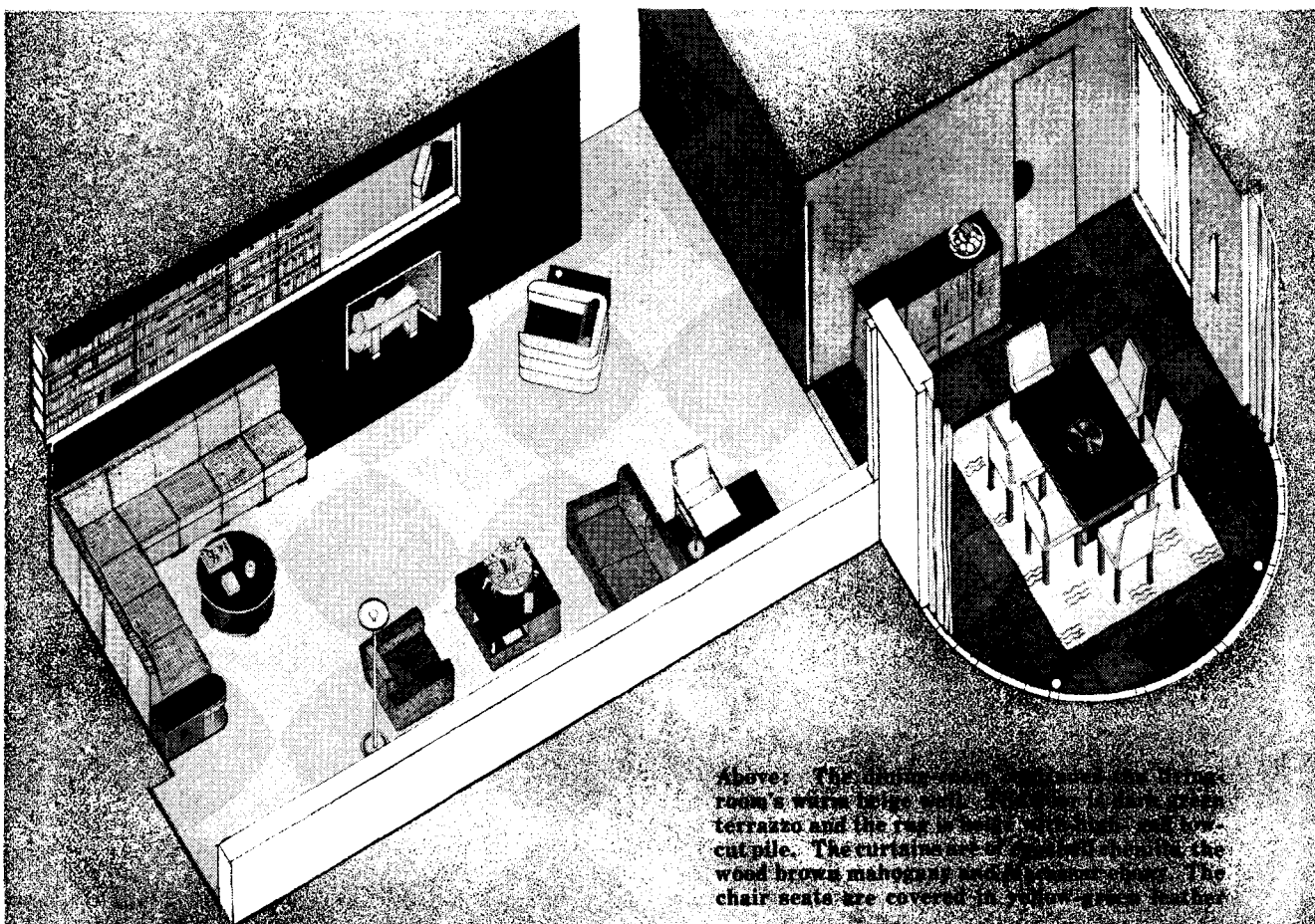
(Continued on page 55)

Home is

By Helen G.

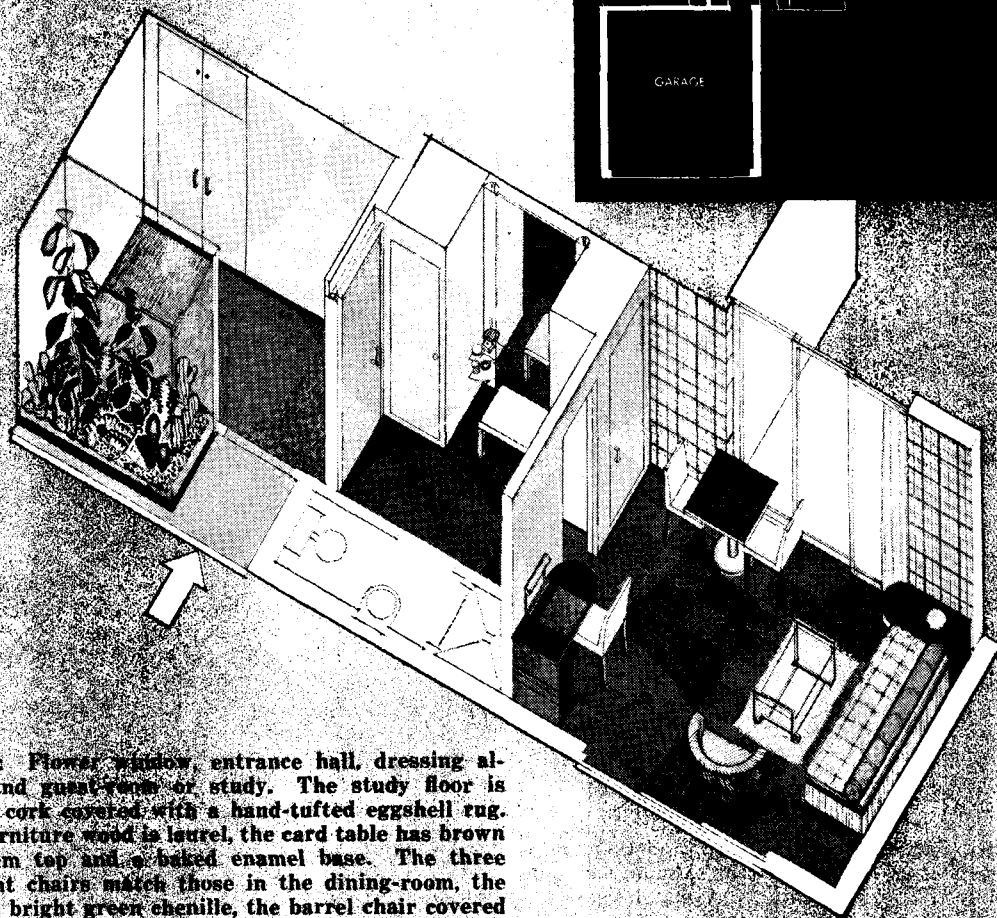
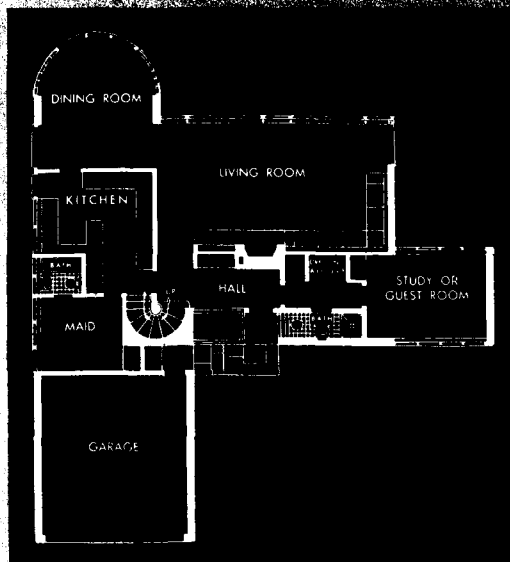
DRAWINGS BY

Or can be. To show you all the possibilities of spaciousness, comfort, privacy and beauty that the modern interior can offer, Collier's retained Miss Helen Sells, expert in modern interiors, to plan the furnishing of Collier's house, which was first presented to you in the March 28th issue. Her plan is full of good, practical ideas you can use in any house



Above: The dining-room has a warm beige wall, a white tile floor, a terrazzo and the rug is made of a light-colored cut pile. The curtains are of a light color, the wood brown mahogany and a prominent one. The chair seats are covered in velvet green material.

Above: The living room is done in tones of maroon and putty. The walls are wood-paneled, the other is white. The carpet is lighter beige. The sofa is in a white, heavy-textured fabric, the sectional sofa is covered in rough-textured maroon material. The chair by the fireplace is of grey leather with maroon seat and back. The love seat is actually two parts of the corner sofa. The chair by the window is covered in red chenille, dotted with dark brown. The woods are walnut and laurel. There's a table by the end table, and the table by the sofa has cutout sides for books and magazines. The desk chair matches the chairs in the dining-room.



Above: Flower window, entrance hall, dressing alcove and guest room or study. The study floor is brown cork covered with a hand-tufted eggshell rug. The furniture wood is laurel, the card table has brown linoleum top and a baked enamel base. The three straight chairs match those in the dining-room, the sofa is bright green chenille, the barrel chair covered in dark brown, striped. The table is glass and metal. The wallpaper is brown, yellow and beige plaid.

IT BEGINS to look as if we had conquered—at our own terms, mind you—a new ease and luxury of living.

Behind the serene clarity of the interior of Collier's house lies not only a suggestive plan of procedure for you and me but the whole theory of modern design in a nutshell.

It is, in brief, the story of the house that is made to work for us, rather than the house for which we are made to work. It is the story of a tool masquerading as a house. It is an instrument of living ready to leap at our bidding, to swerve, bend and move—to carry out our wishes, and to enlarge—because of its very willingness—the vision of what life within four walls can mean.

It is difficult to trace which came first—the tools and materials which made possible this new kind of house, or the divine discontent of you and me which induced the tools.

We Live Modern Lives

Speed has increased our impatience with things that don't work noiselessly and efficiently. The antique that sticks and falls to pieces has lost some of its everyday charm. City life and the consequent lack of space have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the irritation toward large, unadaptable pieces of furniture.

New ideas of health and hygiene, an interest in the sun and freedom, have played their part. Traveling, short leases, the emphasis on going places and doing things, have swung the pendulum toward activity rather than possessions.

The unquenchable curiosity which is leading the younger generation to ask the "why" of everything has also led them to ask the "why" of our decorative maneuvers.

Why do we buy wing chairs when they were made expressly for days when the drafts nearly blew you out of the room? Why do we buy tapestries originally made to keep walls warm, when our walls are almost too warm? Why chairs with cut-back arms, which were made for the circular billowing skirt? And why, they ask, when their lingerie takes up about two inches of space at the most, must all the drawers and chests be ten inches high—obviously designed for ladies who wore thick woollens and crinoline?

Like This

Thompson

ERNEST BORN

All these challenges couldn't be ignored. As a result, we have been developing answers in material form, and calling them modern.

Because the modern designer started from scratch, with no allegiance toward period motifs—with no fixed idea of how a room or a piece of furniture should look—he used lavishly all kinds of new materials . . . cork—glass—metals—synthetics. He used them wherever they could do a good job. Because he wished to get the maximum of beauty out of his work at the minimum of cost, he sloughed decoration, which is costly, but encouraged the natural grains of the wood. He also began to see that space used skillfully was an economy. As a result, he either combined several pieces of furniture in one, or designed one to play several roles adequately. New shapes in furniture with multiple functions developed.

By careful planning of closet space many pieces of furniture were eliminated altogether. It was found that intelligent use of color could make rooms look larger or of different shape, so rooms emerged with wall spaces painted individually. The furniture was lowered because it was more comfortable that way.

Enter Collier's House

And now—presto—the approved plan and the interior of Collier's house: conceived and plotted by Miss Helen Sells—an expert in the field of modern interiors.

Miss Sells planned the interior in exactly the same manner that Mr. Stone, the architect, planned the house. The focal point was the activities of the family. This family was presumably the parents, and two children—either infant or pigtail stage, or both. One maid. The family was thought to be sociable, to enjoy entertaining and to enjoy their children. It was thought to be interested in books and current happenings.

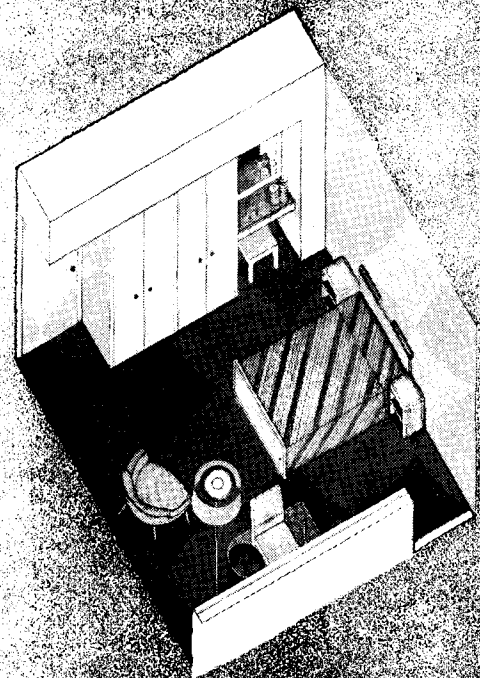
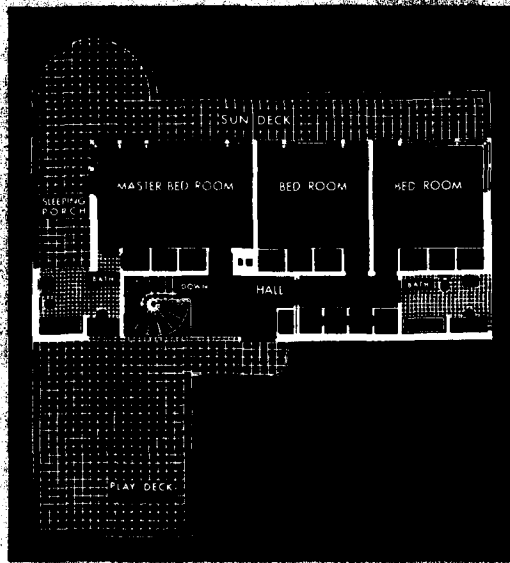
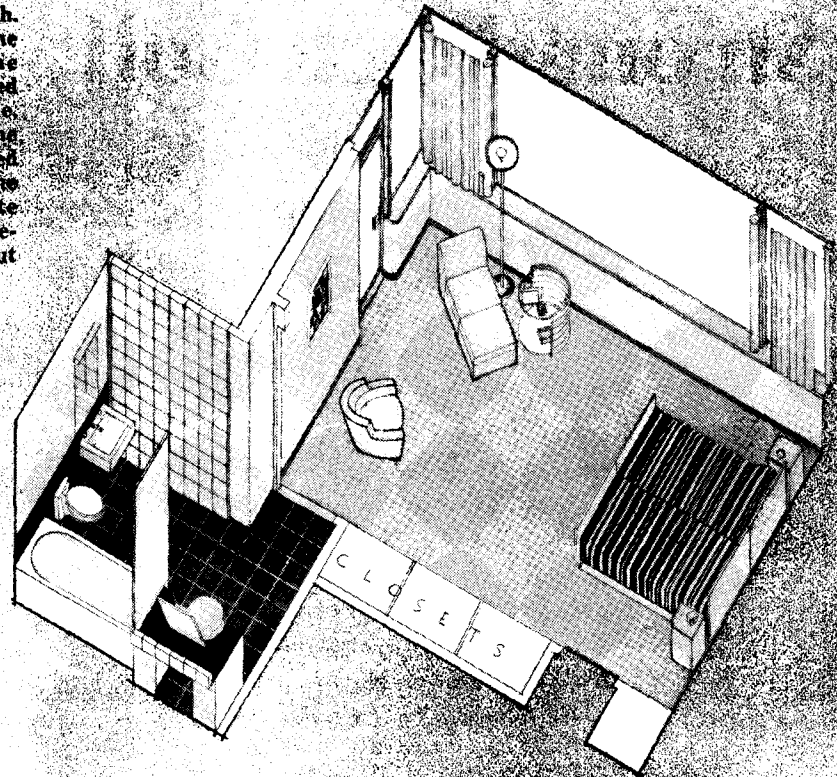
Considering the world a limitless, bountiful place, what would be the most desirable qualities of living for such a family? First, spaciousness; second, extreme comfort; and third, a sense of privacy. The house must be equipped for reading and study, for big parties and small, and—this is a very important point—it must look warm, inviting and cheerful, and it must hold charm for everyone, as well as for those who live in it.

See how skillfully all this has been worked out. In this moderately priced house, there is an unbelievable amount of luxury: space, a powder-room for guests, guest quarters, a conservatory in winter, a color harmony as interesting as a modern painting, a dining-room with a view.

Miss Sells plotted the house as a mobile, flexible unit that could change with the demands made upon it. The house was considered first as a whole, then the downstairs as a unit, then the upstairs, then the individual rooms, and last the groupings in the rooms. Working down from this large idea to the specific parts, the pieces fell into place like magic.

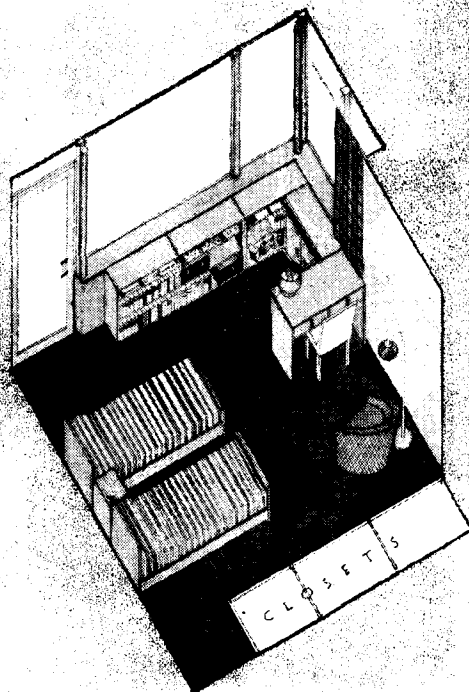
First, the number of pieces and kind
(Continued on page 46)

Right: Master bedroom and bath. The walls are dark cinnamon, the carpet brownish beige. The chaise longue is covered in grayed pink, diagonal-veined chenille, the chair in yellow velvet. The bedcovers are in cotton, striped in pink, coral and white, and the curtains rough-textured white cotton. The woods are Norwegian birch and American walnut.



Left: The nursery bedroom is in tones of blue and hair-ribbon pink, everything washable—washable paper on the wall in a conventionalized floral pattern, cork floor, curtains in blue plaid rubberized silk that withstands rain and sticky fingers. Dark pink mohair goes on the side chair, the bedspreads are striped blue and white cotton. The furniture wood is natural oak. Sectional shelves under the windows

above the guestroom is in tones of green. The carpet is blue-green, the bedcovers are green diagonal striped, the slipper chair and desk are in blue-green mohair. One wall is painted in green and white horizontal stripes. The closets, an important feature of each bedroom, are equipped with drawers, shelves, hanging space, all carefully calculated to meet special needs, including a dressing table



Strong-Back Golf

By O. B. Keeler

PHOTOGRAPH BY
I FOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

"You hit the ball—we do the rest." Your modern golf clubs are speaking, the elaborate collection of matched woods and irons which the old-timers say are making golf a mechanical, sissy game. Maybe so—we'll let you be the judge

WHENEVER I read in the public prints one of those popeyed effusions (and they are pretty continuous these days) about the Improvement in Golf, I break out in a cold sweat of sympathy with the late Mr. Tennyson and his immortal lines beginning: "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea, and I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me." I could utter 'em pretty well, at that, but if they got into print they would inevitably precipitate a row with the postal authorities.

Scoring in golf has improved. That's what they mean—but they don't seem to know it. As for improvement in the playing of golf—well, if a mechanical piano is an improvement on Paderewski, the popeyes have it. Along with a lot of other Eras, we now have with us the Strong-Back Era of Golf—mechanized golf—the golf that is played most successfully by artisans rather than artists.

Please don't get me wrong. It's not any fault of the leading tournament players of the day; the brilliant youngsters and the more adaptable oldsters. They're playing the game as they find it.

But somebody wanted scoring in golf, just as somebody—they lay it on old John Public—wanted scoring in baseball. So in baseball they devised the rabbit-ball, and the Ruthian Era came in, while the grand old game gave up the fine edge of its finesse in both attack and defense, and went on a four-bagger debauch—Strong-Back Baseball, that the popeyes could comprehend.

Well, they fabricated a rabbit-ball for golf—dozens of kinds, each livelier than the other. And they blathered down the United States Golf Association, which some years ago sought to restrict the range of a projectile that was stretching hundreds of golf courses into marathon testing grounds. And they did what they couldn't do in baseball—they designed golf clubs in scientifically matched sets of iron and wood; a club for every shot and for every range, down to kicking distance.

You hit the ball—we do the rest. It's the slogan of the modern club-makers. Strong-Back Golf—it applies to the caddy, too, lugging around a couple of dozen clubs. Suppose you had to add to your caddy fee a dime for every club above a dozen the boy had to carry!

Harry Vardon, the Old Master, man-

aged his six British Open Championships with a set of eight; and Chick Evans, the American amateur, was at the peak of his career with seven.

Joe Kirkwood, the Australian trick-shot artist, who can do more different things with one club than anybody else I ever saw, has had something to say about the modern trend.

Some fifteen years ago, near the home green of the Columbia Country Club at Washington, the young Australian was giving his exhibition and delivering his little lecture before President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge, and a gallery of some six thousand fans.

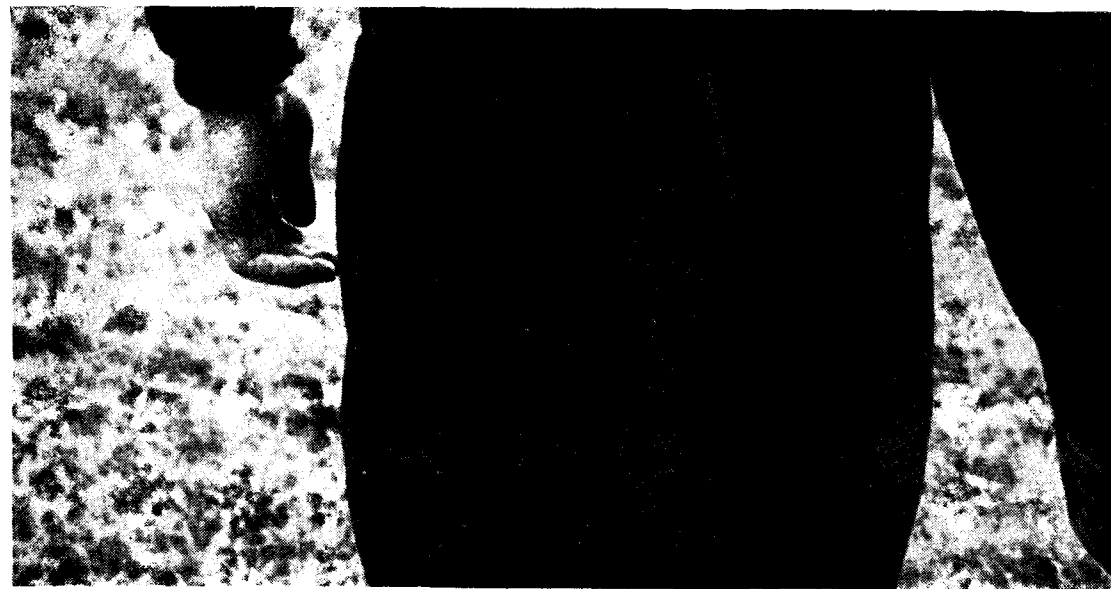
Mr. Harding, who played golf, watched

the trick shots intently and smiled often. Mr. Coolidge did not play golf. He watched closely and never smiled—except once, when Joe propped the stooge's foot up on one golf ball and teed another on top of the foot, and then drove the lower ball far, far away and left the foot cocked up there with a singularly aimless expression.

Mr. Harding chuckled and applauded frequently, and once threw back his head and roared with delight.

That is when Joe announced his famous maxim of golf: "The dumber you are, the better you play!"

Personally, being a terrible golfer, I
(Continued on page 66)





Everybody
likes the New CHEVROLET because it is
the only complete low-priced car



MEN and women . . . young folks and grown-ups . . . people who live in large cities and people who live in smaller communities . . . *all* like the new 1936 Chevrolet.

They are placing this beautiful new Chevrolet *first* in their favor because it's *the only complete low-priced car*.

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TICONDEROGA

Pencil Week
MAY 8th-15th

*Sword of Ethan Allen
and Pencil of Ticonderoga!*

*On May 10, 1775, following
the flashing blade of
Ethan Allen's sword, the
Green Mountain Boys were
inspired to a great
achievement - the bold
capture of Ticonderoga,
in the American manner!
Today, the sharpened points
of Ticonderoga Pencils,
with their ease and smoothness,
follow the thoughts and
speed the writing of millions,
in the American manner!*

Ticonderoga
1386 - No. 2



161st ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA BY ETHAN ALLEN, MAY 10th, 1775.

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rubber tip of
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Stenographers and accountants like Knifedge eraser tip, found only on Ticonderoga - for making small and difficult erasures. Every one likes this unique Ticonderoga feature. Just a detail in a pencil, of course, but that's Ticonderoga - better in every detail.

Five degrees of smooth, strong leads - accurately graded,

uniformly dependable. $2\frac{5}{10}$ is the firm lead that suits many hands better. Also No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 3, medium; No. 4, hard. Use the lead that suits your hand. 5¢ EACH. GET QUANTITY QUOTATIONS FROM YOUR DEALER.

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America writes with **TICONDEROGA**

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WITH the vast resources of Si-Fan, a sinister secret society with world-wide ramifications, at his command, the most dangerous of all criminals, Dr. Fu Manchu, is plotting to gain control of America. From his secret headquarters in New York he issues his orders to an army of spies and killers; and those who stand in his way die.

But two resourceful detectives are shadowing him: Sir Denis Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, and his American aide, Captain Mark Hepburn. They finally succeed in trapping the "Doctor" but the wily Oriental makes his getaway.

Having brought about the death of Harvey Bragg, a presidential candidate, Fu Manchu (to whom his followers refer as "The President") produces a new candidate, Paul Salvaletti, who at once wins millions of friends.

Among Fu Manchu's employees are two beautiful women: Lola Dumas (who is engaged to Salvaletti) and Mrs. Moya Adair, a widow with whom, in the course of his investigations, Mark Hepburn has fallen in love and from whom Smith and Hepburn have learned something of the "Doctor's" machinations. Moya has a son, Robbie, whom she idolizes. The boy is stricken with diphtheria. Specialists are summoned; but, while Moya and Hepburn look on, impotent to do anything to save him, he loses strength quickly.

Meanwhile, Nayland Smith has been trailing Fu Manchu. He assures Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes and who is working against America's enemies, that he has the Oriental cornered, caught, in an old Connecticut farm house. But he has misjudged the master criminal's resourcefulness—Fu Manchu escapes again!

Robbie Adair is dying. As Moya and Hepburn stand by his bed, watching him drift away, an unexpected visitor arrives: *Dr. Fu Manchu!* And a strange, almost incredible drama follows. The master criminal performs an operation on the little patient; then, seated beside him on his bed, he waits patiently. Hepburn feels sure that Fu Manchu has failed.

Conclusion

DIM gray light was touching the most lofty buildings, so that they seemed to emerge from sleeping New York like phantoms of lost Nineveh; later would come the high-flung spears of sunrise to break golden upon the towers of those temples of Mammon. As Bluecher might have remarked, "What a city to loot!"

Nayland Smith rang a bell beside a glazed door with iron scroll work. Park Avenue is never wholly deserted day or night, but at this hour its fashionable life was at lowest ebb, and every possible precaution had been taken to avoid attracting the attention of belated passers-by. It was necessary to ring the bell more than once before the door was opened.

A sleepy night porter, his hair tousled, confronted them. Nayland Smith stepped forward, but the man, an angry gleam coming into his eyes, barred the way. He was big and powerfully built.

"Where do you think you're going?" he demanded.

"Top floor," rapped Nayland Smith. "Don't argue."

The man had a glimpse of a gold badge and over the speaker's shoulder saw that he was covered by an automatic held by Lieutenant Johnson.

"What's the fuss?" he growled. "I'm not arguing."

But actually, although he was only a very small cog in the wheel, he knew that the occupants of the penthouse apartment at the top of the building were closely protected. He had secured his

appointment through the League of Good Americans, and he had had orders from the officers of the League, identifiable by their badges, scrupulously to note and report any one who visited that apartment.

In silence he operated the elevator. At the top:

"Go down again," Nayland Smith ordered, "and report to the officer in charge in the vestibule."

As the elevator disappeared he looked about him: they were a party of four. Anxiety for Hepburn's safety had driven him to make this move. Belatedly, he had remembered a letter once received from Orwin Prescott—and in Prescott's handwriting. It had been written, automatically, under hypnotic direction. He remembered that Hepburn quite recently had succumbed to that uncanny control which Dr. Fu Manchu possessed the power to exercise. . . . Hepburn's message to Fay might be no more than an emanation from that powerful, evil will!

"Be ready for anything," he warned, sternly, "but make no move without orders from me."

He pressed the bell.

A moment of almost complete silence followed. He had been prepared to wait, perhaps to force the door. He was about to ring a second time when the door opened.

Mark Hepburn faced him!

Amazement, relief, doubt, alternately ruled Nayland Smith's mind. The situation was beyond analysis. He fixed a penetrating stare on Hepburn's haggard

face: his hair was disheveled, his expression wild, and with a queer note almost of resentment in his tone:

"Smith!" he exclaimed.

Nayland Smith nodded and stepped in, signaling to his party to remain outside.

Crossing a small vestibule, he found himself in a charmingly appointed sitting-room, essentially and peculiarly feminine in character. It was empty.

"I'm sorry about all this seeming mystery," said Hepburn in a low voice, "and I understand your anxiety. But when you know the facts you will agree, I think, there was no other way."

"YOU undertook a certain responsibility," Nayland Smith said, grimly, "in a message to Fey—"

"Not so loud, Smith! I stand by it. . . . It's hard to explain—" He hesitated, his deep-set eyes watching Nayland Smith—"but with all his crimes, after tonight—I'm sorry. Moya—Mrs. Adair—collapsed, when she heard the news—"

"What! That the boy was dead?"

"No—that he will live!"

"I am glad to hear it. Largely as a result of your discovery of the Connecticut farm," said Nayland Smith, "we have narrowed down our search to an area surrounding this building. Your long, inexplicable absence, following that message to Fey, has checked us. I should be glad, Hepburn, if you would inform me where you believe Fu Manchu to be—"

The door opened and Dr. Fu Manchu came in.



Lola Dumas threw herself back upon the settee. She was striving with all her will to regain composure



The door opened and Fu Manchu came in

Smith's hand plunged to his automatic, but Fu Manchu, frowning slightly, shook his head. His usually brilliant eyes were dully filmed. He wore a black suit and beneath his coat a curious black woolen garment with a high collar. In some strange way he resembled a renegade priest who had abandoned Christianity in favor of devil worship.

"Melodrama is uncalled for, Sir Denis," he said, his guttural voice expressing no emotion whatever. "We are not in Hollywood. I shall be at your service in a moment." He turned to Hepburn. "My written instructions are on the table beside the bed. You will find there also the name of the physician I have selected to take charge of the case. He is a Jew, practicing on the East Side; a man of integrity, with a sound knowledge of his profession. I do not imply, Sir Denis, that he is in the class of our mutual friend, Dr. Petrie (to whom I beg you to convey my regards), but he is the best physician in New York. I desire, Captain Hepburn, to be arrested by Sir Denis Nayland Smith, who has a prior claim. Will you be good enough to hand me over to him?"

Hepburn spoke hoarsely.

"Yes... Smith, this is your prisoner."

Fu Manchu bowed slightly. He took up a leather case which at the moment of entering he had placed upon the carpet beside him.

"I desire you, Captain Hepburn," he said, "to call Dr. Goldberg immediately, and to remain with the patient until he arrives..."

ALL but imperturbable as he had trained himself to be, Nayland Smith at this moment almost lost contact with reality. At the eleventh hour, with counsels of desperation becoming attractive, Fate rather than his own wit had delivered this man into his hands. Swiftly he glanced at Hepburn and read in the haggard face mingled emotions of which he himself was conscious. He had never dreamed that triumph achieved after years of striving could be such Dead Sea fruit. The dimmed green eyes were fixed upon him, but there was nothing hypnotic in their regard; rather they held an ironical question. He stepped aside, indicating with his hand the vestibule in which the three men waited.

"Precede me, Dr. Fu Manchu."

Fu Manchu, carrying the case, walked with his catlike tread out into the vestibule, three keen glances fixed upon him, three barrels covering his every moment.

"Ring for the elevator," rapped Nayland Smith.

One of the men went out through the front door, which had been left open.

Dr. Fu Manchu set his case upon the floor beside a chair.

"I assume, Sir Denis," he said, his voice very sibilant, "I am permitted to take my coat and my cap?"

He opened a paneled cupboard and looked inside. Momentarily the opened door concealed him as a heavy black topcoat with an astrakhan collar was thrown out onto the back of the chair. Ensued an interval of not more than five seconds... then Nayland Smith sprang forward.

The leather case stood beside the chair, the black coat was draped across it; but the cupboard was empty!

Dr. Fu Manchu had disappeared.

"I AM growing old, Hepburn," said Nayland Smith. "It is high time I retired."

Mark Hepburn, studying the crisp graying hair, bronzed features and clear eyes of the speaker, laughed shortly.

"No doubt Dr. Fu Manchu wishes you would," he said.

"Yet he fooled me with a paltry vanishing-cabinet trick, an illusion which was old when the late Harry Houdini was young! Definitely, Hepburn, my

ideas have become fixed. I simply cannot get used to the fact that New York City is a former stronghold of the most highly organized and highly paid underworld group which Western civilization so far has produced. That penthouse apartment, as we know now, was once occupied by Barney Flynn, the last of the big men of bootlegging days. The ingenious door in the hat cupboard was his private exit, opening into another building, a corresponding apartment which he also rented."

"Moya didn't know," said Hepburn.

"I grant you that. Nor was the apartment one of her own choosing. But she remembers (although in her disturbed state at the time she accepted the fact) that Fu Manchu appeared in the vestibule—although no one had opened the door! Had I realized that he had given you his parole, I might have foreseen an attempt to escape."

"Why?"

Nayland Smith turned to Hepburn; a faint smile crossed his lean features.

"He insisted that you should formally hand him over to me. You did so—and he promptly disappeared! Dr. Fu Manchu is a man of his word, Hepburn..." He was silent awhile, then: "I am sorry for Mrs. Adair," he added, "and granting the circumstances, I think she has played fair. I hope the boy is out of danger."

Hepburn sat, pensive, looking down from the plane window at a darkling map of the agrarian Middle West.

"According to all I have ever learned," he said presently, "that boy should be dead. Even now, I can't believe that any human power could have saved him. But he's alive, and there's every chance he will recover and be none the worse. You know, Smith—" he turned, his deep-set, ingenuous eyes fixed upon his companion—"that's a miracle... I saw surgery there, in that room, that I'll swear there isn't another man living could have performed. That incompetent fool, Burnett, had lost the life of his patient: Dr. Fu Manchu conjured it back again."

He paused, watching the grim profile of Nayland Smith.

DR. FU MANCHU had successfully slipped out of New York. But police and federal agents, urged to feverish activity by emergency orders from Washington, had made one discovery: Fu Manchu was headed west.

Outside higher police commands and the Secret Service, the intensive scrutiny of all travelers on Western highways by road or rail was a mystery to be discussed by those who came in contact with it for many years afterwards. Air liners received federal orders to alight at points not scheduled; private planes were forced down for identification; a rumor spread across half the country that a foreign invasion was imminent.

Despite Nayland Smith's endeavors, a garbled version of the facts had found currency in certain quarters; Abbot Donegal's words had given color to rumors. There had been riots in Asiatic sections: in one instance a lynching had narrowly been averted. The phantom of the Yellow Peril upreared its ugly head. But day by day, almost hour by hour, more and more adherents flocked to the standard of Paul Salvaletti, who represented, had they but known, the only real Yellow Peril to which the United States ever had been exposed.

"I'm still inclined to believe," Mark Hepburn said, "that I'm right about the object of the Doctor's journey. He's heading for Chicago. On Saturday night Salvaletti addresses a meeting on the result of which rests the final tipping of the scales."

Nayland Smith twitched the lobe of his left ear.

"The Tower of the Holy Thorn is not far off his route!" he replied; "and Dom

Patrick addresses the whole of the United States tonight! The situation is serious enough to justify the Doctor's taking personal charge of operations to check the voice of the abbot..."

That the priest's vast audience even at his eleventh hour could split the Salvaletti camp was an admissible fact. Even now it was thought that the former Chief Executive would be returned to office; but the League faction would make that office uneasy.

"Salvaletti's magnificent showmanship," said Smith, "the sentimental appeal in his pending marriage, are the work of a master producer. The last act shows a brilliant adventurer assuming control of the United States! It is not impossible, nor without precedent. Napoleon Bonaparte, Mussolini, Kemal have played the part before. No, Hepburn! I doubt if Fu Manchu will passively permit Abbot Donegal to steal the limelight..."

ALL approaches to the Tower of the Holy Thorn would have reminded a veteran of an occupied town in war time. They were held up four times by armed guards...

When at last the headlamps of the road monster which had been waiting at the floodlit flying ground shone upon the bronze door, so that that thorn-crowned head seemed to come to meet them in the darkness, Nayland Smith sprang out.

"Is Garstin there?" Hepburn called.

A man came forward.

"Captain Hepburn?"

"Yes. Anything to report?"

"All clear, Captain. It would need a regiment with machine guns to get through!"

Mark Hepburn stared upward. The Tower was in darkness right to the top; the staff which dealt with the abbot's enormous mail had left. But from its crest light beamed on as from a pharos.

And as Mark Hepburn stood there looking up, Nayland Smith entered the study of Dom Patrick Donegal.

"Thank God I see you safe!" he said, and shot out a nervous brown hand.

Patrick Donegal grasped it, and stood for a moment staring into the eyes of the man who had burst into his room.

"Thank God indeed. You see before you a chastened man, Sir Denis." The abbot's ascetic features as well as his rich brogue told that he spoke from his heart. "Once, I resented your peremptory orders. I have changed my mind; I know that they were meant for my protection and for the good of my country. You see—" he pointed—"the broadcasting corporation has equipped me with a microphone. Tonight I speak in the safety of my own study."

"You have followed my instructions closely?"

Nayland Smith was watching the priest with almost feverish intentness. "In every particular. You may take it—" he smiled—"that I have not been poisoned or tampered with in any way! My address for tonight I wrote with my own hand at that desk. None other has touched it."

"You have included the facts which I gave you—and the figures?"

"Everything! And I am happy to have you with me, Sir Denis; it gives me an added sense of security. At any moment, now, the radio announcer will be here. I trust that you will stay?"

Nayland Smith did not reply. He was listening—listening keenly to a distant sound. Although he was barely aware of the fact, his gaze was set upon a reproduction of Carpaccio's St. Jerome which hung upon the plastered wall above a crowded bookcase.

And, now, the abbot was listening, too. Dim cries came from far below; shouted orders...

A drone of airplane propellers drew (Continued on page 74)

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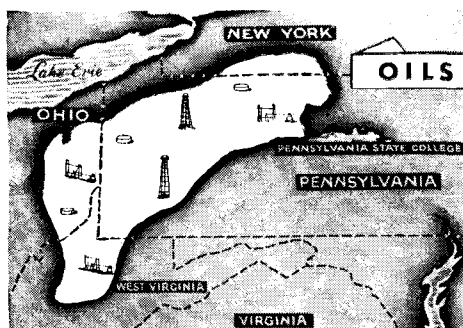
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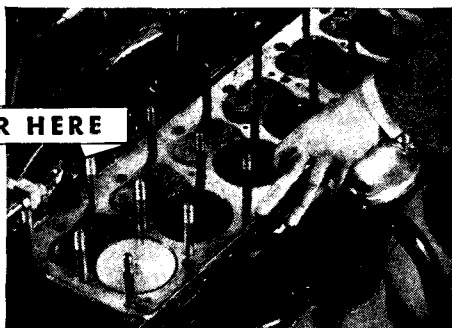
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Sailor's Star

Continued from page 11

full of bird shot, and gave Stew a look that said he'd see him later. But the Captain turned to him just then with his meanest smile. "At what time, Mr. Sanders," he says, "are you meeting your fiancée?"

Poor Doggy! Miss Porter was looking at him questioningly. Under her wide, inquiring gaze he turned red to the roots of his hair. "It doesn't matter—it wasn't very definite," says Doggy.

"Wasn't definite!" says the Captain. "I thought it was very definite indeed, Mr. Sanders. It was definite enough last night so that Miss Porter had to forego the pleasure of your escort, wasn't it?"

Doggy choked in his coffee. Miss Porter's lovely eyes, regarding him, became more thoughtful. "What I mean," explained Doggy, "we said sometime after eight-thirty. She said she'd rather meet me on shore."

The Captain nodded understandingly.

Miss Porter looked straight across the table at Doggy.

"Tell me about your fiancée, Mr. Sanders," she said sympathetically. "Have you the same tastes?"

Doggy jumped. "None at all," he said nervously. "What I mean, we never like the same things. She's pretty dominating—likes to have her own way in everything. Some people," said Doggy hopefully, "think we aren't congenial, and ought to break the thing off."

"I disagree with them, Mr. Sanders," says the Captain firmly. "She sounds just the girl for you."

He pushed aside his empty coffee cup and rose. "If you young people are going to the movies—"

Mack Bremer started. Ever since meeting this girl he'd been acting like a man under anesthetic, but now he was galvanized into action. "Yes," he said. "Mustn't miss the first part of the show." He grabbed Miss Porter by the arm and hurried her up the steps after Hermione.

Bobo removed his hand from his chin and looked at the Captain appealingly. "My jaw feels much better now, sir," he said. "I'd never know I'd had a tooth out."

The Captain patted him on the back. "That's good—that's fine. A good night's sleep now, and you'll be a different man in the morning."

Bobo went out weakly.

"Nice girl, Miss Porter," said the Captain absently, getting to work on a particularly foul brand of cigar. "Well, good night, gentlemen. I know you're all busy tonight."

WHILE the females present got their coats, we sat there staring at each other.

Bobo wanders in through the door again. I'm bound to say I've seen Bobo looking prettier. His jaw was swollen like he had one-sided mumps and his eyes had a kind of a haunted look. "Do you believe," said Bobo, "that that—that—" Bobo went over all the adjectives in his vocabulary, rejected them as too mild, and gave it up, "that the Captain did that on purpose?"

"Cert'nly he did it on purpose," says Doggy sullenly. "D'you s'pose polecats act like polecats by accident?"

"Doc" Pardy shakes his head. "I don't think so," says "Doc" thoughtfully, and we all listen, because "Doc" is smart enough to give a fox pointers. "The way I figure it, he thinks Hermione is just as pretty as this girl. Maybe prettier. It's the paternal instinct." "Doc" says. "I've seen babies a mother ape would be ashamed of, and their fathers drag 'em out for you to look at, and even have 'em

photographed. Being a father does something to your eyesight."

"In Hermione's case," says Stew Edwards, "I'd say that was merciful."

"The point is," says Bobo, "here's this Big Stone Face gone off with our girl."

"With whose girl?" says Doggy.

"You needn't talk, you old engaged man you," says Bobo. "You're supposed to be off with your fiancée right this minute."

"Listen," says Doggy, rising to his feet, "and get this straight. That's my fiancée that's just gone off with Mack Bremer!"

"Doc" Pardy smiles, a sly little smile out of the corner of his good-looking mouth. "Does she know it?"

"I didn't hear any howl of contradiction from her when the Captain talked about your fiancée on shore," says Stew Edwards.

Doggy looked from one to the other like a baited bull. "She has pride," says Doggy fiercely.

"Yeah," says "Doc" Pardy easily, "and maybe sense." He picks up his cap and twirls it lightly on one finger. "Well, so long! I hear the boat. It's my duty to go ashore with them as chaperon. I wouldn't want the moonlight to go to Mack's head."

WE ALL stood staring after him in a dazed way. "Tubby," says Doggy hoarsely, "I must see you alone."

"Rehearsing already?" says Bobo, "or is that a hint?"

"Hinting to this gang," says Doggy bitterly, "would be like trying to budge an elephant with a feather duster. Come on, Tubby."

Arrived in my quarters, he pushed the door shut and stood glaring at me like he was wondering how I would look split with mustard. I began to get uneasy. "Listen, Doggy," I began, "take it easy."

Doggy gave a yell. "Take it easy!" he said. "Take it easy! What you don't realize," says Doggy, "is that—it's her! It's she! It's my dream-girl! The one I met yesterday afternoon," says Doggy more explicitly.

I whistled. "The one you got practically engaged to?"

"I *was* engaged to her," says Doggy feverishly. "In five more minutes—"

"Then, Doggy, it looks to me like you were slipping. I saw no sign of being engaged to you in this girl's clear untroubled eyes."

"What would you expect her to do," snaps Doggy, "when she's told, in front of the whole mess, about my fiancée waiting for me on shore? And here I spent the whole afternoon selling her on how steady and faithful I was. Never looked twice at another woman, and all that." Doggy groaned. "She must think I'm a sap."

"Not a sap—just a gay deceiver."

Doggy looked round the room with anguished eyes. Suddenly noticing Mack Bremer's luggage piled in one corner of the room, he gave a yelp.

"Is he rooming with you?"

"He is."

"Well," said Doggy, "personally, I'd rather room alone." He got up to go. Just as I was mopping my brow and reaching for a skag, the door slams and here's Doggy back in again. "Tubby," he says, his eyes glittering, "would you do something for a pal?"

"What?"

"It isn't only for me," says Doggy feverishly, "it's also for poor old Mack. After all, the boy's young and inexperienced, and his morals," says Doggy, making a slightly wry face, "are sound."

(Continued on page 30)

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you cannot measure by price. Who can

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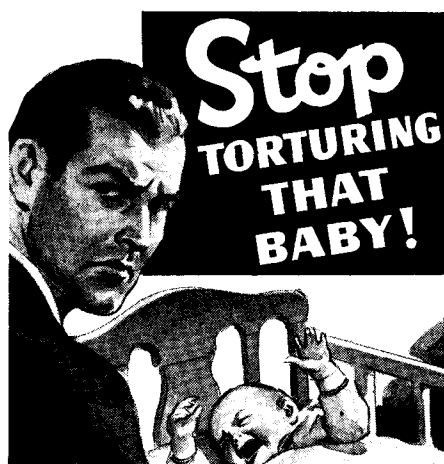
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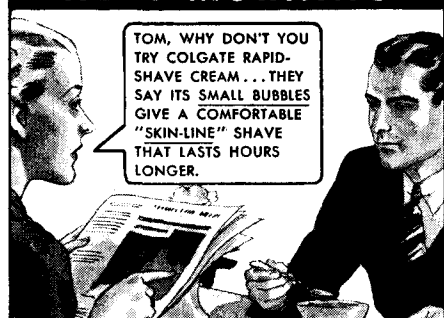
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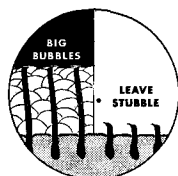
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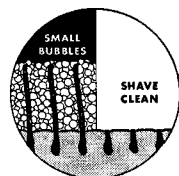
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MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NOW...AT NIGHT



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE"
SHAVES LAST
HOURS LONGER



(Continued from page 29)

I wouldn't want him to go stumbling into matrimony with the first girl he met, if she didn't happen to be suited to him in character."

"Certainly not."

"And so," says Doggy, "would you mind hinting to him that Miss Porter is not averse to an occasional cocktail, likes a cigarette, and took a prize doing the Charleston at the age of fourteen?"

"How am I supposed to know all these things? I didn't try to kiss her by the compass."

The hopeful gleam faded from Doggy's eyes. "You're right," he conceded mournfully.

I turned in. The day had been rather hard on my nerves.

IT MUST have been about 12:15 that the light flashed on. I sat up growling. In the doorway stood Mack Bremer with an expression on his face like he had discovered America.

"Tubby," he says solemnly, "it's her! It's she! It's—"

"Your dream-girl."

He gazed at me wide-eyed. "How did you know? The very words I was going to use. She's everything I've ever dreamed of finding in a woman. She's a pure, sweet, home-loving girl. She's—" he turned kind of red, "she's never been kissed, Tubby—she told me so! She doesn't know what it feels like!"

"Yeah?" I said, turning over into the pillow. "She must have been under anesthetic the night I saw her standing by the compass with Doggy."

He didn't hear me. He was leaning his chin on his hand and looking at the ceiling. "Tubby," he said casually, "how much money do you think a man should have before he thinks of getting married?"

"None," I told him, "so long as he just thinks of it. Would you mind turning off the light?"

I went in to see "Doc" Pardy next night before dinner. His hair had just been cut and he smelled like a drugstore rose.

"Too bad you couldn't have taken Miss Porter out last evening," I said, just to remind him of the blacker side of things. "She's such a pretty girl, too."

"Doc" smiled. "Isn't she!" he says, twisting his mustache. "I'm going to tell her so, this evening."

"This evening! You don't think she'll date with you, do you? She told Doggy over the telephone she was engaged for the evening."

"So she is," he said. "With me." He gives himself a loving look in the mirror. "Ah, Tubby, my boy, Doggy never had a chance with Sue Porter. He hasn't got the line. She likes little intimate places to eat—lots of atmosphere—langorous Italian music. We're going to the Oca Bianca. The music," says "Doc" dreamily, "is scheduled to begin at nine o'clock."

"What music? They don't supply music at the Oca Bianca. Just spaghetti."

"You know Mike Spitelli, the bootblack at Selvaggi's Whitening Emporium? He strums a mean guitar. For five bucks," says "Doc," a poetic gleam coming into his eye, "I have him and two friends for the whole evening. Romance, Tubby, my boy, straight from the spout. About the time I am leading up to the loneliness of a sailor's life, the first strains of 'O Sole Mio,' come trickling over the wall, followed by a shot of 'Santa Lucia,' and then, 'Nancy Lee.' You know the chorus, 'A sailor's wife his star shall be?' That 'sailor's star' business always gets 'em. That's the point where my miniature slips onto her engagement finger. If that doesn't work," said "Doc" earnestly, "the girl is made of concrete, and the light in her lovely eyes is belladonna."

I went and looked up Doggy. Doggy was lying on his bunk, gloomily reading

the newspaper. "It says here," he greeted me, "where some scientist has discovered that the star Stettinius is coming at us at the rate of three billion, nine hundred and fifty million, five hundred thousand miles per second, and that the earth is likely to be smashed to bits at any moment. Who cares?" said Doggy moodily.

"Is that so?" I said politely. "Doc" Pardy has dated Sue Porter for the Oca Bianca tonight, with a serenade of langorous Italian music."

Doggy leaped up with a howl. "Why, the dirty swindler!"

"What about Stettinius?"

"To hell with Stettinius!"

We went down to Selvaggi's Whitening Emporium and looked up Mike Spitelli. "Mike," said Doggy, "Lieutenant Pardy offered you five dollars to play for him tonight at the Oca Bianca, didn't he?"

"Sure," says Mike Spitelli, with a grin. "All about love."

Doggy winced. "Well," he said, "he's changed the program, Mike. Wants you tomorrow night instead. The young lady has too much of a headache for love tonight."

"Okay," said Mike. "Tomorrow night."

We hoofed it over to Frash's Amusement Pier and saw Tag Belden, who has the concession for the Merry-Go-Round. "Tag," says Doggy, "how's business?"

"Terrible," said Tag.

"If," says Doggy, "you want to make five dollars easily, get hold of three men with a banjo, a saxophone and an accordion and send them up to the Oca Bianca to play some jazz through the dinner hour. The louder the better, see? Serenade on all cylinders."

"I'll come myself," says Tag, grasping the bill. "Trying to make some dame?"

"You could call it that," says Doggy.

At ten minutes to seven Doggy and I were sitting in the Oca Bianca, up in the balcony behind some shrubbery. It was Doggy who showed me the place, and I will say we were well concealed. Doggy says he doesn't generally waste it on a man.

IT WAS seven-fifteen when "Doc" Pardy and Sue came in, and they were a couple worth looking at. I don't like "Doc" much but I'm bound to admit he generally manages to look like a picture of what the well-dressed "cit" will wear, and Sue was dressed in something silver that caught the light.

They took a table right under us; Doggy could have dropped a saltcellar on "Doc's" head. But he restrained himself; he wanted to hear "Doc's" line, and we have to admit it's a sixteen-inch Manila.

"The first night I met you," he says, "I dreamed of you all night."

"Did your mother like me?" she says artlessly.

"My mother?" says "Doc," caught napping. "She's never met you."

"Why, yes," she says, acting puzzled. "The other night on the ship."

"Doc" starts. "Oh, that night!" he says. "That night. Why—uh—yes, she was mad about you!"

Sue looks down and smiles. "I'm glad," she says demurely, "I'm so glad. Because when she took my coat at the Club Royale the other night, she acted as if she'd never seen me before."

"Doc" ran a hand around the inside of his collar. "When she did what?"

"When she took my coat," said Sue gently. "Surely you know your mother has charge of the coatroom at the Club Royale?"

"Doc" took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. He gave a feeble laugh. "You wouldn't kid me, would you, Sue?"

"No more than you would me," she assured him, smiling straight into his eyes.

"Then," he says, "cards on the ta-

ble. That wasn't my mother at all. It was just the first old lady I could pick up in a hurry—"

"Surely you have no trouble picking up old ladies?"

His face turned red. "Because," he flounders ahead, "we were all desperate. We had to think fast. The Captain wanted someone to drag Hermione's friend, and we thought you'd be someone just like Hermione."

This didn't go over so big.

A sort of preliminary scraping and tuning sound came from behind the bushes on the other side of the garden. "Doc" brightened visibly, and looked more hopeful. "Let's not quarrel," he said pleadingly, leaning across the table towards Sue. "I think Hermione is one of the finest. But she's just not my type. Now you," he says, "do something to me like—like—"

"Like what?" asks Sue interestedly.

"Like Italian music," says "Doc," "sort of slow, and dreamy, and far away. And speaking of that, I've arranged a little serenade for you tonight—something I thought suited your personality—"

IT WAS at this point that Tag Belden and his boys crashed into the opening bars of "Hallelujah."

"Doc" leaped about three feet up in the air and dropped his coffee spoon. Sue upset her cup. Outside of two trucks meeting head-on with a load of bricks, I never heard more noise.

"Doc" was the first to recover. Giving one imploring look at Sue, who is stopping her ears with both hands, he leaps for the bushes.

"Stop that!" he yells, "stop it at once!"

Tag Belden and his boys were soaring into the chorus and they didn't even hear him, let alone stop. They gave the whole chorus.

"Stop it!" bellows "Doc."

Tag Belden's head appears over the shrubbery. "Says who?"

"I say so!" yells "Doc," shaking with rage. "I paid you for Italian music, not beer-hall stuff."

"Come off it!" says Tag, squinting at "Doc" down his large nose. "You paid me for nuttin'. I'm not under your orders, see?"

"Doc" began to get a glimmer of light. "Listen," he says, "if I didn't pay you, who did?"

"Why," says Tag, "Lieutenant Sanders, of course. Up in the balcony there."

Doggy dodged back, but it was too late. "So!" says "Doc," glaring up at our bush like the villain in the melodrama. "So!"

We came down the steps a little sheepishly. Sue Porter was looking at Doggy like she couldn't believe her eyes. "Doc" glared at us both impartially. Tag Belden beamed, and lifted his cap. "How'm I doing?" he wanted to know.

Well, we couldn't tell him that. "That'll be all for tonight, Tag," said Doggy.

Sue turned to Doggy. "I hope," she told him sweetly, "you aren't stopping for us. I never like to interfere with people's relaxations."

Doggy stood looking down at her defiantly, rumpling his blond hair like he always does when he's nervous. Sue came up close to him. Her eyes were very bright. "Would you mind telling me," she said, "what, exactly, is the matter with you? I mean," said Sue in the manner of one seeking a reasonable explanation without much hope of getting it, "why do you act like this?"

"Yes, what makes you act like this, Sanders?" says "Doc" Pardy. "We know your taste in music is lousy, but why inflict it on us?"

Doggy took one step towards "Doc," and checked himself. "My taste in music may be lousy," he said, "but at least it's my own. I don't have to have 'O Sole

(Continued on page 33)

Not a Car in Sight— yet you have to STOP

4 OUT OF EVERY 5 MILES YOU DRIVE ARE "STOP-AND-GO"



Traffic lights everywhere—even on lonely roads! Today America has over 40,000 of them . . . each one blinking red over 300 times daily . . . a total of 12 million "blinks" a day! Stop-and-go! Stop-and-go!

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For economy in today's "stop-and-go" driving,

your gasoline needs 3 kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears! One kind of power for *quick starts*, one for *fast pickup* and hill climbing, and still another for *steady running*.

Super-Shell combines these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—THE FIRST TRULY BALANCED GASOLINE.

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One Note—or the Full Organ Keyboard?



The question answers itself! And just as the maestro's art is the inspired and subtle blending of many exquisite elements, so is the creation of a truly distinguished whiskey. All great blended whiskeys, like all great masterpieces, owe their special distinction to the same consummate art . . . the art of *blending*.

Blending Crown Whiskies the Seagram way requires infinite skill, infinite patience, infinite experience . . . and a vast treasure of rare whiskeys to draw

upon. Each must have characteristics not common to other whiskeys . . . the extra-rich, extra-flavorful character found only in whiskeys especially distilled for blending purposes.

For each vatting of stocks for Crown Whiskies, Seagram craftsmen, with an artist's care, select precisely the right blending whiskeys. These superb Seagram whiskeys, when combined with a pre-determined percentage of highly refined grain neutral spirits*, produce a harmonious blend possessing the distinctive, airy lightness, and mild, subtle

flavor that characterize the whiskey masterpiece.

To people of taste and experience in gentle living, the House of Seagram, for generations, has been recognized as the authority in the art of distilling and blending the world's choicest fine whiskeys.

*Grain neutral spirits as distilled by Seagram are made from grains in the same manner as whiskey, except that they are further distilled until they reach crystal clarity. Naturally, they cost far more to distill than any straight whiskey. Their function is to diffuse and harmonize the aroma, flavor and bouquet of the heavier-bodied blending whiskeys. In this way over 70% of the great pre-prohibition whiskeys were made.



SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

Light and Mild. Four-year-old rich whiskey aged in charred oak casks. Matchlessly blended with eighty percent grain neutral spirits.

SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

Slightly Richer. Four-year-old rich whiskey aged in charred oak casks. Matchlessly blended with sixty-six and two-thirds percent grain neutral spirits.

Say **Seagram's**
and be Sure

Sailor's Star

Continued from page 30

Mio' played every time I make love to a girl. And I didn't like to see Miss Porter taken in by such unoriginal tactics."

Sue Porter's cheeks turned bright pink; her mouth trembled. "You think your own are better?" she said.

Doggy stood staring at her desperately.

"I'm not *always* taken in, you know," she said. "Only when I believe someone means what he says."

Doggy took one quick step towards her. "Sue—!" he began, and held out his hand. But she turned away quickly; I thought there were tears on her lashes.

"Sorry you have to be going, Sanders," said "Doc."

Doggy turned on his heel and went out, his shoulders hunched as if he were cold.

"Why didn't you explain?" I asked him when we got outside.

"Explain?" snapped Doggy. "What is there to explain? You heard how 'Doc's' explanation went over. Say I invented a fiancée so as not to meet her? Fine!"

We went back to the ship. "Doc" Pardy came back about an hour later, in a hopping bad temper.

"What?" I said, "back so soon? I didn't expect you till after midnight."

"Oh, yeah?" he yells. "It's Bremer that'll be back after midnight. When I got Sue back to the house, there was Mack in the parlor!"

AFTER this, it wasn't much of a surprise to me when, a couple of hours later, Mack Bremer woke me up by tossing a suitcase onto my stomach.

"Tubby," he gulps, "Tubby, I proposed!"

"Yes?" I snarl, nasty.

"You don't understand," he says in a hushed, cathedral voice. "She's accepted me! Me, Tubby! I can't believe it. What does she see in me?"

I thought of poor Doggy. "I'll bite," I told him, and switched off the light.

But when I told Doggy next day, he took it very resigned and quiet—seemed as if he'd been expecting it. "I can take it," says Doggy, lofty and noble. "I can bear it with fortitude and resignation—what the hell d'you think you're doing?" he yells at a passing sailor that had stopped some water from a bucket he was

carrying. "Yes," he goes on, collecting himself hastily, "I was prepared for this. Bremer has her heart. I mustn't begrudge it to him. Bremer has a noble character." Doggy disappeared down the hatch. A moment later he stuck his head out for one last word. "If you like hams," says Doggy, and disappeared again.

The Captain passed the word around that there would be a little celebration that night in his suite. The mess took it wryly but manfully, and the Chicos built a cake three feet high with bells on the top.

"It's sort of like sitting in at a wake," says Bobo.

Doggy got me by the arm. He wasn't looking well. "Tubby, who's got the duty tonight?"

"I have, curse it all!"

"I'll take it," says Doggy, his face white.

"You'll what?"

"I'll take it," says Doggy. "Hard-boiled as I may seem at times," says Doggy, who would give you his last dime, "there are limits. The duty will be easier to take than what's going on below decks."

For the kind of thing it was, it was a pretty gay dinner. The grub was tops; the Captain was in such a wonderful temper that three men asked for leave and got it; Mack Bremer was going around with quite a human expression on his face, and Sue Porter was all in pink like somebody's valentine.

"I have this evening," says the Captain, never more happy than when he has a group of hearers pinned down and unable to move, "the pleasantest kind of announcement to make. Cupid has been busy on this boat, and has scored a direct hit. I wish to announce the engagement of Mack Bremer to my daughter Hermione."

There was a noise round the table like twenty people inhaling hot soup.

"Doc" was the first to put his foot in it. "Hermione!" he says. "Why, I never thought for a minute—"

"Yes?" says the Captain icily. "What didn't you think?"

"Doc" took a long breath, and steadied. "I never thought," says "Doc" smoothly, "that a comparative newcomer would

steal her from us. Congratulations, Bremer, you lucky dog!"

"But I thought Miss Porter was engaged to Mack!" blurts out Bobo.

Mack Bremer turned red. But Sue Porter only laughed. "Oh, gracious no!" she said. "Mack never had eyes for me after he saw Hermione. Did he, Hermione?"

"It was love at first sight," says Hermione placidly.

Well, you could see that was so; I wondered I'd never thought of it before. Guess it was because I never thought of either of them *having* any ideas.

Everyone crowded round Bremer and Hermione, offering congratulations. In the hubbub, I slipped out; it seemed to me it was the part of a pal to let Doggy in on these doings. I went out very silent, and slid up the hatch like a lizard, and when I got to the top I stopped dead in my tracks. Someone had been before me, and it was Sue Porter. I could see her proud little profile. She was standing there with her curls lifting in the mild night air, looking at Doggy. There was a big full moon coming up in back of them, but it seemed to be wasted.

DOGGY'S face was turned a little away; he held his mouth as if it hurt. "You wanted to speak to me?" said Sue coldly.

Doggy turned his head and looked at her intently. "Yes," he said. "I've wanted to speak to you for a long time. But you wouldn't listen—not after that first day."

"Wouldn't listen!" she said tensely. "Did you want to humiliate me twice? I believed everything you told me, that afternoon. I thought you really did care. Love at first sight! I took it all in. I liked your eyes and the way your hair curled and the way you smiled, and I—" she said a little chokingly, "I darn' near fell in love with you. Maybe I *did* fall in love with you. I went home and told Hermione that I'd met someone perfectly marvelous—the kind of a man you could—" She bit her lip and turned.

Doggy grabbed her by the shoulders and whirled her around to face him. "Go on!" he said violently. "You can't stop there."

She tried to pull free of his hands. "And then," she said unsteadily, "in front of everyone, I find you had a perfectly good fiancée all the time. That you are just one of these professional heart-breakers who go around seeing how many girls they can make fall. I suppose you had a good laugh about it, that night!"

"Was that why you got engaged to Mack Bremer?" said Doggy slowly.

Sue jumped. "I'm *not* engaged to Mack Bremer," she said. "What an idea! It's Hermione he's engaged to."

"Hermione!" said Doggy. I never saw a man's face change so. The dark went out of it; all the lines in it came alive. He lifted Sue's face gently between his hands. "Take a long breath, darling," said Doggy joyfully, "because, for all practical purposes, you've never been kissed before."

The two of them looked like one figure, painted there in black against the moon. But after a minute, Sue struggled away a little. "Your fiancée," she whispered breathlessly, against his lips.

"A last-minute fake, darling, like 'Doc's' mother," said Doggy. "That was just to fool the Captain." He laughed joyfully, looking down at her. "What a shock this is going to be to him!"

"I wonder," said Sue, and smiled up at him mysteriously. "Because it was the Captain who told me you had something you wanted to say to me up here—alone."



"He just got a letter. He's short on his 1934 income-tax return"

JAY IRVING

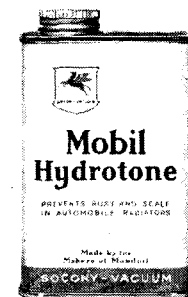


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JUST A LITTLE RUST—just a little scale—and those tiny tenth-of-an-inch passages in modern car radiators are clogged. Just a little corrosion and the five one-thousandths-of-an-inch side walls of those passages are pierced.

Then come dangerous overheating and troublesome leaks. Trouble looms. And costly repairs begin.

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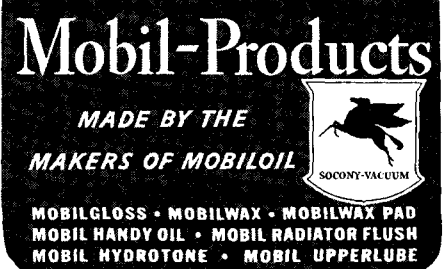


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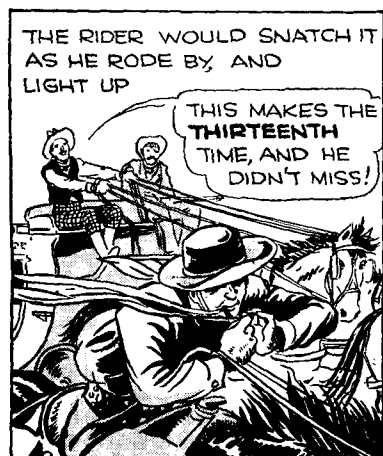
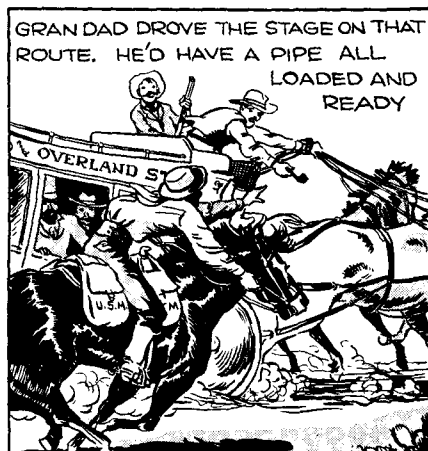
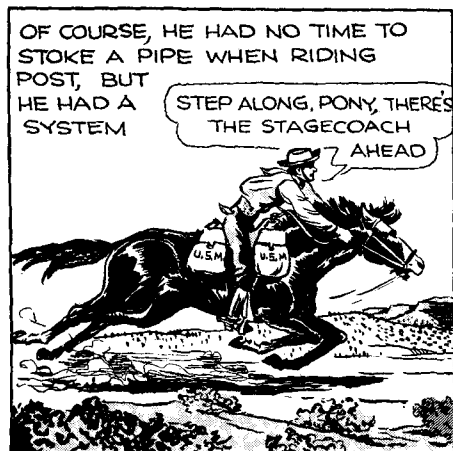
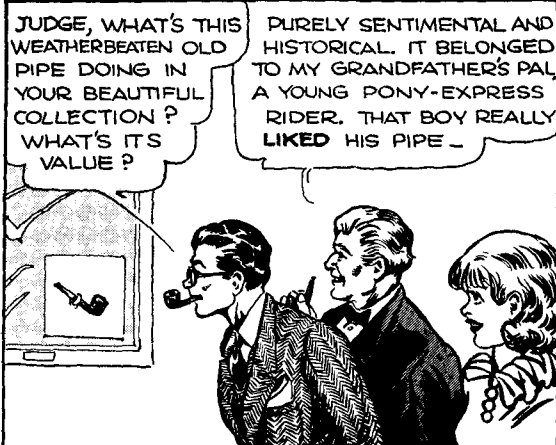
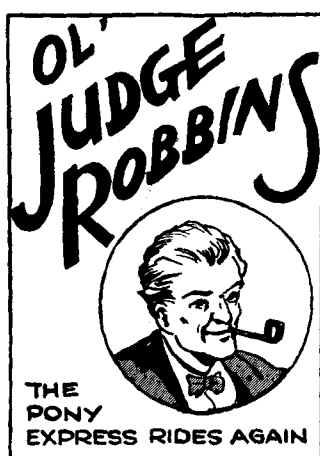


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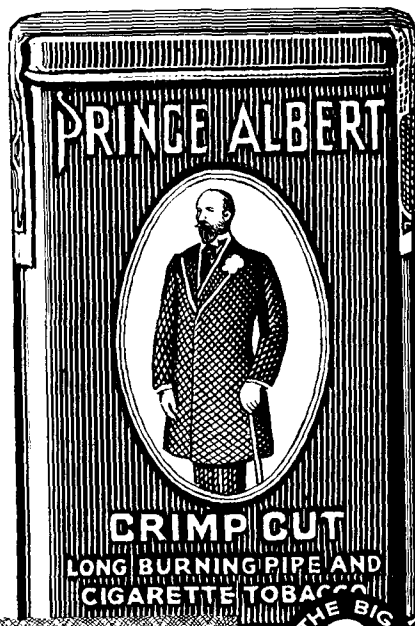


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Prince Albert has what your pipe needs! The fact that more men enjoy Prince Albert than any other smoking tobacco proves that there's no other tobacco like it. P. A. is "crimp cut"—picks better, smokes cooler. And Prince Albert does not bite the tongue. Its mellow, choice tobaccos are made even milder and mellow by P. A.'s special "anti-bite" process. Try this *Princely Tobacco* at our risk—see if it does not bring the smoking thrill of your life. P. A. makes trim and tasty "makin's" cigarettes too.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Two Million Tightrope Walkers

Continued from page 18

and they could burn sugar as well as anyone else. That was insulin. It was 1922, the year before Harding died, that Banting and Best found it and changed the lives of how many people? There must have been about a hundred and seventy-five thousand diabetics in the United States in 1922, to say nothing of the rest of the world. That is a lot less than there are now, but they died faster in those days.

There are all sorts of reasons why people get diabetes, but, far and above all, the most important cause is getting too fat, or, even if you don't get fat, living too well. Because those island cells can only make enough insulin to burn just so much sugar, if you keep constantly chucking more sugar than they can manage at them, whether in the shape of bread and potatoes or cake and candy, those cells are going to go to pieces. What proves this as well as anything else is that diabetes is twice as likely to develop after you are forty, and about eighty per cent of the people who develop it then are overweight.

Women are more likely to develop diabetes than men, too, and women are more likely to be plump. Jews are twice as prone to diabetes as Gentiles and Jews are known to have a racial tendency to corpulence. To cap the climax, it was noticed in Paris and Berlin that during the war the death rate from diabetes fell sharply, and more sharply in Berlin where the food shortage was greatest. A few years later when food became plentiful again the rate started to go right back up.

Actually this danger of fat is not so much in the fat itself as in what goes with it: the lack of exercise that might burn the sugar and the larger amounts of everything that fat people eat to feed their extra pounds. Doctors have a saying that a fat person will always cut a fat slice of bread while a thin person will cut a thin slice.

Diabetes and Heredity

Of course diabetes is not always due to being overweight. A good many children get it when they have hardly an extra ounce of fat on their bones, but they are apt to come from homes where the larder is well-stocked and where they're more encouraged to use their minds than their bodies. A diabetic specialist I know tells me he has never yet run across a newsboy with the disease.

Naturally, too, a great many people can eat well, exercise little and get as fat as porkers without ever having any trouble at all in this line, and this, in a roundabout way, is what doctors mean when they say that diabetes is hereditary or that it has resulted from an infection. They don't mean you have directly inherited the diabetes, or have got it from infected teeth or tonsils or chronic appendicitis or bronchitis. They mean you have inherited a somewhat weak pancreas, or that it has become weakened by some infection.

On the other hand, diabetes is sufficiently hereditary for doctors to feel pretty strongly that two diabetics, however mild their cases, should never marry and have children, for if they do the chances are that every one of their children will develop diabetes before he dies. It's all right for a diabetic to marry a person with no diabetes in his family; their children won't be diabetic at all, though some of their grandchildren probably will. But if a diabetic marries a person who hasn't diabetes but has it in his family, doctors say half

their children are likely to be diabetic. And if two healthy people with diabetes in their families marry, a quarter of their children will get the disease. Sounds fairly arbitrary, doesn't it, but that's the way it seems to work according to the Mendelian Law. So diabetics have to be pretty careful whom they fall in love with.

Now supposing you've got diabetes, whether from heredity, from an infection, or just from too good a cook and too sweet a tooth. You've got it and you know you're going to keep it. Diabetes isn't a thing you get over. So what do you do about it?

Watching the Diet

The very first thing you do after your doctor tells you the news is to go to school and learn all about yourself. Doctors may be mysterious about some ailments and with some patients but never with a diabetic. They know that his life may hang by the thread of his knowledge. Just what he has to know depends on how severe his diabetes is and whether he has to take insulin or not. Doctors differ as to what diabetic patients need insulin and how much they need under different circumstances. But the mildest cases, especially if the patient is overweight to begin with, can usually be controlled by simply reducing the patient through restricting his diet.

Diet, as a matter of fact, is probably nearly as important as insulin in making a diabetic able to be up and around, and there has been great progress in the last decade in the knowledge of what diabetics should be allowed to eat. But without insulin a large proportion of them would not be able to get around at all, and the majority of them would lead pretty restricted lives, especially at mealtime.

There are four main schools of thought in diabetic diet today, but the majority of doctors agree that the most desirable diet is the one that comes pretty close to what you or I would eat, except for sugars and starches, helped out when necessary with insulin. Under any circumstances, however, a diabetic must know the exact food value of any given breakfast, lunch or dinner, and since even the mildest diabetic might have to take insulin should he get the flu or a boil on his neck, he must know about that too.

So your typical diabetic has to be a dietitian so that he can measure and weigh his foods; a laboratory technician so that he can test for too much sugar in his system; a nurse so that he can give himself shots of insulin, the proper amount at the proper time and under sterile conditions; and even a doctor, for he has to watch himself constantly for symptoms, symptoms of too much sugar, and, after he has taken insulin, symptoms of too little sugar, symptoms of cold or fever or even a sore toe. At the first symptoms of the sort you or I would seem like crybabies even to notice, he must go to bed and call his doctor, because any minor ailment may aggravate his diabetes by reducing his ability to burn sugar, and a blistered toe or a hangnail in a diabetic can turn to gangrene before he can say Haile Selassie.

Gangrene is a thing the average person considers about as remote from his daily life as rabies or elephantiasis, but it is not at all remote from the life of a diabetic, and it is terribly important for him to realize this. Diabetics, you see, are prone to hardening of the arteries, and the hardening of their arteries in-

(Continued on page 36)

General Electric
REDUCES PRICES 20%
on large sizes of MAZDA lamps



MAZDA
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Again General Electric research and manufacturing facilities make it possible to reduce sharply the prices of MAZDA lamps most used by industry, commerce and in many places in the home. This reduction, averaging 20%, follows substantial reductions in

both smaller and larger sizes made last year. Light for selling and manufacturing is now more economical than ever before! Homes, too, benefit from these reductions on sight-saving sizes. Play Safe! Insist on lamps marked  . . . they Stay Brighter Longer.

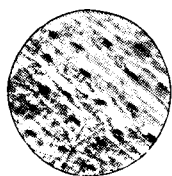
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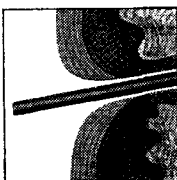
WATTS	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES
150	\$.35	\$.25
200	.55	.45
300	.90	.75
500	1.55	1.40
DAYLIGHT		
150	.65	.50
200	.90	.80
300	1.35	1.20
500	2.30	2.15
INDIRECT THREE-LITE LAMP		
100-200-300	1.00	.80
50-100-150	.80	.60

Your Whiskers grow out of holes

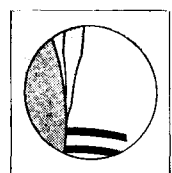


WHISKERS grow out of the tiny holes or valleys in the surface of your skin. They often grow as much as 1/40 of an inch a day, famous dermatologists say.

Look how this single whisker protrudes from its "valley." The problem of a close shave has always been to cut off each whisker down in its valley from which it grows without tearing the face.

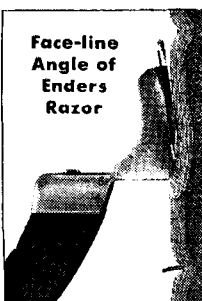


The old straight-edge razor was able to do this because of its "hollow-ground" blade, and because it had no guard.



The blade lies flat against the face, so the blade can reach down — cut off whiskers smoothly, quickly.

When ordinary guards were put on razors to make them safe, they lessened the danger of cutting the skin — but they also changed the perfect up-and-down angle of the straight-edge to a side or "hoe" angle, and made it impossible to get a close shave without scraping and irritating the skin.



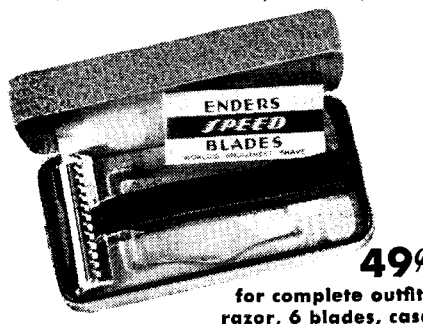
New Razor lies flat on face—cuts off whiskers cleaner, closer

THE Enders Razor is designed to reach into whisker holes like the old straight-edge—yet, is guarded to prevent cutting the skin. Two patented principles make this possible:—

1. The new angle of the top and bottom guards which flattens out the holes and allows the blade to cut off hair at the skin-line.
2. A "hollow-ground" blade similar to the barber's straight-edge.

Try an Enders today. It's a one-piece razor with clogless opening for brushless cream to pass through.

If your dealer does not carry the standard set, we will gladly send you a demonstrator Enders Razor and 3 blades for 25¢. Enders Speed Razor Co., Inc. (Durham Duplex Co., Successors), Dept. 516, Jersey City, N. J. In Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont.



for complete outfit: razor, 6 blades, case

Two Million Tightrope Walkers

Continued from page 34

terferes with their circulation, particularly in their feet, and makes them susceptible to gangrene. And so a diabetic must be awfully careful of any slight wound or bruise, especially on his feet or legs. Many hospitals have chiropodists in attendance for just this reason and any diabetic while he is at school must have special lessons in the care of his feet.

All sorts of other things a diabetic has to learn too: that a caramel is the equivalent of a bunch of carrots, that a lump of sugar is just as hard on his pancreas as two helpings of coleslaw, and that on the other hand a game of golf is as good as five units of insulin when it comes to burning up sugar.

He has to learn about maps, too, insulin maps, for unless his case is pretty mild he has to inject insulin so often, (sometimes as much as five times a day) that the skin would thicken up and not absorb the stuff, to say nothing of hurting like the dickens if he always stuck the needle in the same place. So he has to learn to chart off his body like a navigator, with a morning side of his body and an evening side, and a row of needle pricks for every day in the week, so that he never hits anywhere near the same place oftener than once a month or so.

He has to learn to like his meals without sugar and his fun without hotcha. No riotous living for him. He can't measure his insulin if he hasn't measured his sleep. He can't eat except measured foods at measured times. He can't drink much, an occasional whisky and soda or gin and bitters possibly, for they would be about the only drinks that wouldn't have sugar in them, and not even many of those or he might get feeling too gay or too hungry and forget all about measuring his food and sleep. And what's the good of going out to red-hot parties and just looking on?

So your typical diabetic usually goes to school for awhile. Either he takes lessons in his doctor's office or goes to classes in a hospital or he goes right into a hospital for a time varying from a week end to a month, depending on how severe his diabetes is and how smart he is. This last is called standardization. While he is in the hospital the doctor studies him and finds out what the best diet for him is and how much insulin he needs and then teaches him all about it. Or if the patient wants to do everything at home he gets in a diabetic tutor for a while. These tutors are especially trained dietitian nurses who go from home to home educating diabetics, and especially diabetic children, under the doctor's orders.

Effects of Insulin

Young or old, diabetics have to develop their courage and self-control to a fine point, and to use every ounce of gray matter they can find. Their life and health depend on it. Where you and I might think we'd just slip quietly into a soda fountain for a double chocolate nut sundae, knowing it may mean a pound or two to reproach us when we next look at the scales but thinking we can lose it tomorrow, our diabetic, if he had the same impulse and followed it very often, might die. It may sound incredible, but it is true. Think what life would have been like if, even when you were a kid, you couldn't ever gorge on ice-cream cones or penny candy without feeling you might be committing suicide—not a pain in the tummy and a few spots on your face, but death.

Of course there is this to be said: If you know a thing is poison you aren't

so likely to have a hankering for it, no matter how good it tastes, and that is exactly what sugar and the things that turn into sugar are to a diabetic. For if he takes in much more sugar than his pancreas can handle up goes his blood sugar. If it stays up any length of time a dangerous acidosis develops and he falls into diabetic coma. If something isn't done pretty promptly then it's just too bad. Before Banting discovered insulin, once a person was well into diabetic coma not much or anything could save him. Now insulin usually can, if it is given promptly enough and in large enough doses; but, even so, diabetic coma is no cap pistol to monkey with.

You might think from this that if insulin were all a diabetic needed to help him burn sugar he could just take a lot of that and eat whatever he pleased, but it isn't as simple as that, sadly enough. For if he takes too much insulin he may get sick too, not dangerously sick as in diabetic coma, but sick enough on occasion to collapse on the street or wherever he happens to be when it comes on. That is another reason why walking the diabetic tightrope is such a stunt. If you fall one way you fall into coma. If you fall the other way you fall into insulin shock which, while not usually serious, can be pretty annoying. You have to keep your balance between food on one side and insulin and exercise on the other, to say nothing of all the knots and obstacles you have to keep stepping over and still hold your balance. For most diabetics the rope, fortunately, is a good thick one with firm footholds, but for a good many it is as fine as a wire and makes for very fancy walking.

The bad thing about this insulin reaction is that it can come on like an electric shock from just such simple things as eating one less slice of toast for breakfast after taking your insulin, or from hurrying too fast to get to the office. It comes because the insulin you take in burns so much sugar so quickly

that if you haven't calculated right you suddenly haven't enough sugar in your system to keep you going. That is why one of the important things a diabetic must learn is to carry two lumps of sugar around in his pocket all the time, and an identification card giving his name and address and the fact that he takes insulin.

Obstacles Along the Way

A diabetic specialist I know tells of a patient of his who felt an insulin reaction coming on while he was hurrying down the street one morning. He felt weak and faint and ravenously hungry all of a sudden and he had forgotten his lumps of sugar which would have fixed things up in a jiffy. He staggered into the nearest restaurant and ordered a glass of orange juice. Orange juice will restore a low blood sugar even more quickly than straight sugar because a good part of the sugar in orange juice is in the same form as it is in the blood. But before the juice arrived he collapsed on the floor.

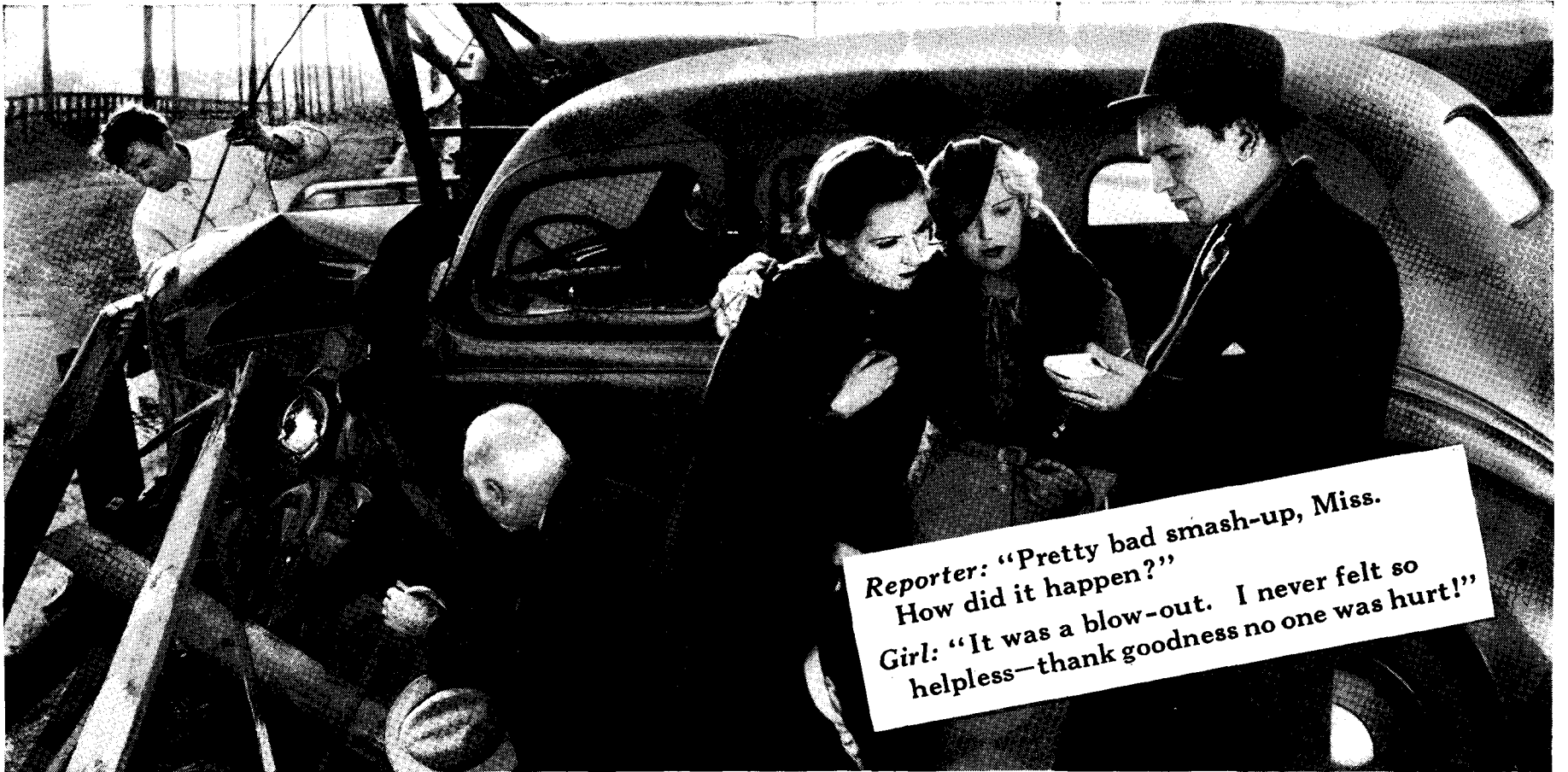
Well, it was such a very respectable restaurant that they paused to ask no questions. It was plain the man was drunk. The proprietor called in two huskies and had our diabetic hustled out and dumped on the sidewalk. But, though in collapse, he was still conscious enough to hear the things that were being said about him, and he also was highly respectable. He got mad as hops at the slander and here's the funny thing: As he got mad he began to feel incomprehensibly better. In a moment he could stand up, and then he marched under his own power to the nearest policeman and, showing him his diabetic identification card which the proprietor hadn't even thought to look for, took him back to the restaurant, demanded his money back and haughtily went elsewhere for his orange juice.

He didn't really need it by that time anyway. You see, anger releases adrenaline. (Continued on page 38)



LAWRENCE LARIAR

TAKE NO CHANCES



RIDE ON SILVERTOWNS! *That's the only way* to get Golden Ply **BLOW-OUT PROTECTION**

Put yourself in this picture. Suppose you had a blow-out driving along some fast, crowded highway. Could you steer—could you stop in time to avoid a serious smashup?

* * *

When cold figures reveal the tragic fact that thousands of motorists are killed or injured year after year in blow-out accidents, isn't it important to know how you can get real and immediate protection against this danger?

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Unfortunately, there's no way to tell in advance *when* or *where* you might have a blow-out. It sneaks up on you like a thief in the night and leaves you helpless as a sleeping baby.

"But how does a blow-out get a start"?

you ask. Heat—heat generated *inside* the tire by today's higher speeds—is the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs. Unless this heat is resisted, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER, until sooner or later—BANG! It's a blow-out! And where your car might land—what it might hit—nobody knows.

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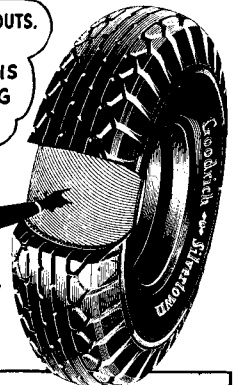
you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

When you ride on Silvertowns you also get the added protection of a specially-designed "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs sweep away the water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. Which means you'll be *extra safe* on wet, slippery roads.

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These priceless life-saving Goodrich features, plus months of extra, trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort, are yours to enjoy, the minute you have your Goodrich dealer equip your car with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. Isn't it better to be *safe* than sorry? And remember, Goodrich Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires!

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PREVENT THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
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FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. We ask your cooperation. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—*free*—a handsome emblem to protect you if your tail light fails.

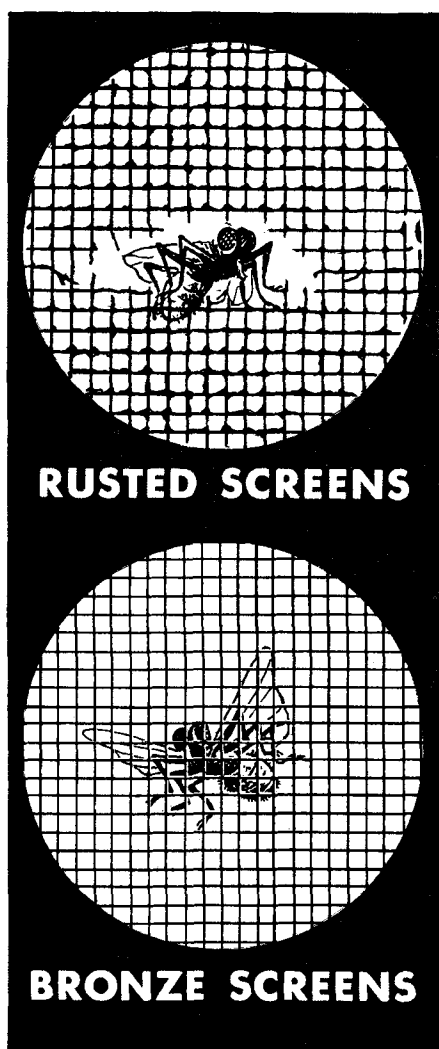


The new Goodrich **SAFETY** Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Two Million Tightrope Walkers

Continued from page 36



Keep them out...
get LIFETIME service
and save money with
screens of BRONZE

Screens of strong, durable Anaconda Bronze Wire *cannot* rust. There can never be any rust-weakened strands to break at the slightest touch. For the life of Bronze Screens is limited only by accidental breakage. Their cost is surprisingly low—only about 40¢ more than the rustable kind for a full length window.

For "lifetime" service, make certain that your bronze screening is made of standard gauge wire, which makes up into 16-mesh screening weighing no less than 15 pounds per 100 square feet. Get screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire from your local dealer or screen maker, then forget about screen-trouble and expense.

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naline, adrenalin releases sugar into your system to give you energy to fight, and that took the place of the orange juice he hadn't been able to drink. So if a diabetic could only count on getting in a temper every time he felt an insulin reaction coming on he would be all right . . . but then those two lumps of sugar are probably safer and easier.

As for the obstacles along the way. I've already told you about the dangers of infection and gangrene, but probably the greatest single obstacle, in the way of young diabetic women, is babies. Before insulin (many doctors speak of that time as Before Banting) they could practically never have them at all. Mostly they didn't conceive, for diabetic women are relatively infertile, and when they did they either died or lost their babies. Before 1922 there were twenty-seven thousand five hundred and sixty-seven consecutive babies born in the London Maternity Hospital without one of them being of a diabetic mother, which shows pretty well how rare it was in those days. Pregnancy, you see, made the diabetes more severe—it still does—and the diabetes caused miscarriage and it was all a tragic vicious circle. But insulin has changed all that along with so many other things.

An Ironical Increase

Today after a good deal of experiment with diet and insulin dosage, doctors say there is no reason why a diabetic woman shouldn't become as healthy a mother as anyone, but it takes a lot of watching. The diabetic mother needs not only the best obstetrician she can find but also the best diabetic specialist, and she needs to use her brains twice as much as at any other time of life. It takes the three of them working together, but if they are careful and patient and wise they can usually now deliver a fine healthy baby who, if he stays thin and his father wasn't a diabetic, isn't in very great danger of getting diabetes like his mother.

And if he does get diabetes after all, what then? Should we all feel that his mother ought never to have had him? Doctors, as they realized more and more that diabetes was hereditary, have gone into that pretty thoroughly. In Germany there has even been some talk of sterilizing all diabetics, but doctors here have decided that in spite of the hereditary tendency, as long as diabetics don't marry each other there is no reason why they shouldn't have as many children as they please. And they have the best possible reasons for this decision.

Diabetics, they have noticed, make a good deal better citizens than the average. They are never wasters and drunkards, because they have to learn early in their disease to be controlled and self-reliant. They have greater intelligence than the average and they develop it by constant use. And Dr. Joslin says that they practically never come to him with nervous imaginary ills, a sort of ailment which he frankly says he considers a hundred times worse. Of course there undoubtedly have been diabetics with weak characters but they didn't live very long to tell the tale.

Even if you are a person who thinks more of the race in terms of generations than of the community in terms of years, you can have no complaint against diabetics. Jews, remember, are more than twice as prone to diabetes as other people and it hasn't hurt the Jewish race.

Perhaps on the other hand you are thinking not of the country or race but of the poor little child who may be des-

tined to get diabetes himself some day. What about him—will his life be worth while? The answer is that it certainly will. In the first place two-thirds of all people who develop the disease don't get it until they are over forty, and even counting all the people who come down with it in childhood the average age of death among diabetics today is sixty. In 1922 it was only forty-seven so we are making progress.

Counting all diabetics of all ages the average can now expect to live twenty years after developing the disease. In fact, a tremendous number of people now live much longer with diabetes than they would probably have lived without it.

Clemenceau had diabetes and lived to be eighty-eight. Minot, who discovered that liver was a cure for the fatal pernicious anemia, would never have made that discovery without the help of insulin to keep him going. H. G. Wells is a diabetic and it didn't keep him from doing many a satisfactory day's work; neither did it hamper the late King George V of England, who was a diabetic for many years.

The irony of it all is that, in spite of our progress, the number of diabetics is increasing by leaps and bounds. There were only about a hundred and seventy-five thousand people with the disease in the United States in 1922. Today there are four hundred thousand and doctors estimate that, if something isn't done about it, two million American people will come down with diabetes before they die. Ironically again, this increase is greater in the progressive United States than in any other country in the world, greater in cities than in the country and greater among the so-called privileged classes.

Now why, doctors are asking themselves, why? They have turned diabetes from a lethal menace into a fairly livable disease. They have made people who contract it able to lead happy, normal lives. They have checked its ravages. And yet it is increasing at the rate of over a hundred thousand a year.

Of course, just this progress has a lot to do with the increase. People with diabetes used to die. Now they live to grow up and have diabetic children. All that makes the statistics higher. Another factor is that people live longer than they used to, and since diabetes tends to come on in later years, naturally more people live to get it.

Science is Searching

Probably a really serious cause of the increase is the luxurious life that most of us not strictly in the laboring class lead. We don't exercise much; we don't have to. We eat tons of candy and ice cream and sweets. America consumes five times as much sugar per person as Italy, for instance. And all these luxuries make us more and more prone to diabetes. After all, one fifth of all Americans are overweight, probably most of that fifth are not youngsters, and the increase in diabetes is among people over forty. It brings us back to that first cause of diabetes—fat. Perhaps doctors have good reason to believe that, if they could start now and reduce every single member of that overweight fifth of the country, they would reduce the number of diabetics by half or more in a very few years.

But human fat is not the only cause of the increase. Doctors are pretty sure of that and they are going after the problem, hotfoot, though with no idea, right now, of exactly what they are chas-

ing. And in the meantime they are working day and night on ways of making the treatment of diabetes easier and more permanent. For insulin, however valuable, is at best a nuisance and an expensive nuisance and very brief in its effect. There must be something even better, doctors are saying everywhere, and everywhere they are trying to find it, trying and failing, and trying again and failing, and trying and . . . perhaps succeeding.

Some years ago a Viennese doctor discovered that the Swiss peasants were drinking a tea made of blueberry leaves for their diabetes and finding it very useful. Hah, thought he, a find, and he and his associates got to work on those blueberry leaves and produced a drug called myrtillin, that they thought would make diabetics need to take less insulin. The only trouble was, after a bit of practical work, they discovered this didn't work so very well after all.

Wait and See

Then some other doctors hit on a stuff called synthaline that was to do pretty much the same thing, but again . . . pffht, it fizzled out.

Right now down in Philadelphia at Benjamin Franklin's hospital, the Pennsylvania, they are working on another tack. A young doctor by the name of Duncan is treating patients with an entirely different extract that can be taken by mouth and is supposed to be much slower and more permanent in its effect than insulin. This extract is made not from the pancreas of animals but from the duodenum, the part of the intestine that leads right out of the stomach. The theory is that a good many diabetics have nothing wrong with those island cells of theirs but they just don't secrete insulin, and that maybe there is a substance secreted by the duodenum that will set those island cells to working, even get them used to working again so they don't stop.

Two other doctors, Macallum and Laughton, discovered this substance and tried it out on dogs and rabbits and it seemed to work pretty well. Now Dr. Duncan is trying it on humans and firmly believes that they have something. Six months ago if you had asked him he would have told you the pesky thing was just another myrtillin and synthaline, for at first it worked marvelously and then it didn't work at all. But just before chucking the whole thing out they discovered by a good deal of detective work that the disappointing extract had been made from deteriorated duodenums. When some was made fresh they began to get good results again. And now, well, Dr. Duncan won't commit himself, but there is a gleam in his eye that says wait and see.

Over in Denmark they have been working on still another angle. A Dr. Hagedorn there has developed a compound of insulin and a stuff extracted from the sperm of trout, called a protamine. Apparently when these two get together they do everything good that insulin does but much more slowly and gently, so that injections last longer, need not be repeated so often and can't knock you down with an insulin reaction. Dr. Hagedorn has been working on this compound for over two years now and has only just reached the point of being willing to publish his findings. He calls the new substance protamine insulinate. He and the rest of the world are hoping great things from its development and it does seem the answer to a diabetic's prayer.

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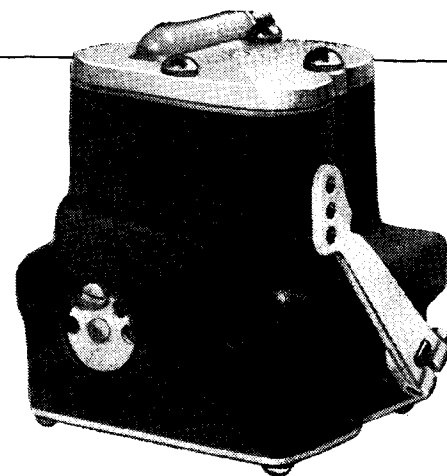
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Is there a Republican in the House?

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

LIFE is hard on Congressman Bertrand H. Snell, House leader of the Republican hosts. Even the most cursory look shows that Nature meant him for happiness. The well-cushioned figure, the round, ruddy face and the bright blue eyes all reveal a capacity for song and laughter. Instead of being permitted to follow his natural bent, however, cruel circumstances have buffeted him into dolorous ways, and it has been a sad and weary time since he called for the lutanists and made merry.

As Republican field marshal, Mr. Snell is the spokesman of his party in the House, enunciating such policies as have been determined by the high command, and seeing to it that the Hounds of the Opposition are faced by a disciplined phalanx in which every man stands ready to do or die without ever asking or wondering why. In plain words, Mr. Snell is supposed to be the Whole Works so far as Republican congressmen are concerned, sitting majestically in a tent back of the lines, telescope in hand, and issuing orders with all the snap of a Mede or Persian.

That is the supposition, but, alas, such Republicans as Vito Marcantonio, the Seidlitz powder from New York's East Side, and some thirty or forty others equally radical, do not seem ever to have heard of such a thing as party discipline. They dash here and there as dictated by their elfin fancies, and between impassioned outcries against the established order, spend their time giving Bertrand H. the razzberry, the bird and the Bronx cheer. It is all very upsetting, and rendered doubly so by reason of certain Snell beliefs that are part and parcel of the poor man's being.

The Party's the Thing

First of all, he is a Regular, holding that the voice of the party is the voice of God. Any hint of independence on the part of a Republican affects him as instantly and vitally as though vandal hands had been laid on the Ark of the Covenant. The party system is his religion, and when he does not sleep well of nights he dreams of pink blocs, purple blocs and green blocs, awaking with screams that bring the police and fire departments. He regards Farm Laborites, Progressives and other departures from the two-party plan as blasphemous; and Silver groups, Townsend groups, Coughlin groups and Share-Our-Wealth groups all make his eyes bulge with horror.

Despite daily assaults on the Roosevelt Administration, Mr. Snell, in his heart of hearts, holds that a regular Democrat is a far finer and higher type of human being than an independent Republican. Often when his rowdy radicals start leaping from crag to crag, tossing their horns and emitting bleats of defiance, Bertrand H. drags himself to the sanctums of Jack Garner and Joe Byrns, and soothes his anguished soul by long and intimate powwows with those two Democratic stalwarts who have never failed to abide by the action of a party caucus.

MODELED IN CLAY
BY ALAN FOSTER

These are harrowing days for Bertrand H. Snell, chief apostle of Party Regularity for House Republicans

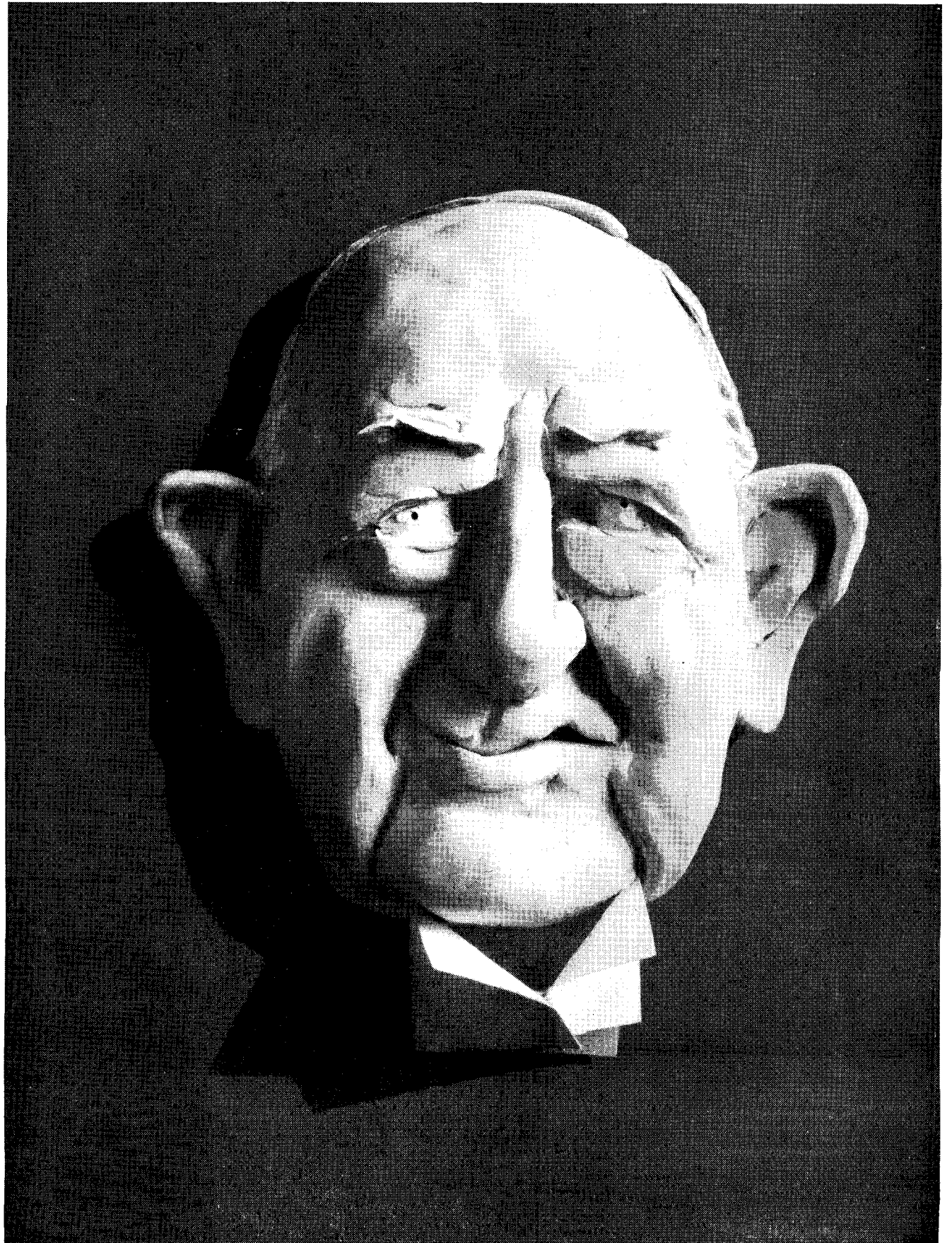
They play the game as Mr. Snell has always played it, respecting opponents as honorable foemen and viewing bolters as enemies of country and religion. Each side hits hard, but the giving and taking of punishment is all part of the battle. After a hard day in the House, when each has accused the other of every known crime, the leaders lock arms and go off to a bridge game or the golf course, radiating friendship and esteem. Recent developments, however, indi-

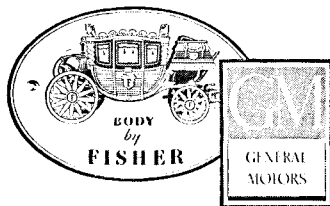
cate that the regulars are tired of taking it on the chin, and mean to wage aggressive warfare against those minorities that have been making a joke of the party system. The House's decision to investigate the Townsend movement, for instance, can only be regarded as a frontal attack on "government by blocs." Four Republicans and four Democrats were named on the committee and, if the bipartisan assault succeeds, other blocs may expect to be brought out into the

open and forced to reveal their receipts, expenditures and methods. A rebellion against rebellion, it may yet turn out to be the most significant House move since the overthrow of Cannonism.

Rebels and bloc-heads, however, are not solely responsible for the gloom that enshrouds Mr. Snell these latter days. Another current event that curdles both his blood and his disposition is the lessened importance of the House of

(Continued on page 81)





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A Secret for Two

By Quentin Reynolds

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

MONTREAL is a very large city, but, like all large cities, it has some very small streets. Streets, for instance, like Prince Edward Street, which is only four blocks long, ending in a cul de sac. No one knew Prince Edward Street as well as did Pierre Dupin, for Pierre had delivered milk to the families on the street for thirty years now.

During the past fifteen years the horse which drew the milk wagon used by Pierre was a large white horse named Joseph. In Montreal, especially in that part of Montreal which is very French, the animals, like children, are often given the names of saints. When the big white horse first came to the Provinciale Milk Company he didn't have a name. They told Pierre that he could use the white horse henceforth. Pierre stroked the softness of the horse's neck; he stroked the sheen of its splendid belly and he looked into the eyes of the horse.

"This is a kind horse, a gentle and a faithful horse," Pierre said, "and I can see a beautiful spirit shining out of the eyes of the horse. I will name him after good St. Joseph, who was also kind and gentle and faithful and a beautiful spirit."

Within a year Joseph knew the milk route as well as Pierre. Pierre used to boast that he didn't need reins—he never touched them. Each morning Pierre arrived at the stables of the Provinciale Milk Company at five o'clock. The wagon would be loaded and Joseph hitched to it. Pierre would call "*Bon jour veille ami*," as he climbed into his seat and Joseph would turn his head and the other drivers would say that the horse would smile at Pierre. Then Jacques, the foreman, would say, "All right, Pierre, go on," and Pierre would call softly to Joseph, "*Avance, mon ami*," and this splendid combination would stalk proudly down the street.

The wagon, without any direction from Pierre, would roll three blocks down St. Catherine Street, then turn right two blocks along Roslyn Avenue; then left, for that was Prince Edward Street. The horse would stop at the first house, allow Pierre perhaps thirty seconds to get down from his seat and put a bottle of milk at the front door and would then go on, skipping two houses and stopping at the third. So down the length of the street. Then Joseph, still without any direction from Pierre, would turn around and come back along the other side. Yes, Joseph was a smart horse.

Pierre would boast at the stable of Joseph's skill, "I never touch the reins. He knows just where to stop. Why, a blind man could handle my route with Joseph pulling the wagon."

So it went for years—always the same. Pierre and Joseph both grew old together, but gradually, not suddenly. Pierre's huge walrus mustache was pure white now and Joseph didn't lift his knees so high or raise his head quite as much. Jacques, the foreman of the stables, never noticed that they were both getting old until Pierre appeared one morning carrying a heavy walking stick.

"Hey, Pierre," Jacques laughed. "Maybe you got the gout, hey?"

"Mais oui, Jacques," Pierre said a bit

uncertainly. "One grows old. One's legs get tired."

"You should teach that horse to carry the milk to the front door for you," Jacques told him. "He does everything else."

He knew every one of the forty families he served on Prince Edward Street. The cooks knew that Pierre could neither read nor write, so instead of following the usual custom of leaving a note in an empty bottle if an additional quart of milk was needed they would sing out when they heard the rumble of his wagon wheels over the cobbled street, "Bring an extra quart this morning, Pierre."

"So you have company for dinner to-night," he would call back gayly.

Pierre had a remarkable memory. When he arrived back at the stable he'd always remember to tell Jacques, "The Paquins took an extra quart this morning; the Lemoines bought a pint of cream."

JACQUES would note these things in a little book he always carried. Most of the drivers had to make out the weekly bills and collect the money, but Jacques, liking Pierre, had always excused him from this task. All Pierre had to do was to arrive at five in the morning, walk to his wagon, which was always in the same spot at the curb, and deliver his milk. He returned some two hours later, got down stiffly from his seat, called a cheery "*Au revoir*" to Jacques and then limped slowly down the street.

One morning the president of the Provinciale Milk Company came to inspect the early morning deliveries. Jacques pointed Pierre out to him and said: "Watch how he talks to that horse. See how the horse listens and how he turns his head toward Pierre? See the look in that horse's eyes? You know, I think those two share a secret. I have often noticed it. It is as though they both sometimes chuckle at us as they go off on their route. Pierre is a good man,

Monsieur President, but he gets old. Would it be too bold of me to suggest that he be retired and be given perhaps a small pension?" he added anxiously.

"But of course," the president laughed. "I know his record. He has been on this route now for thirty years and never once has there been a complaint. Tell him it is time he rested. His salary will go on just the same."

But Pierre refused to retire. He was panic-stricken at the thought of not driving Joseph every day. "We are two old men," he said to Jacques. "Let us wear out together. When Joseph is ready to retire—then I, too, will quit."

Jacques, who was a kind man, understood. There was something about Pierre and Joseph which made a man smile tenderly. It was as though each drew some hidden strength from the other. When Pierre was sitting in his seat, and when Joseph was hitched to the wagon, neither seemed old. But when they finished their work, then Pierre would limp down the street slowly, seeming very old indeed, and the horse's head would drop and he would walk very wearily back to his stall.

Then one morning Jacques had dreadful news for Pierre when he arrived. It was a cold morning and still pitch-dark. The air was like iced wine that morning and the snow which had fallen during the night glistened like a million diamonds piled together.

Jacques said, "Pierre, your horse, Joseph, did not wake up this morning. He was very old, Pierre, he was twenty-five and that is like being seventy-five for a man."

"Yes," Pierre said, slowly, "Yes. I am seventy-five. And I cannot see Joseph again."

"Of course you can," Jacques soothed. "He is over in his stall, looking very peaceful. Go over and see him."

Pierre took one step forward then turned. "No . . . no . . . you don't understand, Jacques."

Jacques clapped him on the shoulder. "We'll find another horse just as good as Joseph. Why, in a month you'll teach him to know your route as well as Joseph did. We'll . . ."

The look in Pierre's eyes stopped him. For years Pierre had worn a heavy cap, the peak of which came low over his eyes, keeping the bitter morning wind out of them. Now Jacques looked into Pierre's eyes and he saw something which startled him. He saw a dead, lifeless look in them. The eyes were mirroring the grief that was in Pierre's heart and his soul. It was as though his heart and soul had died.

"Take today off, Pierre," Jacques said, but already Pierre was hobbling off down the street, and had one been near one would have seen tears streaming down his cheeks and have heard half-smothered sobs. Pierre walked to the corner and stepped into the street. There was a warning yell from the driver of a huge truck that was coming fast and there was the scream of brakes, but Pierre apparently heard neither.

FIVE minutes later an ambulance driver said, "He's dead. Was killed instantly."

Jacques and several of the milk-wagon drivers had arrived and they looked down at the still figure.

"I couldn't help it," the driver of the truck protested, "he walked right into my truck. He never saw it, I guess. Why, he walked into it as though he were blind."

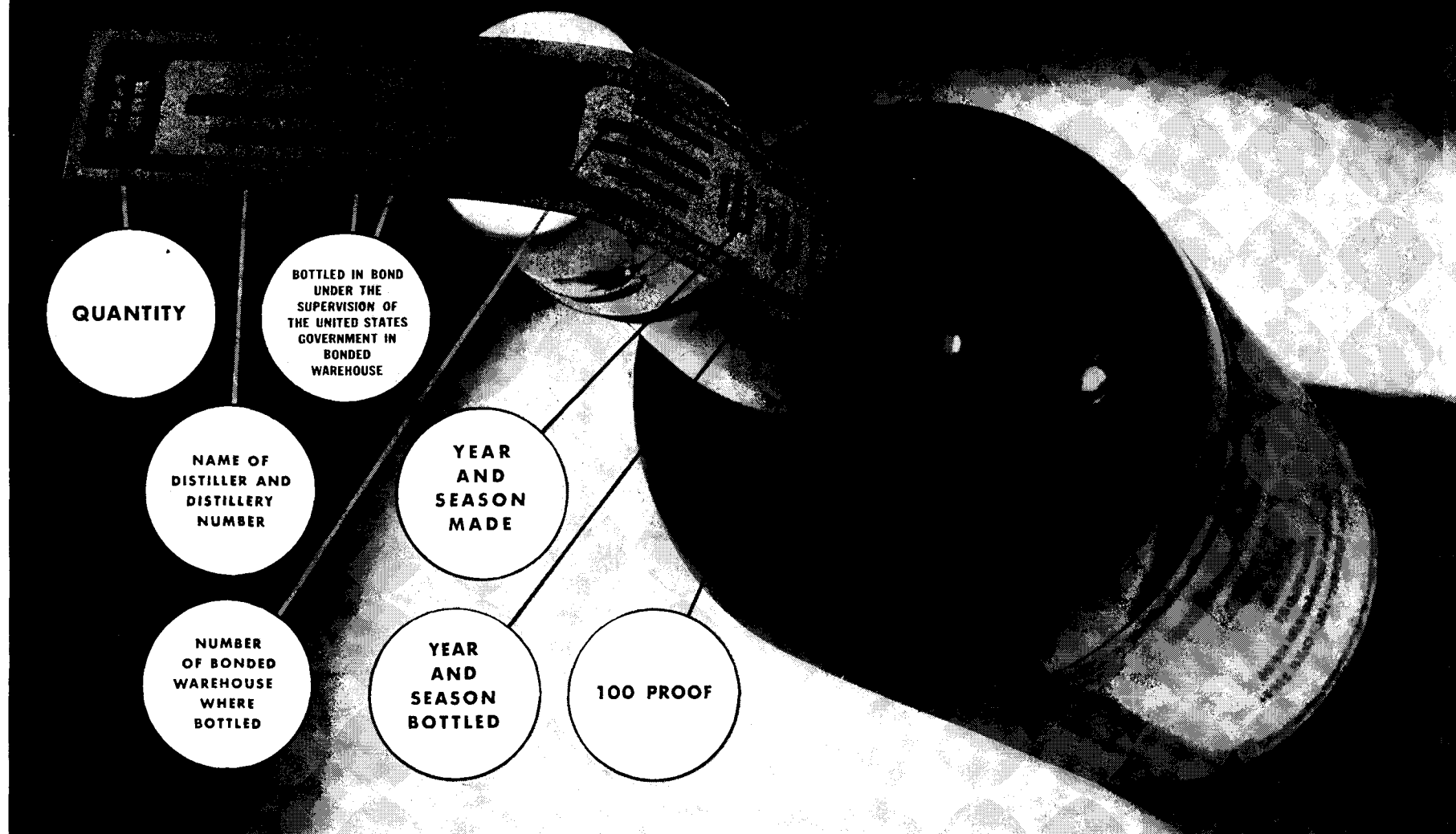
The ambulance doctor bent down, "Blind? Of course the man was blind. Look at his eyes. See those cataracts? This man has been blind for five years." He turned to Jacques, "You say he worked for you? Didn't you know he was blind?"

"No . . . no . . ." Jacques said, softly. "None of us knew. Only one knew—a friend of his named Joseph. . . . It was a secret. I think, just between those two."



The horse would stop, allow Pierre thirty seconds to put a bottle of milk at the door and would then go on

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KEEP your eyes open the next time you step up to a bar or into a liquor store and you will see that some whiskies have _____ stamps, some have red ones, some have blue and others have yellow.

Only one of these signifies that the whiskey is bottled in bond under the supervision of the United States Government and that stamp is _____

The red stamp signifies nothing regarding the age, nothing regarding the proof. It is only an evidence that the Federal tax is paid.

The blue and yellow stamps identify whiskey bottled in bond in Canada.

Now look at the diagram printed at the top of this page, and find out what that _____ stamp means.

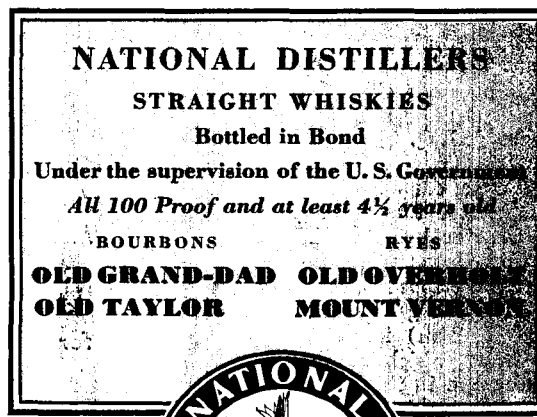
The _____ stamp can be used only when

the whiskey meets the following requirements:

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Home is Like This

Continued from page 21

of furniture that would be necessary throughout the house were decided upon. Then the color was plotted—also throughout the whole house. The fabrics were considered next, first for the whole house and then for the individual piece. An amazing feature of this interior is that *all* the furniture and fabrics chosen, although measured on the most exacting and discriminating modern yardstick, are available throughout the country. They are not custom-made for this house, but chosen from an existing supply of modern designs.

The elasticity of the arrangement of the furniture is completely ingenious. The big room is the living center. The fireplace is away from the window, with a restrained grouping around it, because it is used only half the year. There is seating space for approximately a dozen people, due to the long corner sofa made of sectional pieces. It can be taken apart and made to form smaller groups.

The number of people to be seated in the dining-room can be immediately increased because of matching chairs used, one at the desk in the living-room and three in the study.

Creating Spaciousness

The game-room or study can be changed easily into a guest-room. If a guest-room, the dressing-room and bath can be shut off with it, making a little estate, independent and complete. For a party, the dressing-room and bath downstairs are a charming powder nook. Space has been jealously nurtured. The side wall of the dining-room and the living-room are painted the same, so there is a flowing quality about them. The curved wall of the dining-room gives a reaching-out feeling. Large windows with simple fabrics encourage the rooms to seem bigger. Carpets are used from wall to wall in living-room and master bedroom to increase spaciousness.

Upstairs, built-in closets give ample drawer space, so the number of pieces needed in each bedroom is lessened.

Follow through with us for a moment the general color scheme of the interior. The living-room colors, chosen for warmth, are maroon, gray-beige, gray, white, with two shades of brown in the laurel and walnut wood. An accent of green-yellow in the desk chair matches the dining-room group. A black-green floor in the dining-room leads your eye to the out-of-doors. There the curtains and rug are off-white, the furniture Macassar ebony, and the chair seats a bright green-yellow. In the study, the cork floor is dark brown, the walls are a light coffee color; the sofa a brilliant emerald green; and the wallpaper is brown, yellow and beige plaid. The chairs repeat the yellow-green dining-room chairs.

High Domestic I. Q.

Climbing the staircase, carpeted in a putty color with a lighter tone in the walls, we reach a master bedroom, in shades of cinnamon, yellow and a dull grayed pink. These are colors for both a man and a woman. The guest-room (or the second child's room) is in all shades of green—colors which almost everyone likes. There are in this room green, blue-green and gray-green, with a dash of bright yellow-green on one of the chairs, and bedspread in a diagonal weave of the three shades. The furniture wood is in tones from brown to cream.

The nursery (or what in this plan we

are using as a nursery) is French blue with dashes of hair-ribbon pink. The colors in all the rooms are balanced and combined and painted in like pigments on a canvas.

In Collier's house, fabrics are used not alone for their color value but for their texture. Round nubby fabrics are played against shiny-surfaced ones. Deep piles are used against tight, smooth weaves.

All this makes for an interesting quality. It produces a pleasurable warmth and depth to the rooms and only the expert knows quite why.

On the practical side—the leather in the living-room is light gray and can be, because it washes. The curtains in the living-room are light. They, too, are washable. The nursery curtains are rubberized and will stand sticky fingers. The covering on the sofa in the living-room is a rough-textured mixture so that foot marks or even mud won't show in case someone curls up on it. The thick chenille fabrics are usually dark—the light fabrics are on the pieces of furniture that get the least use.

Practicality has been left until the last, because this point is most frequently emphasized in modern interiors, to the exclusion of some of the more engaging values. Stressing the functional is responsible for the comment that modern rooms are clinical, and have about as much romance as washing machines. Is the modern really cold? Miss Sells, the maestra of this interior, says that if order, serenity, a riot of beautiful colors, luxurious texture, a practical hospitality, and a high domestic I. Q. is

cold, then this house is cold. Coziness arrived at through clutter and business is, according to the modernist, achieved at a sacrifice too high to consider.

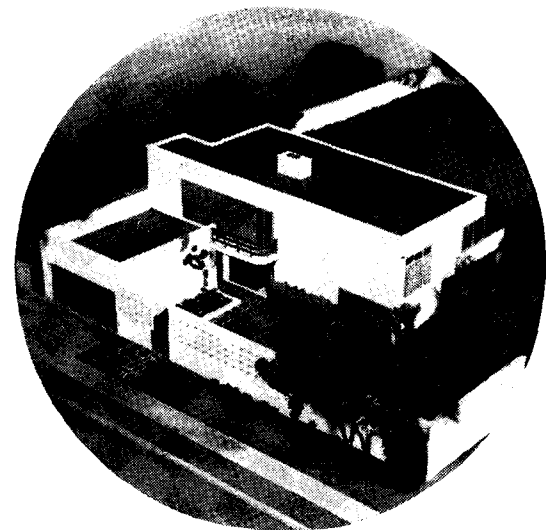
Modernism is at the present writing a good many things—the essentials of which have molded this house. It is not a fixed point of style. It is the manipulation of ideas into forms—the outgrowth of our present-day ideals and ideas on living. Its way is to get down to fundamentals.

The Values of Modernism

The fact that there is no fixed point of style is vastly important. There is only one fixed element and that is a point of view—the elements in the modern house can change, vary, take on various accents, but the approach must remain the same. If, midstream, the decorator or the period enthusiast or the copyist gets your ear, you are lost to the modernists. If you incorporate period pieces and patterns, they must be used on the rules of unity and workability laid down by the contemporary philosopher.

Up to this point, the modern movement has brought us a number of exciting, inestimable values: courage to use the new materials which an imaginative market is casting at our feet—a new feeling toward the unexplored possibilities of space—new luxuries—new comforts—many new forms—some new expressions of beauty, color, fabric and line in new dimensions. It has brought the ease of doing much more—with less. Not bad for an infant prodigy!

It's Yours to Build

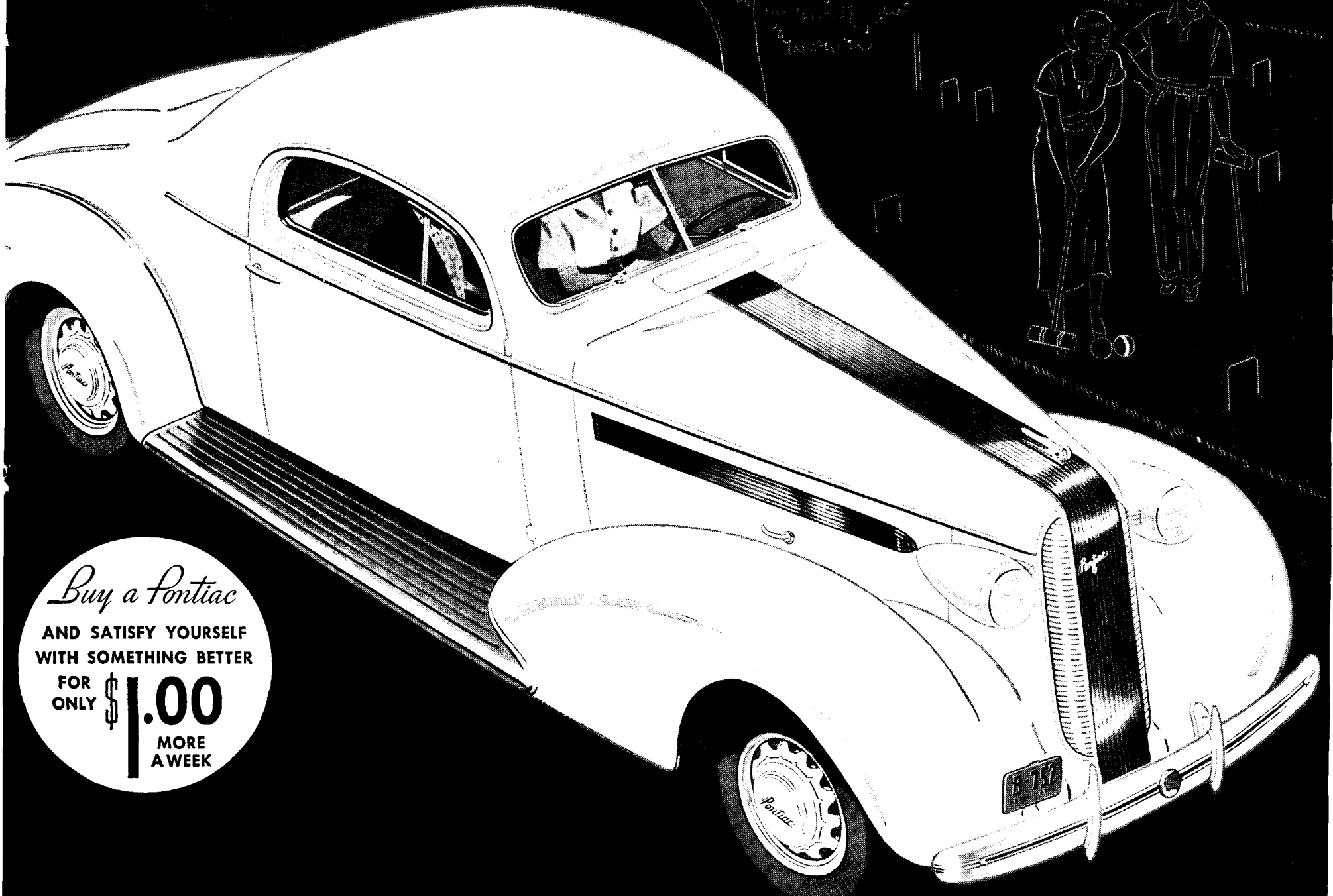


Collier's House, designed for modern living by Architect Edward D. Stone and described in the March 28th issue, scored a direct hit. Complete working plans and specifications for which you would have to pay hundreds of dollars are yours for the cost of reproducing and mailing—\$3.

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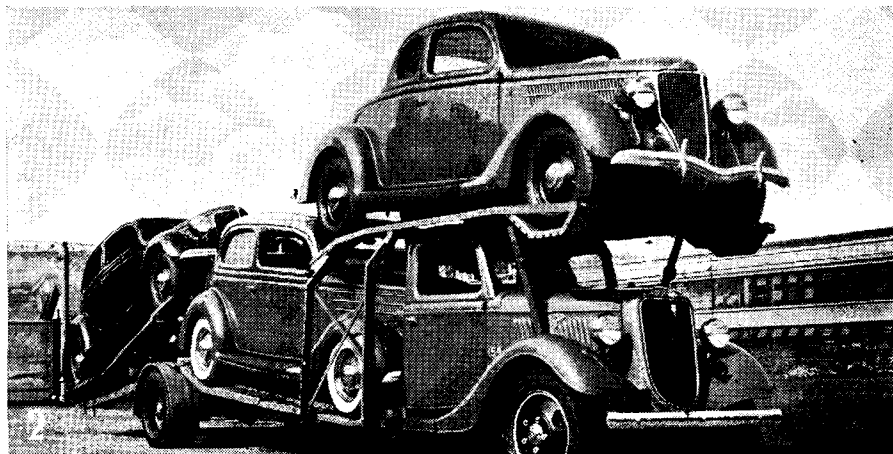
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LEVEL FLOORS—FRONT AND REAR
Foot room for all





Pretty Jean Rogers, appearing in the Universal chapter play, "Flash Gordon", ponders over car trouble. She might be smiling had she followed the instruction book which...



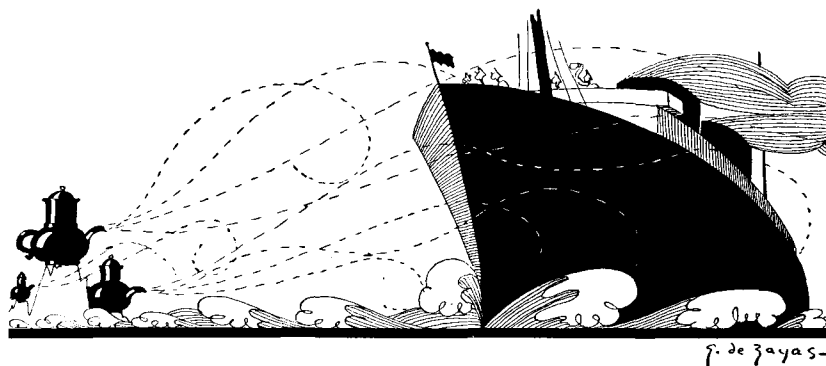
... goes with every new car. Car manufacturers say both old and new cars should now be prepared for summer driving...



... Front wheels should be pulled and re-lubricated and Summer lubricants are needed for transmission, differential and crankcase. Sinclair has developed a special service which...



... includes these and other trouble-preventing items. It is called "Sinclair-ize for Summer" service. Your nearby Sinclair dealer can tell you all about it. Ask him today.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The seaport of Santos, Brazil, is truly the world's coffeepot. The odor of green coffee from its miles of warehouses and adjacent plantations may be detected aboard ship more than a hundred miles at sea, long before land is raised.—By Heitor Cunha, Jr., Espirito Santo, Brazil.

In Naubat Hall in Bidar, India, today, a group of musicians gives five concerts every 24 hours—without a soul listening to them. They maintain these performances, a 400-year-old custom of their ancestors, despite the fact that this royal fortress has been deserted and in ruins for years.

Silica, the dust of which is a deadly industrial hazard, is not only used in many manufacturing processes, but is widely distributed throughout nature. Silica is found in sand, rocks, nearly all grasses and even in certain parts of animals such as the scales of fishes.

In 16th century England, the people of Cornwall fought bitterly over the cargoes and timbers of the ships that were wrecked on its coast. "Two thousand strong" often followed a disabled vessel for miles hoping it would be washed ashore. Once a ship was wrecked on a Sunday morning within the sight of a church and the minister was nearly killed while trying to line up his flock "so all could start fair."

Mount Athos, the famous holy mountain of Greece which is inhabited by more than 6,000 monks, is the only community in the world today where church roofs are painted red to symbolize the blood of Christ.

Cockfighting is probably the only sport that ever achieved the distinction of having a chair especially designed for its spectators. This chair, which was used in Europe about 200 years ago, delighted the heart of the cockfighting fan because, although he had to sit astraddle, it provided a chin support and arm rest.—By A. H. Huot, Seattle, Washington.

Of all the building signs in existence that indicate by symbols the kind of goods sold or the sort of service rendered by the establishment, the one that would probably take the prize for simple originality is nailed on the front of a schoolhouse in Punaiaia, Tahiti. It reads: "2×2=4."—By Edward J. McGowan, Washington, D. C.

The fiercest and loudest animal fights on record take place when a giant blue whale is attacked by a school of five or six killers. During such an encounter the churning fountains of foam and spray may be seen for more than ten miles, while the crashes made by the 100-ton body of the blue whale as he falls back into the water after leaping into the air are sometimes heard for more than five miles.

Tourists, speeding through the countryside of Japan, frequently see what appears to be at first sight paper bags growing on trees, as many farmers, in order to protect their fruit from insects and frost, enclose each apple and pear, for example, in a paper sack tied around the stem.—By D. Prossor, Seattle, Washington.

Up to about a century ago in Norway, all mourners at funerals would step up to the casket alone and ask the departed to forgive them for all the wrongs they had done to him when he was alive. And even in some parts of Brittany today, engaged couples still feel that their dead parents should know about their betrothal so they go to the graves and tell them about it.—By K. T. Savage, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

In Aberdeen, Scotland, every street car has a large collection box by its exit in which you are supposed to deposit your fare, when you get off, if the conductor happens to miss you.—By P. O'Brien, Glasgow, Scotland.

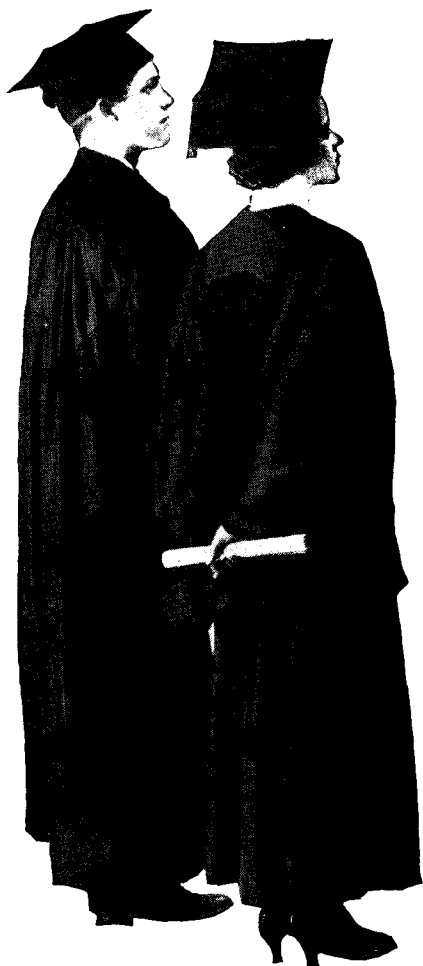
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typewrite, my children?"



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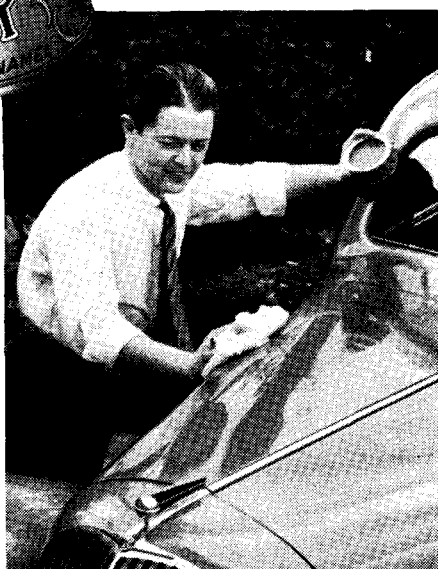
... "New Car?" . "No, just the Old One Simonized"

This 1934 Oldsmobile is owned by Miss Marie Stevens Kramer, Park Ridge, Ill. Driven 54,918 miles. But, thanks to Simoniz, it still sparkles just like new!



ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

Immediately a car leaves the show-room, weather and dirt begin their attack on the finish. They make short work of its beauty—unless Simonized. Play safe! . . . Simoniz your new car on delivery.



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Simoniz your car! This deluxe beauty treatment not only makes old cars look like new, but also keeps new cars new-looking. And Simonizing is something anyone can do. Here's how: If your car is dull or discolored, first clean the finish with the improved Simoniz Kleener. Notice how easy it is to use . . . how quickly and thoroughly it takes off the scum and grime—brings back all the sparkling beauty your car had when new! Then apply Simoniz. All cars, new and old, need Simoniz—in fact, must have it to stay beautiful. Though easy to put on, Simoniz is hard to wear off—perfect protection, which keeps weather and dirt from dulling and destroying the finish. That is why the sooner any car is Simonized, the longer its finish lasts . . . and remains beautiful. So, Simoniz your car without delay.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car! These world-famous products are sold everywhere. They cost no more than so-called waxes and polishes that give but a temporary shine.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

Blackshirt Heaven

Continued from page 13

A travel agency window next claims your attention, as it has claimed those of many Italian strollers in the twilight. Posters, strikingly apt in barbaric colors and strokes, urge patriotic Italians to consider a tour of Ethiopia for their 1936 holiday. There is a fine map, of course; bewilderingly, French and British Somalilands, as well as Abyssinia, have been blotted up into the Italian Empire of Africa Orientale. Round-trip fares are quoted, from Naples. Going, you round the Somali Horn and enter through Mogadiscio, thence Addis Ababa. Returning, via glorious Adowa where Italian honor was reborn; Aksum, the Holy City of Africa; Asmara, the flowered capital of Eritrea, with its bungalows "just like Hollywood where the American cinema stars live"; and Massaua, Italy's bustling Red Sea port, gem of the tropics. With stops, homeward bound, at Rhodes, then Bengasi in Libya, on the complete tour.

It is all very specific, even as to dates and fares and ships and trains; it is, moreover, eye-filling and alluring. You are invited to step in for a prospectus, and want to do so, because there are some gaps in sweet reasonableness that you would like explained. But the door is locked; after hours. This crowd is different from the last one; noisy, merry, engaged in a general bantering discussion in the carelessly docked Italian speech of the Romans. There are no dreams to disturb here; everything is scheduled. You walk off firmly.

Because this nation, Italy, is engaged in war against Ethiopia you might quite naturally expect that here little would be said or heard about Haile Selassie's mountain kingdom—and that batedly and full of hatred, as it was in 1917 with us, when everything German was proscribed, and every delicatessen retailer lived in danger of the nearest lamppost.

A Brief for Fuzzy-Wuzzy

On the contrary, in Italy the whole torrent of Fascist propaganda glows with praise of the enemy land; extols what by venerable rules it should abhor. This is one of the most extraordinary perversities of this maddest of wars. True, a little superior fun is poked at the Negus and his staff; along the Corso, whereon Rome shows off, you will very often encounter skylarking Black-shirt youths bearing coalpuss effigies of Selassie and his Rases. But the average Ethiopian foeman, all good Italians are told, is a rather decent fellow underneath; a little backward, to be sure, but only awaiting the benevolence of the Fascist government—temporarily delayed by his selfish Emperor, by Great Britain, the League of Nations, and slave traders—and the example and the inspiration of Italian neighbors, to bring him forward.

Here is a gift shop: "English Spoken Here," lettered on the window, has been crossed out by chalk, and over it scribbled, "American Spoken." Usually, such a place would feature postcard views of the Colosseum, the Piazza of Saint Peter's, and other equivalents of Main Street looking west. Tonight, if you want such, the boss will have to rummage under the counter; for his racks are filled with scenes of Ethiopia and her "indigenes," and his cases gleam with Amharic jewelry and Coptic images, and figurines of Abyssinian types, men and beasts.

Right next door is a bookshop, and it is on these counters, avidly besieged, that you find the milk and honey propaganda at its most literate as well as most

subtle peak. Virtually every Italian writer has contributed to the deluge: every hack, from Tuscany to Calabria, last summer became overnight an expert on Abyssinia. A single visit to Libya qualified you to write three books on Ethiopia; whereas actual sight of the Red Sea, Eritrea or Abyssinia made you a best seller. Outlander books, in favor of the Italian cause, are featured; some made up of quotations hungrily nibbled, occasionally without reference to the context, from such authors as Bernard Shaw and the First Vice President of Rotary, International, British Isles and Scotland. Much of the word harvest, gleaned by the Ministry of Colonies, is free; poverty will not excuse your being uninformed. Everything, encyclopedia to throw-away, is illustrated with photographs of African garden spots—verdure, waterfalls and contented goats.

War Belongs to Youth

Throughout most of public Rome you will find exhibited, usually in lobbies and windows of the larger stores, huge maps of Africa Orientale, set in patriotic trappings. On each one, large pin-staffed Italian flags are disposed to mark the positions of the expeditionary legions. I checked eight such maps, three in hotel foyers, and no two agreed as to the whereabouts of the fighters. One rather enthusiastic and liberal interpretation of the war news led to the inclusion of all of Kenya and part of the Belgian Congo within the area occupied by Our Brave Troops on the southern front! These appeals are to the more or less grown-up; we can, still walking down Tritone, see that no age is neglected.

Here is the greatest excitement you have come upon. There is a crowd, youngsters mostly, pressing into a toy store, still open at this late hour because, as the placards reveal, a sale of new stock has just begun. The boys are, without exception, in uniform: the very youngest as "Sons of the Wolf"; the older youngsters—this is, from six upwards—as "Balilli," the youngest official military organization. The girls, to the last detail, are miniature Army nurses. All the boys wear black shirts; perhaps half wear little African sun helmets, with hats and caps of the various Corps scattered over the rest.

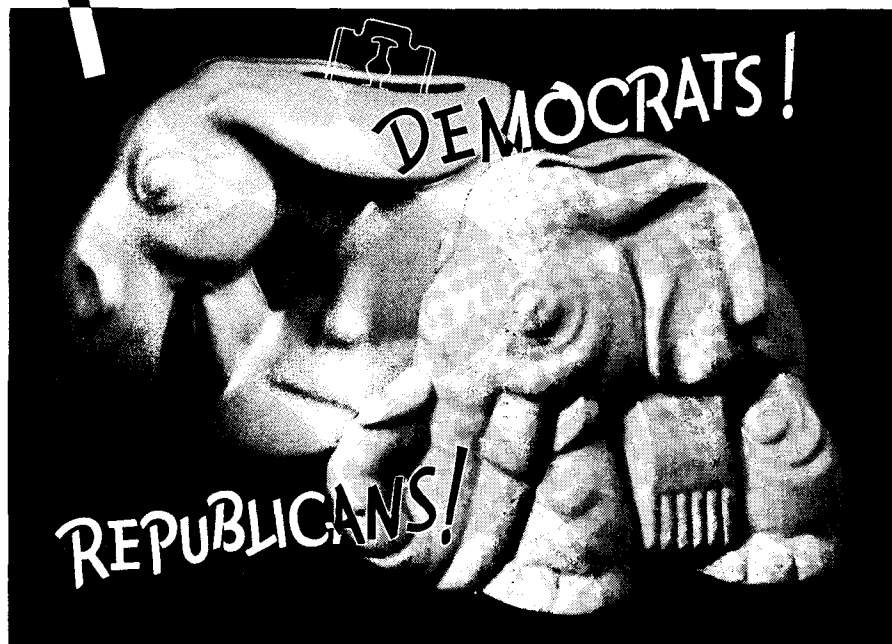
For the girls, on the tables inside, there are dolls in Abyssinian costume and lack of it; also, small models of Field Hospitals and of Settlers' Homes. The boys have a far greater choice: every uniform, every arm in miniature; rifles, swords, daggers, air-bombs, pistols, machine guns, field pieces, tanks, pill boxes, flame throwers, gas projectors and masks, armored trucks, as well as lead askaris, Hubats, Black Shirt militiamen, Alpini, Bersaglieri, Carabinieri, regular troops of the line, and scrawny Ethiopians in shammas and with spears. And, for the girls, miniature jewelry in the form of Abyssinian slave wrist and leg irons; for the boys, a complete line of airplanes. If your lads or lassies cannot gratify their play instinct from this warlike assortment, it is virtually impossible to obtain any other style of toy.

The counters here, certainly, are bare of normal kid things; and one floor manager confides that he would not dare to keep less bloodthirsty trifles in the forefront of his stock in fear of a "suggestion." Moreover, he assures us, the baubles are accurate as well as ingen-

(Continued on page 52)

FREE!

**YOUR CHOICE
OF THESE
CONTAINERS—
FOR USED RAZOR BLADES**



SAM BERMAN'S DONKEY OR ELEPHANT FOR YOUR OLD RAZOR BLADES

with big combination package of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAIR!

Here's an offer that no man who appreciates a finer shave should overlook.

The big 10¢ shave tube of Listerine Shaving Cream, notable for its quick beard softening, skin caressing qualities, and . . .

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Your choice, absolutely free, of one of sculptor Sam Berman's clever containers for used razor blades.

In other words, you get all three for 35¢ if you act now. Your druggist has this sensational combination but there's no telling how long he will continue to have it.

Photographs do not do justice to the clever design

and appearance of these sturdy razor blade containers. In cream color porcelain, they are a decoration for any bathroom. And how practical. They keep dangerous old blades away from the children's fingers and from your own.

We are offering them free, simply as an inducement for you to find out for yourself what a superior product Listerine Shaving Cream is. Go to your druggist's today and get this finer shaving combination.

**ALL THREE—
35¢**

FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY
ONE TO
A CUSTOMER

Offer good in U. S. A. only

Regular 10¢ size
Listerine



Parker

The Watch with the
MICRO-SYNCHRONIZED
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**A PERFECT SOLUTION
TO THE
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Each June brings a fresh crop of graduates, proudly flourishing their sheepskins. And in June other young people get married.

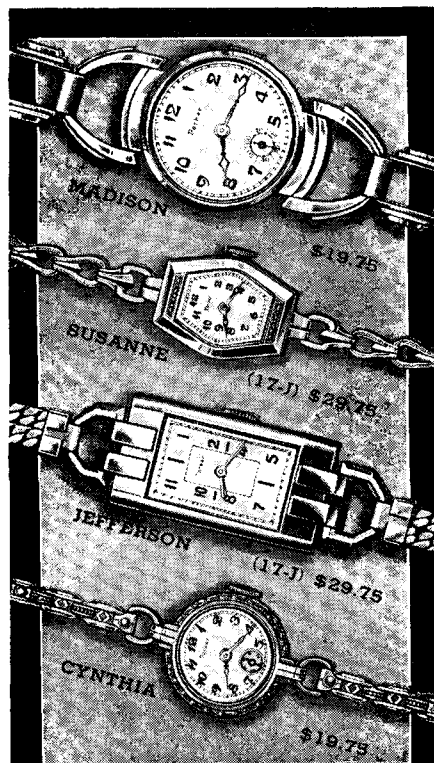
Both events are worthy occasions for fine gifts. A watch by Parker is the appropriate and distinguished way to honor the occasion.

Striking in design, masterful in workmanship, unerring in accuracy, Parker watches bring permanent satisfaction to the wearer and an everlasting remembrance of the giver.

Your jeweler has Parker watches on display. He'll be pleased to show you appropriate gift models at prices that will please you.
PRICED FROM \$10.50 UP

Write for illustrated brochure showing latest styles.

PARKER WATCH COMPANY
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Parker
Timed by WESTERN UNION
Naval Observatory Time

(Continued from page 51)
ious; censors from the Army see to that, at the factories, and the boys themselves are expertly informed and capacious. Be that as it may, you can observe for yourself, as you move out of the big store on a tide of sanguinary infancy, the pride of the tots; it is expressed in their swaggering little bodies; in the miniature—and distressingly practical—rifles with bayonets slung across their backs. This is the way you see them now along the shopping avenues; and on pleasant Sunday forenoons, in the magnificent old garden parks of Rome and other cities.

There is a less subtle feature of the basic "sales" campaign. It is directed at boys past the toy age. When they reach fourteen—which, usually, in the climate of Italy, means adolescence—the "Ballili" are compelled to step into the next military classification, the "Avanguardisti," or "advance guard"; at eighteen, they are inducted into the "Fasci Giovanili di Combattimento," or "Fighting Union of Youth," which turns them, at 21, into the regular army as fully trained soldiers.

A Sure-Fire Come-on

Mussolini has taken advantage of the warm natures of Italian youth and manhood. Ethiopian men of the Tigrean, Shoan, Galla or Amharic races, quite distinct from their Negroid compatriots, are tolerably good-looking, although thinned by malnutrition and worse diseases. Ethiopian women, however, especially the pure-bloods, even by exacting white race standards are classically beautiful.

Italian propaganda has capitalized this fact with a frankness and on a scale which the least attentive visiting foreigner cannot fail to mark. Every bookstore counter and window, every armory of the various youth battalions, is liberally provided with photographs, chiefly in postal card form, of comely Ethiopian girls in their native undress.

Where the Via Due Macelli comes uphill and the Via Francesco Crispi runs down-grade, to join and cross Tritone to become Via del Traforo—Rome is like that—you come upon the largest and most intense crowd of the evening. Men only; they stand in front of an office window and stare at the greatly enlarged photograph of a nude Ethiopian beauty displayed therein. There are six gendarmes up front; many soldiers, of whom one lot in tropical uniform are the butt of snide remarks. These are taken with concealed grins. Occasionally a woman or a pair of young girls stop to find out what the object of attention is, then move on hastily, pursued by wisecracks. And it was here that I met Trucelli.

Because this Ethiopian war is a drama of people far more than of politics, I must tell you about Trucelli. In the end, Trucelli—and his half million comrades with rifles or spades, all Trucellis under various names—will be found of more importance, and greater interest, than the Lion of Judah, or the Leader who sits in the Palazzo Venezia and travels only by certain streets in order to hinder would-be assassins.

He is a Blackshirt. His name is Vincenzo Trucelli, and he is a Paduan. He was alone, and so was I; and he spoke English. "It is my other language," he said, in the fashion of educated Continentals. He preened and chuckled because of the crowd and the great interest in the photograph. "The girl, is she not a handsome one?" I timidly remarked the well-known prevalence of social disease in Ethiopia. "Our doctors," said Trucelli, "will fix all that presently. It is part of our great mission. Ah, signore, as you can very well see from this picture and from all the other pictures

and books—Abyssinia will be made a heaven on earth!"

And he told me about Ethiopia as it was pictured to, and thought of by, the young comrades of his Blackshirt division; told me with such enthusiasm, such fervor, such charm that reason was disarmed. "It is the country of my destiny," he said. "I have changed all my plans. There will be opportunity there, such as we Italians have never known, for we shall all start equally, as it was in your country years ago. And I shall make a mark, I know: I shall have success, be one of the great ones. Angela will come to me, there, when the war is over, and we shall have the abundant life together—such a life as you dream of." He told me he was thirty years old; that he had served his time in the regular army, and risen to the highest noncommissioned grade in the reserve; and by diligent activity in Blackshirt affairs, and much study, he had won a commission in the Blackshirt militia. He had come to Rome to work for a shipping company; lost his job in the hard times, and volunteered for African service. "We had planned to get married, Angela and I, if things had been good for me with the company. Angela will wait."

Two days later I said goodbye to him. He was going to Genoa to sail thence for Massaua, and you never saw a man who looked with more delight upon tomorrow. . . .

When you take a ship or plane from the southern edge of Europe and travel south, you cross more than a sea called Mediterranean; despite a few civilized nodules, maintained by white enterprise on the fringe of the primeval, the land you reach is a score of centuries removed from the ordinary values of life as you know them.

In the hot and odorous murk that will be your welcome to Africa you will read mysteries and questions. Evidence of revolutionary spirit can be found in the frank and dramatic talk of your Italian friends; in the well-authenticated minor revolts of drafted men, particularly in the northern provinces; in the numerous instances of peasant mothers lying down, as in days of old, across the railroad tracks to impede movements of troop-trains, so that when I was in Italy orders were issued to local commanders to march soldiers newly mobilized for African service to stations at least twenty miles from their home districts before entrainment; in the desperate poverty of Italians, harassed by nearly thirty separate and distinct forms of direct taxes; in the inflation in fact which Italy now has, with paper money fantastically disproportionate to her metal reserve; and in the action of Mussolini and the Grand Council, taking over control of various private corporations—which did not constitute, as proclaimed, another definite step toward the Fascist state, but attempted government rescue of bankrupt firms.

Why Italy Wants Ethiopia

Italy is not a self-contained nation. She depends upon foreign countries for nearly one hundred per cent of the essentials of manufactory—fuels, metals and fibers. Conversely, she grows or raises nearly all her foodstuffs. Both these factors must be fetched into equality on the credit side before the Fascist Corporate State can reach its militaristic and economic ideal—self-sufficiency.

From the military point of view, Italy's war upon Ethiopia is just about as brave and bold a spectacle as if Gene Tunney, in the best of health, began to swap punches with little chocolate-drop Farina, of the old Our Gang comedies, on a day when Farina had rheumatism, measles, toothache and one broken leg. With every advantage in men, arms,

and material, only extraordinary maldroitness should prevent Italy's over-running Ethiopia.

Granted that Mussolini should "get" Abyssinia—what do you think he will have after he gets it? If metals and oil are his ends, how is he going to square things with the multitude of Italians aroused by the promise of homes and soil? Will his new possession fill in the picture of a Blackshirt heaven that his talented and busy spokesmen have drawn for hopeful Italians? We shall find out for ourselves—because there is "heaven," suspended in gold and lavender clouds, flaming on our starboard bow.

This, then, is Massaua, Eritrea—the gateway to paradise, although its temperature may not be exactly what you have associated with thoughts of blessed immortality. Massaua, with its paltry 135 degrees in summertime, is coolish; wait until you see the Danakil salt wastes, or the Ogaden, where 160 has been recorded, and 156 is commonplace.

On your way to Ethiopia you see a true cross-section of Eritrea—its wastes and its cultivable uplands. This colony, typical of Italian efforts in Somali and Libya, must be taken as a fair preview of what Italian civilization will bring to Ethiopia and accomplish there; for Eritrea is an exact miniature of Abyssinia, on a 1 to 6 scale. Colonial experts, using the normal African proportion of 1 white man to 360 natives, but handicapped by the purely speculative census of Abyssinia, insist that Italy will be able to settle only between 13,000 to 26,000 persons there. Mr. Reynaud, in the French Chamber of Deputies, estimated 100,000, doubtless basing his guess on the difference in living standards between the Italian and the North European colonist.

Conquerors Who Go Native

The Italian, as you may see here, does not lift native cultures; he accommodates himself to them. In the fields near Asmara and Cheren, on the docks of Massaua, in the road-building ditches of the Fascist advance, the Italian is content to work back to back with the native—to eat and live as he does, and provide him no example of betterment. British and French and Dutch impose their languages on natives; but no Italian is spoken in Eritrea, save a few words that house servants have picked up.

Half a century of Italian civilization in Eritrea has brought no schools for the natives, no roads, no hospitals—except one or two clinics for the askari troops. You recall the prediction of one American editor that among the benefits of civilization "Mussolini would bring shoes to the Abyssinians." The Eritreans, askari or civilian, have not yet been shod, and most of the Italian peasants I saw there were barefoot.

Wherever you stand in the midst of the Ethiopian landscape, in highland or plain, the aspect is one of unutterable loneliness and isolation; the primitive quiet that prevailed in all lands before communications began. In the winter, dust coats field and slope and hut, beast and man, alike with a monotonous terra cotta.

Dust is one of the plagues of Ethiopia; it corrodes your membranes, and is so laden with microbes that it is highly dangerous to white men. The natives, through centuries of living with this and other visitations, have built up immunity. Winds of great force scorch the plateau and hurl sand cloud billows up to it from the deserts; on other days, the thin soil of the plateau is brushed off. The mountains, centuries ago, were swept clean; now barren, desolate, and black, they lend a tone of nightmare, and make the taming of the plateau, in any modern sense of profitable scope,

(Continued on page 54)



WIFE, YES... BUT NOW HOUSEWIFE, TOO!

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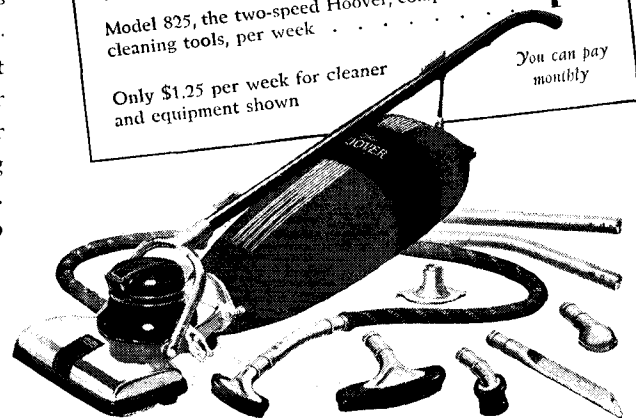
Model 300, new full-size Hoover, complete with cleaning tools, per week	\$100
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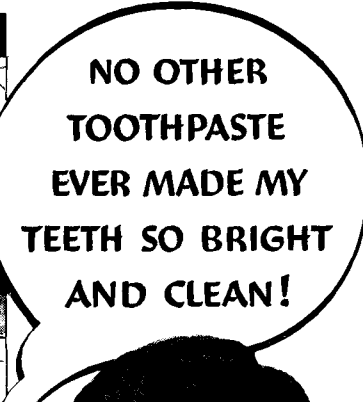
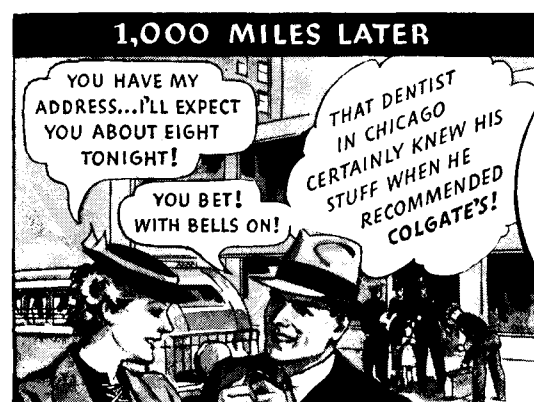
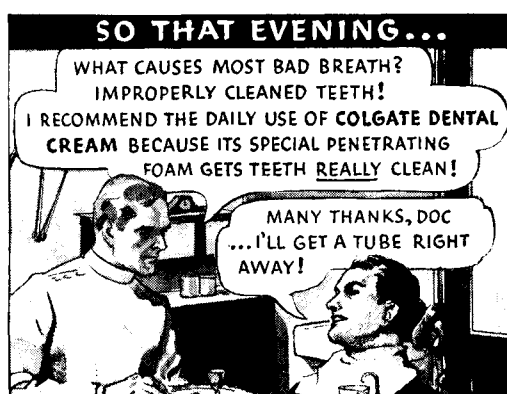
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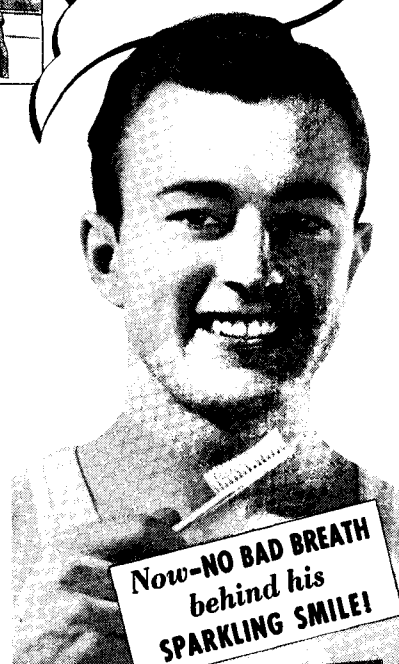




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Blackshirt Heaven

Continued from page 52

impossible. British engineers, asked to contract for an unpaved road from Addis to Lake Tana, figured it would cost more than \$10,000 a mile. The project was dropped.

Only upon the plateau is life for white men feasible. Even here, there is a special nervous and physical strain. It is hot each day, and your heart pumps from the least exertion on account of the altitude; at night it is bleak, windy, bitter. I saw a temperature drop once from 106 degrees at noontime to 41 at two the next morning. That was excessive, but a daily range of 40 is commonplace. There are patch acres, oases of fertility, on the main plateaus; but these are good chiefly for pasture grass. Goat- and sheep-grazing on a huge scale is possible. The plains near Addis have been cited often for their lush appearance; but the soil thickness averages only four inches. Under that—rock. Millet can be grown here and there on the plateau, and wheat; regardless of soil conditions, altitude is a factor against many crops.

Around certain parts of the plateau, yet locked within the walls of the main escarpment, there is a lower shelf—varying from 8,000 feet to 5,000 feet. This constitutes the one zone favorable to white settlement. Here barley and other grains and some fruits may be raised; and, near the lowest altitudes, cotton. Coffee, too; in fact, this bean takes its name from the Kaffa district on the southwestern edge of the plateau. From a mile high to the sea or desert, there is no place for white men.

Land of Death and Disease

Life there, even in brief spells, is dangerous for Europeans. There is no shade outdoors, and you cannot endure the sun—helmets are no protection, because the reflected heat will fell you. Work, if any, must be done at night. Sleep is impossible then on account of the sultriness; yet sleep is inadvisable in the day hours because evaporation might dry your body out to the point of collapse. It is not possible to keep a roof over your head, for the sun cracks every material; and the rain pours in and rots your worldly goods, and perhaps you, also. Insects appear to breed by spontaneous combustion, right before your eyes. Roaches, of a size that in our country would be hunted with shotguns; locusts; mosquitoes; flies that seem to drill and pounce in military formation, and give bites that cause open, festering wounds. Flies so dense that in Massaua we had to keep napkins over the plates on the table, and sneak our meals from under them in quick jerks. There are thousands of varieties of insects in Ethiopia; many potential disease-bearers.

If the Escarpment and the Great Rift are the sentinels of this fantastic mountain stronghold, the dust, the insects, sun and disease and rain are its most active warriors—deathless and unconquerable. You cannot face a choice among such evils. When the rains bring your life to a drowned stalemate, corrupt your soul and body, make your nerves as dangerous as the ends of wet exposed live wires, you long for the malignancy of the dry time's sun. "Karamt," the rainy season, is brought to Abyssinia by the southwest monsoon, and lasts from June first to October first. There are "little rains" in March and April. Then it is overcast for weeks, but may actually rain only a few hours each day.

But in karamt the heavens are opened

every hour of every day; and you are drenched by sheets of water, so that you cannot see to the end of your arm; your breath is stolen by the endless gales; you are beaten—sometimes badly injured—by hailstones as large as indoor baseballs.

Too, Mussolini will have exposed half a million white soldiers—and turned loose as many white settlers as he may persuade to go there—to what is virtually, by our standards, an open pesthouse of the most loathsome and virulent diseases. Research by foreign investigators shows that syphilis is a common disease among Abyssinians; while almost all the natives have intestinal parasites because of the universal raw-meat diet. This is torn from the newly killed steers and goats, and crammed into the mouth in great chunks which are sliced at imminent peril to the nose. Spinal meningitis, typhoid and malaria are commonplace. Many have leprosy; you see these wretches in every stage of the disease.

Vincenzo Wins a Battle

One major need involved in the isolating of half a million Italian boys away from home and sweethearts and friends was companionship. The Italian government made an inadequate gesture by fetching thirty-five girls to Eritrea. But entertainment, for the private soldier, was fixed at ten lire; which is more than he can afford. So he fraternizes with the native girls, for a few centimes. In Asmara, these are under the control of the Coptic Church and live in single-room houses around the cathedral square. One of the most tragic sights of this war is the hundreds of nice-looking Italian lads jamming the streets of this incredibly noisome district each night.

And then, in this Blackshirt heaven I found Trucelli!

I was not surprised that matters had not gone well for him. He was in the hospital in Asmara. He did not want to see me, but I made believe I did not understand, and got to his bedside. Only one half his face was visible; one eye, one ear. For the rest, a great white pad of bandage. It was, when last I had seen it, a fair young face with a mid-night cloud of hair. He told me, quietly; "The other half is gone—yes, it is gone."

A fly had bitten his cheek. He scratched the place. Next morning there was a small festering ulcer. It grew and spread, no matter how tenderly and diligently the medico looked and probed and swabbed. "Ethiopian plague," the doctor said. "We do not know very much about it. Trucelli is but one of many!" Now it seemed to be arrested: "But I shall never again be one for those who love me to look at!" said Trucelli.

I sat on the bedside. The part of his mouth that I could see twisted in a little smile: "Do not reproach me, signore. You have not found it here as I told you it would be. God knows, neither have I!" "But you will soon go home, Vincenzo," I said, "and get well in Italy!"

He was quiet for a long time. Then he said: "Have you ever, when you have been away, wanted so much to go home that everything inside you—everything here—comes apart, and bubbles like hot water? That is how I have felt. Now I do not care. I have fought it out, and I have had to win over the heart, signore. For I shall never go home again."

We talked a while, and then I left him. I had my complete picture of the Blackshirt heaven, and of what had happened to one man who had gone there.

Strange Language

Continued from page 19

Yet certainly he was not afraid. It was impossible to be afraid of Armand, who was always so jolly, so cheerful, so ready and gay. They had been companions on the river, yes, and friends too, for half a dozen years.

So he was not afraid of Armand, even though he planned to take Armand's wife from him.

Rutherford thought that what had happened to him was a sort of miracle of biologic alchemy, one of those incredible things that were not to be believed until you yourself had experienced them. It was impossible that a sane man could meet a woman, and forty-eight hours later be passionately sure that unless his life and hers could go on together his need not go on.

And doubly incredible when the man was he himself, Matthew Rutherford, attorney, thirty-six years of age, bachelor; and when the woman was Armand's wife, the wife of a New Brunswick guide.

Rutherford had never thought that Armand some day might marry. Their acquaintance had begun upon another river, where salmon were heavy and plenty, and the bold and lovely stream ran through a richly wooded gorge. Rutherford was interested not so much in catching salmon as in catching them in certain definite ways; and particularly in water so clear that he could see the great fish lying in the deeps before he cast, and see the arrogant and easy rise. Armand, observing this, said:

"But then you should come to fish the river by my father's farm." He chuckled. "Maybe not a fish there; maybe they won't come to your flies. But if they are there, you can see them. And some years there are many."

SO THEREAFTER they fished Armand's river; lived in the farmhouse where Armand dwelt alone, the others of his family long since dead or wed and moved away. And sometimes they caught fish and sometimes not; but always they were friends.

Then this year, when Armand met him at the railroad forty miles away, the man had been full of a secret glee. He had, he promised, a great surprise for Rutherford; but he would not tell what this was. When in the rattling and decrepit car they came belatedly in sight of the farmhouse, Rutherford saw a light in the window, and asked who was there; and Armand chuckled happily.

"Got us a cook this year," he said. "We don't have to wash our own dishes any more. A surprise, yes?"

"You could always cook to suit me."

"Wait. You have not seen," Armand insisted.

And then they came up to the kitchen door and went in, into the golden lamp-light; and Rutherford saw a girl at the stove turn to look at them. And Armand clapped him between the shoulders and cried in deep delight:

"So! A surprise, yes? This little chicken is mine, Mr. Rutherford. My wife."

And he crossed to kiss her, and she clung to him—watching Rutherford over Armand's shoulder. He saw that she was beautiful. Then in a sort of laughing embarrassment she pushed Armand away and stood in the circle of his arm, and Armand said something to her in French, the patois, and she laughed, and Rutherford spoke to her politely, and she answered something he could not understand. Rutherford looked at Armand; and Armand explained:

"She has no English, Mr. Rutherford."

Rutherford's French was out of textbooks, and ten or fifteen years behind him. He decided that she had said, slurring the phrase in soft elisions: "*Je ne parle pas l'Anglais.*" He had heard only: "*Pas l'Anglais.*" He smiled and said laboriously:

"*Bon soir, Madame.*"

She smiled too, and murmured something. Not till Rutherford was abed was he able to decide what it was she said. Then he analyzed the sounds. Something like: "*Soi, 'Sieu.*" That is to say, he guessed: "*Bon soir, M'sieur,*" but with a maximum of economy. . . .

He decided that in daylight she could not possibly be so beautiful as she had seemed in golden lamplight; but when she served them breakfast she was beautiful as a dewy morning. Rutherford perceived that she was older than Armand. He was no more than twenty-two or -three; she must be almost thirty, no longer a girl, a woman, lovely and mature.

DURING breakfast, after she had served them, Armand told the tale of their marriage. She stood beside her husband during the telling, seeming not to hear him, not to be listening to what he said, watching Rutherford. Feeling her eyes upon him, he had hard work to keep his eyes on Armand.

They had been married in the previous November. Armand went to Fredericton, to do some business there; and—he had a quick, mercurial temper that sometimes led him into battle—got into an affray with three men, who beat him into insensibility.

"Yes, they work me over plenty!" said Armand, telling the tale almost boastfully. "I don't think by myself I ever would wake up from that business at all. But by'n'by I open my eyes, and this little dove is taking care of me. I am ver' sick Armand that time, you understand. Like going down in the water when I can't swim."

Armand was, in fact, no swimmer. Like many men whose lives are spent upon sea or lake or river, he had never learned to swim at all.

"So to keep from sinking one more time, I hold fast to this pretty little chicken, and when she says I am well again, I say: 'No! Not without you! So we marry!'"

His arm around her slim waist tightened, pressing her against his side like a reed bent in the middle; his cheek thrust against her bosom. Rutherford saw that there were tears in Armand's eyes, and he understood the deep emotion in the young man. But then he looked up and saw that she, even while she submitted to Armand's embrace, was watching him.

When presently he and Armand set out for the river, she stood in the doorway to watch them down the trail; and that evening—they killed no fish that first day—she waited in the same spot for their return.

There was a quality of silence in her, and of reserve. Rutherford saw that while she submitted to Armand's robust caresses, she never returned them. She neither invited nor avoided them. Armand chattered to her in French; she answered him. And always afterward Armand would translate for Rutherford's benefit. . . .

On the second day it rained, beginning easily, before dawn. Armand said the salmon would take on the rise of water; and he was right. He and Rutherford came back to the farm in late afternoon with four fine fish, one of

(Continued on page 56)



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(Continued from page 55)

them better than twenty pounds. Armand carried them up the trail, slung to his gaff, tied head and tail; they lay gleaming and silver in the rain, on the turf outside the kitchen door, to be admired.

And during supper the rain stopped—though, away upriver, lightning still played against the black storm clouds.

Rutherford asked Armand to take the three best fish to town that night, for shipment to certain friends. There was no reason why he should have been embarrassed at making this request. Each year he shipped fish he did not need.

Yet he realized, as he made the request, that for Armand to drive the thirty miles or so to town and back in his old car, over rain-soaked roads, would mean at least three hours.

Three hours alone here with her. . . . So Rutherford was absurdly embarrassed. But Armand readily agreed, and after supper he drove away.

She was at the dishes; and Rutherford went out to sit upon the veranda, and the night was like black velvet, with a sky blue-black through which pricked stars, and upriver the thunder rumbled and lightning flickered distantly, and the air was moist and cool. Down under the bank Rutherford could hear the risen river roar.

He sat with heels propped on the veranda rail, his pipe hissing a little. Windows behind him darkened as the lamp in the kitchen was blown out; and he felt her, a moment later, close beside him, standing by his side.

He had known she would come. He tried to move, or speak, and could not. Without looking up, he knew that her hand was near his bare head, wishing to touch it. He was trembling.

Then she spoke. She said: "The river hurries so!"

He looked up at her with a swift, strange feeling. She spoke English, then. This—and her tacit admission of the fact—seemed to him immensely significant and important. It admitted him to some forbidden, guarded sanctuary. It invited him to enter. The simple fact that she spoke English as well as he—and much better than Armand—had in his mind an enormous, intimate significance. It created, suddenly, a bond between them. He said, stammering in a rich delight:

"You—you speak English?"

"But of course!"

"Does Armand know?"

She answered after a moment, gently: "There are many things Armand does not know."

Rutherford said lamely, defensively: "Armand's a fine fellow."

"A dear, laughing boy," she assented. Then when he did not speak, she said: "I am older than he. I am a woman."

And after a moment she said, as though explaining many things: "He would have died. The life I gave back to him was mine; and—I wanted it, then. But he has no need of me now. I am—just his little chicken!"

THEY talked quietly, and she stood by his chair, not touching him. He sat still, staring straight ahead into the velvet black of night.

But as they talked, he knew her. He found in her one of those great souls born in a simple world, where always they must remain outsiders, held in that world against their will, capable of greatness yet condemned to simple and restricted lives.

He thought of Prometheus bound, not quite sure who Prometheus was, or what he might have been if he were free; yet sure that the world was poorer because he was not free.

Sure that the world was poorer because she was not free.

He felt omnipotence within him; felt

that it was in his hands, an obligation laid upon him, to give her to the larger world—which had need of such as she. Armand would in the end be quite content and happy with any winsome, tender lass of the countryside. Armand was fine, but he was a simple man; this woman was tragically wasted on Armand.

They spoke quietly, saying half their thoughts, permitting the deeper half to go unsaid, since they found in this respect no need of words.

They planned no future. They did not even seize the present. They only touched it, with finger tips, as though to be sure that it was real. When he rose at last, his voice was shaken.

"This has happened to us," he said.

"Yes, it has happened."

"It doesn't seem real. I can hardly believe it."

She faced him, still and strong. "I knew, when first my eyes met yours."

He nodded. "I knew too. At once."

"At night, all things seem possible. Will this be true tomorrow?"

"Forever," he assured her.

They saw, far away where the road topped a distant hill, the headlights of a car.

"It is Armand," she said softly.

And then for the first time he held her a moment in his arms, close to him. Her lips were steady and serene.

Ten minutes later, when Armand came into the house and went to his room, Rutherford from his bed heard her low sleepy tones as she spoke to her husband.

After a while he slept peacefully, dreamlessly, with a sense of serenity and permanence that filled the world.

THAT was last night. That was all the eternities that were past. She filled them all, just as now she filled all the years of his life still to come. This morning, that dream had put on substance. At the breakfast table, when their eyes met, vows passed between them.

Rutherford and Armand found the river in spate and still rising; but Armand said the fish would continue to take, until from the upper tributaries muddy water began to cloud the flood. Rutherford fished abstractedly, and Armand talked, chattered, jested and laughed at his own jests.

They lost that first salmon when Rutherford dropped his tip and permitted the fish to elude the deadly gaff; and they fished down the long pool without another rise.

"Bah!" said Armand. "But maybe we find another above the sluice!"

"Drop slowly, check her down," Rutherford suggested. "See if we can spot a salmon in one of the pockets."

"Water's clouding fast!" Armand pointed out. "Hard to see much now."

Nevertheless, both standing erect in the canoe, their eyes scanned the water while the canoe, checked now and then by Armand's shrewd pole, rode the strong current. Below the run they came into deeper water, and fished three drops, and then went on to where the current quickened at the head of the sluice. Armand anchored there.

Rutherford made a short cast to the right, the left; he lengthened line and cast again. The current snatched his line swiftly down to trail below the canoe.

"River's running hard," he said.

"Rising fast," Armand agreed. "And plenty cold."

RUTHERFORD dipped his hand in the icy water, nodded his agreement. He lengthened line and stood up. The canoe swerved and bucked at the end of the anchor rope; but he kept his balance easily. The river here ran with a deceptive smoothness. The water was ten feet deep below them. A hundred feet downstream, it narrowed between a gravel bar on one hand, a bold and rocky shoulder on the other, to plunge through the sluice for a hundred yards into a furlong of tumbled chaos where great ledges and ice-riven boulders ripped the stream to shreds. Bold, hungry water. At this high stage, a canoe must be well handled to live through the sluice and the rapids below.

Wind caught the line and snarled it. Rutherford hauled it in, Armand cleared the tangle, Rutherford lengthened line again and again. He was at full cast to the right; he would cast once to the left and then reel in for the next drop.

But on the leftward cast, fairly abreast of the canoe, there was a great swirl in the water as a salmon rose—and missed the fly when the line in the current's drag snatched it swiftly away.

Armand cried gleefully:

"There! Now wait till he gets back to his lie!" And after thirty seconds: "So! Show it to him again!"

Rutherford tried; but to do so was not easy, for suddenly now the wind had freshened, and played tricks with his line. He tried again and again; his cast fell short in a tangled confusion. Armand laughed at him, derided him, mocked his futilities in friendly mirth. Rutherford's temper frayed.

(Continued on page 58)





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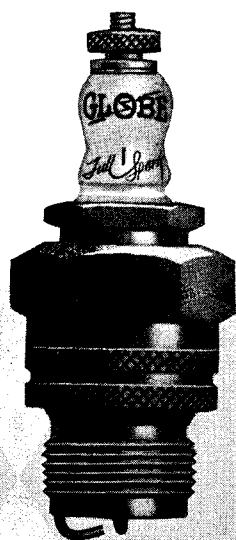


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You want a battery that can STAND heavy charging on those long summer drives, and take it without buckling or damage.

You want a battery that has quantities of power — for radio, fan, spotlight — and other uses, as well as for start after start.

All in all, you want the battery that has the longest life — the most power, and the greatest reserve capacity for all emergencies.

You want a GLOBE!

Spring Ignition Clinic at Globe Dealers

Summer-time just ahead—wanderlust
—desire to go places! Be prepared!

See your Globe dealer today for a complete electrical check-up that will guarantee trouble-free motoring when all outdoors is calling. A complete service — battery — spark plugs — distributor — generator — wiring — everything electrical. You'll feel the added motor pep immediately...Don't wait! Do it today — and be ready to 'go places' tomorrow.

GLOBE-UNION MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

7 Factories — 7 Branches to serve you.

GLOBE BATTERIES

AUTOMOTIVE • HEAVY DUTY • RADIO • POWER AND LIGHT

Strange Language

Continued from page 56

Mischance came suddenly. After one of the tangles, Rutherford sought to lengthen line, but the line refused to shoot through the guides; he had to swing hard and high, his arm raised, to clear it from the water for each backcast. And suddenly, so doing, he saw the fly coming straight at his face. Instinctively he dodged, backward and aside.

He felt himself falling, locked his knees to hold his footing in the canoe, heard Armand shout—and then he was in the water. He had time for no more than four or five hard furious strokes before the hungry river snatched him down to the mouth of the sluice. His knees bumped the gravel bar; his fingers got a hold; he dragged himself ashore, leaped clear of the reaching river that suddenly let him go.

And looked for Armand.

Armand still clung to the canoe. The craft had filled. Armand was in the water, hands clutching at the gunwale, clinging tenaciously, his legs whipping in the current as a sheet on the drying line whips in a gale of wind.

Rutherford could not see his face; but sometimes when Armand was pulled under water, Rutherford heard him cough, stranglingly.

Rutherford moved without thought, with no sense of heroism. Armand could not swim; but even a strong swimmer could scarcely survive the sluice and the turbulent rips below.

Rutherford ran up the bank till he was well above the canoe. He saw as he ran that the canoe was dragging its anchor toward the sluice. Once above the canoe, he ran into the water, swam out till he was in line to reach the sunken craft, drifted down with a terrifying velocity, grappled and held fast to the gunwale just above Armand.

Armand was on the side of the canoe toward the gravel bar; and his weight had forced the canoe's downstream end out a little into the current; so that as the anchor dragged, the canoe had set in a little toward the gravel bar. Rutherford looked that way. Then he spoke to Armand.

But Armand was half drowned, his fingers slipping, unable to speak or to understand, unable to help himself at all.

RUTHERFORD'S thoughts functioned in an instant. He could reach the bar, alone; but not if he had to drag Armand. He needed something to make fast to the drowning man. The anchor rope? To raise the anchor would be to surrender the canoe to the current.

And there was no time.

Then he saw the gaff, still in the awash canoe, its curved steel end hooked over a thwart.

He had thought that Armand, if he knew, might drive that sharp point into his throat; he grinned now, a little grimly, and caught the gaff, and hooked it through Armand's belt at the side.

The handle was a full eight feet long; it would give him that much grace to reach the bar.

Holding to its end, he braced his feet against the canoe, shouted to Armand: "Let go!"

Then he kicked hard against the canoe, kicked himself toward shore. Armand released his grip. The current had them.

Rutherford, holding the gaff handle with his right hand, swam mightily, and felt gravel beneath him, and fought toward shore, pulling hard. He felt Armand at the gaff's length away thud against a sunken boulder. His body hung a moment there, and during that

brief respite Rutherford got footing and stood up. He dragged Armand ashore. The guide had stopped breathing. Rutherford applied artificial respiration, till Armand blinked and gagged and gasped and lived and cried in pain:

"Easy! You break all my ribs!"

Rutherford, kneeling straddle the half-drowned man, heard a splintering crash and saw the canoe break in two on a ledge at the foot of the sluice; and he was tired. He got up. Armand tried to rise, and felt his sides ruefully; and then he lay down again and his face was white with agony.

They had to walk half a mile to borrow another canoe and cross the river. After that it was still a long mile home. Armand, clearly, was hurt; and there was blood on his lips at times.

But he could still walk, and speak, and laugh at his own words.

So they came home.

BEFORE Rutherford got Armand safe back to the farm, the whole thing had become clear in his own mind. His point of view had no pretense of sanity; there was no explaining it. He thought he was moved by a sort of inverted gratitude. He had saved Armand's life; had conferred upon the other man that priceless boon, had made Armand forever his debtor. But instead of expecting thanks, a reward, he was grateful to Armand. He loved Armand like a brother; he wished to serve him.

Certainly he could never now contemplate stealing Armand's wife. He knew that he loved her; but he knew this calmly and without heat, and he could give her up without despair.

He brought Armand home, and she took the hurt man in her arms, and Armand told her in rapid French how Rutherford had saved his life, and Rutherford helped her get Armand to bed; and then he drove away to town in the old car to fetch a doctor.

He stayed at the farm till Armand's recovery was sure; but until the day of his departure he had no speech with her at all, because she never left Armand's side. She seemed to hold the hurt man in her arms, in her bosom, as a mother holds a baby which is ill. She bathed his hurts in the healing flood of her love.

Rutherford had at times the feeling that she did not even know he was still there.

The day of Rutherford's departure, Armand—still helpless to move, though now surely recovering—spoke cheerful farewells, and spoke of the fishing they would have another year; and he sent his wife to help Rutherford put his luggage in the car.

She obeyed, so they went out of doors together, and Rutherford had his chance at last to persuade her to join him in renouncing their love and all their plans.

He told her:

"I have wanted to speak once more with you. To beg you to forgive me. We were mad, that night together. It was sweet and beautiful, and I shall treasure all my life the memory. Always our love will be a rich, secret part of each of us.

"But we must give it up. We can never do what we planned. Not to Armand. He is my friend, and he loves you. Forgive me."

He was trembling, yet exalted by this moment of mutual renunciation. He waited, breathless, for her word.

She spoke calmly, shaking her head. She said:

"Pas l'Anglais!"

Rutherford got into the car. He felt a little absurd as he drove away.

Loser's Luck

Continued from page 15

for lunch at the University Club. "Hear anything from Guinevere?" I asked casually on one of these occasions.

"She's coming home," said Jasper, and his eyes were alight with eagerness. "Coming home in a couple of weeks."

"Well, well. Guess I'll go down to the boat to meet her."

"I am going to the boat," said Jasper. It is difficult to describe the intensity he put into this simple statement.

"Are you?" I asked innocently. "Then I'll probably see you on the dock."

Jasper flexed his strong fingers as though he would like to feel them around my neck.

I DID better than meet the boat at the dock. I knew the advertising manager of a newspaper pretty well. He got me a pass on the cutter that carries reporters down the bay to meet incoming liners at Quarantine.

I crawled out of bed at 5 o'clock the morning the ship arrived. I rode down the bay with the newspapermen and made straight for Guinevere's cabin as soon as I had boarded the liner.

A voice, contralto and throaty, told me to come in. The voice wasn't anything like Guinevere's. It was thrilling. I opened the door. A girl looked at me. She had a big lovely mouth and she grinned. Her rufous hair rushed madly back from her forehead and the sun, pouring through the portholes, was glinting it with flame. She seemed as taut and gleaming and strong as naked steel.

"Well," this lovely stranger commanded, "ask me something. Go on."

"How are you?" I was in a daze.

"Fine. How are you?"

"I feel all right," I said, but I didn't. I felt as though I had been hit in the stomach.

"Do you want to know about my love life?" she continued.

"Very much."

"You also want to know what I think about American men, don't you?"

"No."

"How about your tall buildings? Don't you want to know what I think of your tall buildings?"

"Look here," I burst in, "are you married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Are you in love?"

"Say," she said, "what kind of a reporter are you, anyway?"

"Reporter? I'm not a reporter."

"Then what are you doing in my cabin?"

"I didn't know it was your cabin," I explained. "I'm looking for Guinevere Hodges, but that can wait."

It couldn't wait, though. Guinevere walked in at that moment. She exclaimed, "Terry!" and kissed me.

"Terry?" said the other girl—the only girl—"Oh!"

"Yes, Terry," said Guinevere. "Didn't he introduce himself? This is Terry Dorset. Terry, this is Jasper's sister, Mary."

I can't describe the trip to the dock for the adequate reason I can't remember anything about it. I was out on my feet.

Love, according to what I have read, gives most people the exquisite feeling

(Continued on page 60)

HERE'S "PROTECTION" WHEN IT COMES TO A REAL USED CAR BARGAIN

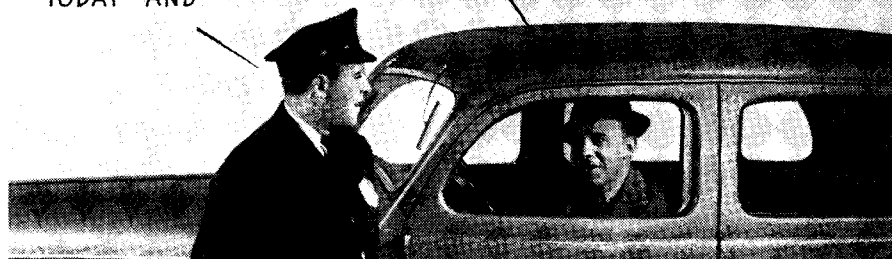
WISH I COULD AFFORD A NEW CAR LIKE THIS FOR THE MISSUS! BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON A USED CAR...

WHY, THIS IS A USED CAR! I BOUGHT IT FROM A DODGE DEALER. YOU'LL FIND DODGE DEALERS ARE JUST AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DODGE CAR!



MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT! I HEAR DODGE IS THE FASTEST-SELLING BIG CAR IN AMERICA TODAY—AND—

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THAT MEANS DODGE DEALERS SHOULD HAVE A FLOCK OF GOOD USED CARS TO CHOOSE FROM.

AND THEY DO! SEE A DODGE DEALER. YOU'LL FIND REAL USED CAR BARGAINS!



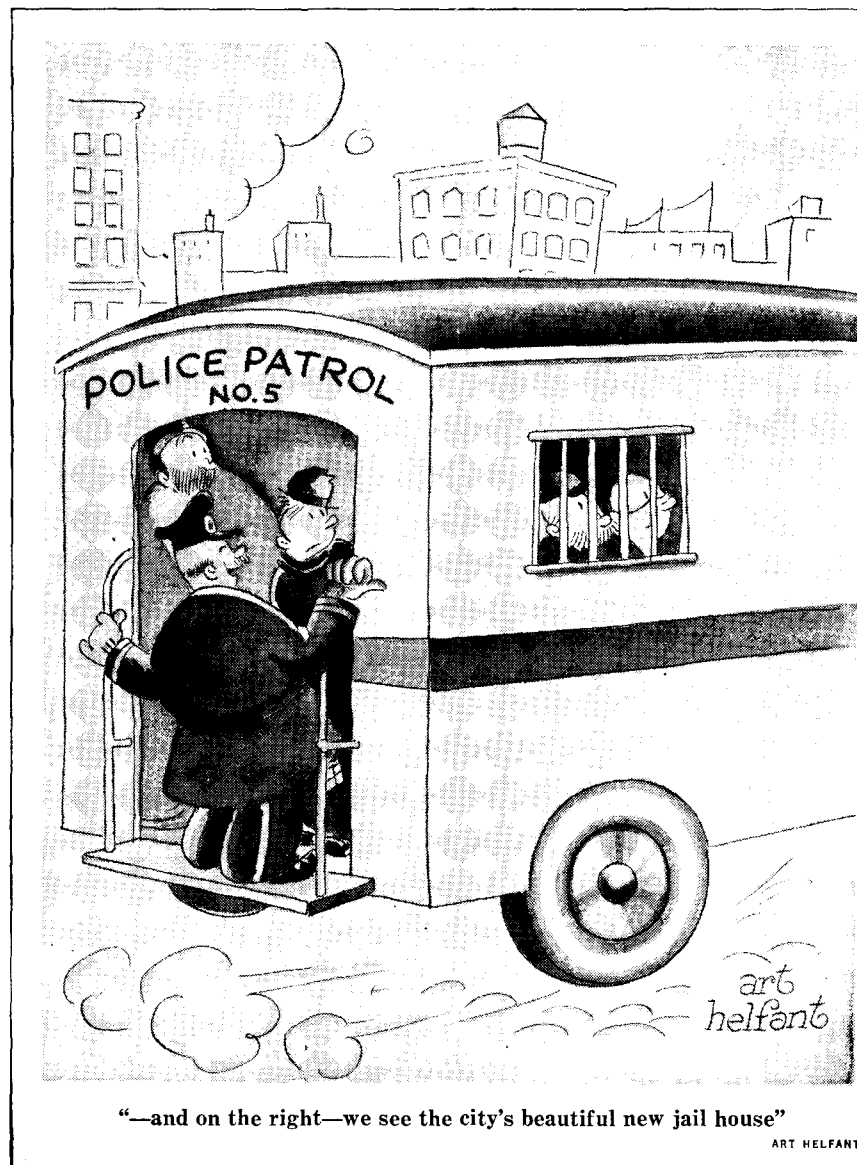
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"—and on the right—we see the city's beautiful new jail house"

ART HELFANT



Dear Grandpa:

Your \$5 helped me have a happy birthday. Thanks. I hope you'll like my new brand of tobacco. I'm sending you a sample package.

Affectionately,

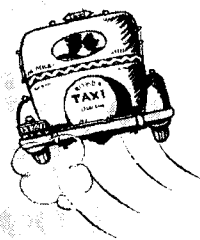
Jack



Dear Jack:

That Union Leader Tobacco of yours has that old Kentucky Burley flavor. But why spoil an old man with an expensive mixture? I can't afford such luxuries, and I trust you didn't spend all the \$5 on the tobacco.

Grandpa



Dear Grandpa:

Spend \$5 on tobacco? Why, that big tin of Union Leader I sent you cost only a dime. I spent your gift on my girl... we went to a show and a taxi ate up the rest.

Affectionately,

Jack

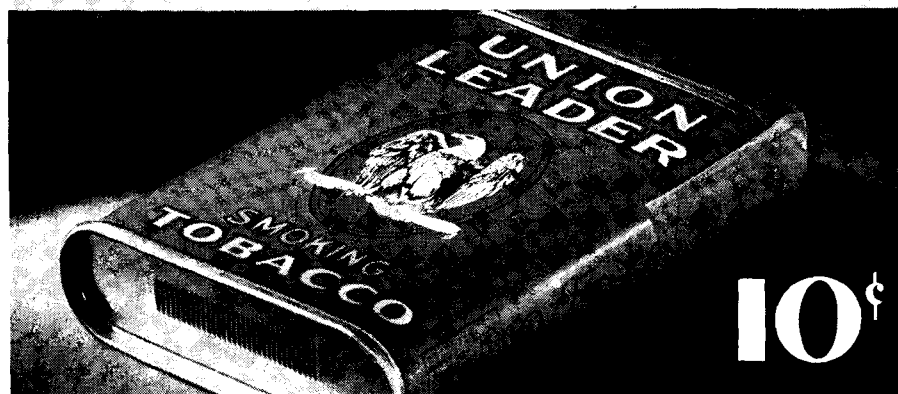


Dear Jack:

Good thing you told me the price of Union Leader. I was beginning to think you were getting a millionaire complex. Inasmuch as you're such a grand judge of fine tobacco, I'll bet that girl of yours is a pippin!

Grandpa

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

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JUDGE Union Leader any way you like. Sniff the fragrance of its mild, old Kentucky Burley. Enjoy its mellow flavor—its smooth blending of expensive leaf. Then glance at its price. 10¢?

That's what we said. And that's all Union Leader asks for a full-size tin of this prize-winning, flavorful, biteless tobacco... the swellest pipe enjoyment you can get. (Great for cigarettes, too!)

(Continued from page 59)

of ethereality. I didn't feel that way at all. I felt that I had swallowed a lot of cement and was sinking through green, swirling water.

As the liner eased into the dock, and we got sight of Jasper standing in the front line of the crowd, I came somewhat out of my comatose condition. I realized dimly there was business ahead.

Jasper's eyes blazed with anger as he saw me at the rail. A few moments later when Guinevere embraced him, they filled with such aching tenderness that I was certain at last this was no game to Jasper. This was love.

Yes, there was work to be done. There was that carefully and painfully nurtured scheme of mine that was howling for realization. That night I didn't do much sleeping.

I lay in bed and watched a big electric sign flash on and off across the street. It said, "Drink Potter's Ale for That Let-Down Feeling." It seemed to me a very sound idea and I got dressed in a hurry and went out and drank a lot of Potter's Ale. I found Mr. Potter was right. I remember I was making little circles with my glass when an electric bolt struck my brain so suddenly I expected to see smoke curling out of my ears.

Guinevere was going to Maine. Mary was to visit her and so was Jasper. My family was up there and it would be a simple move for me to trail along.

I would pick a fight with Jasper in front of Guinevere. I would beat him. And Guinevere, whose heart always went out to the vanquished, would soothe Jasper, bandage his wounds, and extend to him the healing balm of her love.

The idea seemed like a sweetheart. It was a double double-cross. I would not only beat the stuffing out of Jasper but I would hook him for life to a rosebud. I was humming a gay, lilting tune as I returned to bed.

ABOUT three weeks later, on a sweet and languid afternoon the four of us were on a small, rocky island. Mary had set up her easel. Jasper and I were trying to teach Guinevere the crawl.

Jasper, with his big hands supporting Guinevere's middle, was gentle and adoring. But it was no go, and finally I lost patience. "Guinevere," I said, "you're a sweet girl. You're nice to look at. But sometimes you're as dumb as a clam."

Guinevere flushed and as Jasper set her on her feet, her big eyes filled with tears. The blood drained from Jasper's face. He smacked me on the cheek. Through the stinging pain I remember thinking exultantly, "It's come!"

I rubbed my cheek tenderly and said, "That seems to call for action."

Jasper nodded. He was still unable to speak. Guinevere clasped her hands and uttered a beseeching squeak. Mary put down her brushes and sauntered over.

We chose a flat, grassy place.

Jasper seemed surprised when he missed twice with his left and even more so when I hooked him side-stepping and opened up his lip.

I began playing for his body, figuring either to wear him down or bring down his guard. This strategy cost me a right cross that rocked me back on my heels.

But at last I had him where I wanted him. I jabbed with my left—and my foot slipped. Jasper saw it. He started his right from somewhere around his knees. A load of dynamite exploded on my face.

Just before darkness swept over me, I was filled with stark terror. I imagined I would wake up with my head on Guinevere's lap. If I heard any birdies sing they were chirping the wedding march.

When consciousness returned a few moments later my first realization, accompanied by bewildered relief, was that

my head was on the ground—not on Guinevere's lap. Next I heard a voice, Guinevere's voice. It was saying, "Oh, Jasper, my big, strong, darling man!"

Cold water splashed over my head. I opened my eyes and saw Mary with an empty pail in her hands. She winked at me. I sat up. Was this a dream or wasn't it?

Jasper stood looking at me. Guinevere snuggled her arm through his. "Come, darling," she pleaded, "let's get away from this... from this so and so."

"Do you think you can manage one of the canoes?" Jasper asked.

I nodded and Mary said, "He won't have to. I'm going back with him."

Mary, it seemed to me, was being an awfully good sport. I didn't see how any woman could stand me after the exhibition I had just put on.

JASPER and Guinevere pushed off. I sat with my head in my hands, full of gloom and foreboding.

Mary sat down beside me. "Nice work," she said.

I didn't say anything. I thought she was being sarcastic.

She took one of my hands away from my face and looked into my eyes. "You're a much better friend of Jasper's than I imagined."

I shook my head to clear it. Mary misinterpreted the shake. She thought I was trying to indicate modesty and say "No."

"Oh, yes, you are," she insisted. "You were winning and suddenly you realized that unless you let Jasper beat you his hopes of getting Guinevere were lost. I saw you stick your chin out. I saw you take a dive." Her voice broke. "It was really noble of you, Terry."

I had heard of people being stricken dumb but it hadn't meant much to me until then. I tried to speak but I couldn't. The best I could do was to make a few gurgling sounds.

"But how you figured it out, I don't know," Mary added.

"Figured what out?" At last I was able to get some intelligible words out of my mouth.

"Why, that Guinevere needed to see Jasper win in order to be sure she loved him. Where did you get that knowledge of feminine psychology that made you realize Guinevere is so weak herself that her first demand in a husband would be protective strength?"

Suddenly life was a great-hearted adventure. Suddenly the world was an unutterably lovely place.

"Oh, I just picked it up," I said. "You learn a lot in the advertising business."

"Wonderful thing, the advertising business," Mary murmured. She nodded toward the distant canoe. "Poor Jasper," she sighed, "I can just see him. Minding the baby... digging the garden... raising jonquils. Guinevere loves jonquils but she won't raise them. She hates bugs."

I HADN'T said anything—really said anything. Nor had Mary. But a great, bewildering kind of happiness swept over me. Words weren't necessary. I put my arm around her. "How are you on bugs, darling?" I asked.

Mary considered. "We never were particularly chummy," she said. "Personally I can take my bugs or leave them alone."

"How about jonquils?"

"A jonquil is a sort of narcissus," Mary said. "Narcissus fell in love with his reflection in the water just as Jasper fell in love with his reflection in Guinevere's eyes."

"I'm glad I'm not a jonquil," I said, "it's much more fun falling in love with you."

Mary kissed me. "Well, it took you long enough to say it," she said. But she wasn't angry. On the contrary,

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Whiskey for
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4,000 miles of driving crusts spark plugs with Oxide Coating, soot and carbon. The Oxide Coating, particularly, causes intermittent missing—especially at high speeds and when the going is hard. It is this missing, often unnoticed, which wastes gasoline.

Alert to serve his customers, the proprietor of each Registered AC Cleaning Station is fully equipped to clean spark plugs well. Take advantage of his "while you wait" service. It costs only 5c a plug. The money saved on gasoline will repay you in a week.



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REPLACE WORN PLUGS WITH NEW AC'S . . . NOW 60c*

Thirteen million of the 21 million new motor cars registered in the United States during the last nine years left the factories equipped with AC Quality Spark Plugs. Get the plugs that actual use has proven to be completely reliable—that have given full value and full satisfaction in all kinds of engines and in all types of service. Insist on AC Quality Spark Plugs.

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Every Registered AC Cleaning Station uses this machine. It cleans all plugs quickly and thoroughly, and so saves you gasoline. Wherever you find this Cleaner, you can have—

PLUGS CLEANED
AND ADJUSTED
WHILE YOU WAIT

5c A
PLUG

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF THE "PLUG-IN-THE-TUB"

Conspirators

Continued from page 9

Suddenly it came to him that the passion he had thought stifled was as strong as ever. It was too much to bear. Too much!

He pulled his thoughts back to the white room. "My poor Kyra," he said, "I cannot tell you how dreadful all this is to me."

"Yes, but you don't think I am . . . I mean— But what are you doing here, Vassia? I simply cannot understand it."

Zubof's hand shook as he lit a cigarette. "You see," he said, "I always had a different viewpoint, other ideas. Naturally you think as your father thinks. I understood that when he sent you to France. You will never know how I suffered. I'll tell you the truth. I thought of suicide. You never wrote—"

Kyra lifted her hand and tried to speak, but Zubof stopped her.

"But I was angry; that helped. Your father called me a revolutionary because I had liberal ideas. Why should I enjoy the fruit of other men's labor just because I was the son of my father? You didn't see it, nor the general. . . . The old order has passed. Now I am given this work here. You must understand that I will do my duty without regard to anything in my earlier life."

To his amazement the young woman laughed.

"Oh, Vassia," she said. "You are wonderful! You make me quite frightened."

ZUBOF felt like a man who reaches the top of a staircase, thinks there is another step and finds there is not.

"You don't understand," he said. "This is serious. And I must ask you not to call me Vassia."

The girl's face, pale a few minutes before, was smiling. She seemed to be blind to the gravity of her position; to see herself simply as a young and attractive female, meeting again a young man she had enslaved long ago.

"Vassia," she said, "do you remember the first time I ever saw you?"

The investigator of the Cheka felt the red come into his face. What devils women were! Didn't the girl understand that her life was at stake?

"I'm afraid you don't yet understand what is facing you," he said.

The girl's face changed. It hurt him to see how forlorn she looked.

"Yes," she said. "But where is Ga— I mean, what are you doing here?"

Zubof hardened. "I am here by orders to replace a comrade who is ill. Really, Kyra," he dropped back into the old familiar manner, "you must keep to the matter in hand."

To his surprise, the girl said, "Then you are here only temporarily?"

"I don't understand why you are asking."

"Oh, well," said Kyra, wearily, "what is it that you want to say to me?"

"Unfortunately there is not much to say," said Zubof gently. "The case against you is too clear. You will have to understand that our old friendship is nothing now, that I must do my duty. I must not think of those old days. All I have got to decide is whether you are guilty or not. I give you the same chance to speak that I would give to anybody else. I do not blame you. With your bringing-up, your view of life, it was natural that you should feel as you do. But that doesn't change it. You are guilty of counter-revolution."

For a moment they looked at each other, the girl pale, swaying a little with weakness or fatigue, the man curious, troubled, unyielding. Then her eyes fell.

"Do you mean to say," she whispered, "that you think I am guilty?"

Zubof nodded. "I know you are guilty. I—I must judge you."

She looked at him long and searchingly. Then her manner changed.

"Very well, Vassily Petrovich," she said. "I must tell you. You have grown up since I last saw you, but I'm afraid you'll be startled. I hate to tell you, because I can see that you don't understand this kind of work, and you probably despise it. But—the fact is—I am a revolutionary. Galkin knows all about me. The truth is that I am working for him as a secret agent. He might never have known anything about all this business if I had not told him."

For a moment Zubof was startled. He caught himself. Of course she knew Galkin's name. That meant nothing. The rest was absurd and pathetic. He pressed the button.

"Egor Nikich," he said to the little clerk, without looking at the girl, "do you know this young woman?"

The clerk stared. "It is one of the prisoners," he said, "who have been here four days now. I brought her in twice to speak to Comrade Galkin."

"Yes, yes, I know," broke in Zubof. "But do you know anything else about her?"

"Of course not, Comrade," said Nikich, growing fearful. "I have never seen her before in my life. I know nothing about her except the facts as I have recorded them."

"But she says she knows Comrade Galkin," persisted Zubof. "She says that she is his agent, that she was working to show up the conspiracy."

The clerk was struck with panic. "Upon my word, Comrade Zubof, I know nothing. I cannot believe it. She has been treated like the rest of the prisoners. Comrade Galkin could have nothing to do with counter-revolution."

Zubof turned to Kyra.

"You hear that?" he said.

The girl paled.

"All right," she said. "I suppose he doesn't know, this little man. Go ahead, Comrade Zubof. Decide as you think fit. But if not for my sake, for the sake of the cause you say you serve, consult Comrade Galkin before you finish."

She walked towards the door. The clerk followed her, and the door closed.

ZUBOF put his elbows on the desk and tried in desperation to think it out. Of course he could not consult Galkin. With his full powers he had been given full responsibility. And the doctors had said that Galkin must not be disturbed. . . .

His mind leaped away. Something sweet and precious had come back to him. He half rose, his eyes eager. He must tell her! What madness! He dropped back into the ivory chair. This girl, this golden center of his life, a criminal, guilty beyond doubt. . . . For him, her judge, there was only to pass sentence . . . sentence . . . sentence . . .

He thought of the stories he had heard of Cheka executions—the blank courtyard, deep and narrow as a well, in the center of the high, dark building; the lantern held so that its light might fall on the figure leaning against the wall; the gleam of leveled rifles and the shadows of the men; at the side, quivering, the great truck with open exhaust sending crashes of sound against the steep wall.

No! He could not bear it. He dashed through the anteroom and into the street. Deaf to the shout of the soldier in his automobile, he ran along the pavement, driven by horror.

It was midnight when the young man

(Continued on page 64)

★ INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS ★



3rd + 4th Generations in The Mutual Benefit

Stuyvesant Peabody, 3rd Generation. Stuyvesant, Jr., 4th Generation. Mr. Peabody, Sr., is President of the Peabody Coal Co., Chicago

"THIS boy's great-grandfather was the first," said Stuyvesant Peabody, Sr. "Signed up back in 1882. Then straight down through his son, my father, to me and my son. All confirmed Mutual Benefit policyholders. It's a family tradition."

"We believe in this company, choose it because it practices the highest ideals in life insurance management and in every relationship with its policyholders. I myself have taken the limit with The Mutual Benefit."

A GOOD PRODUCT... A GOOD AGENT

A striking point in the Peabody case is that the policies on all four lives were written by one and the same Mutual Benefit agent . . . over

a period of approximately fifty years.

Mutual Benefit agents score steady successes because they have a good product to sell. They take the broad view, study your specific needs and base their advice on the estate building principle that life insurance is property.

As a policyholder in The Mutual Benefit you enjoy unusual advantages. The following may be mentioned:

New benefits apply retroactively to all policies as far as possible.

Maximum liberality in case of failure to continue policies in force, and in settlement of claims.

An unbroken dividend record since organization.

Start a Mutual Benefit "chain" in your family. Now. Get a plan. Our representative will give you a good one.

The MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Newark, New Jersey

MODERN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1845

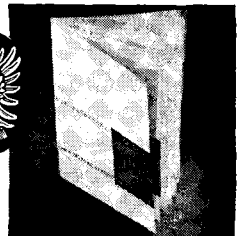
Life Insurance is Good Property

An adequate Mutual Benefit program gives you the satisfaction of knowing not only that your family is fully protected but that you are building a sound enduring estate. Write for booklet, "GOOD PROPERTY," which tells you how and why.

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Street

City



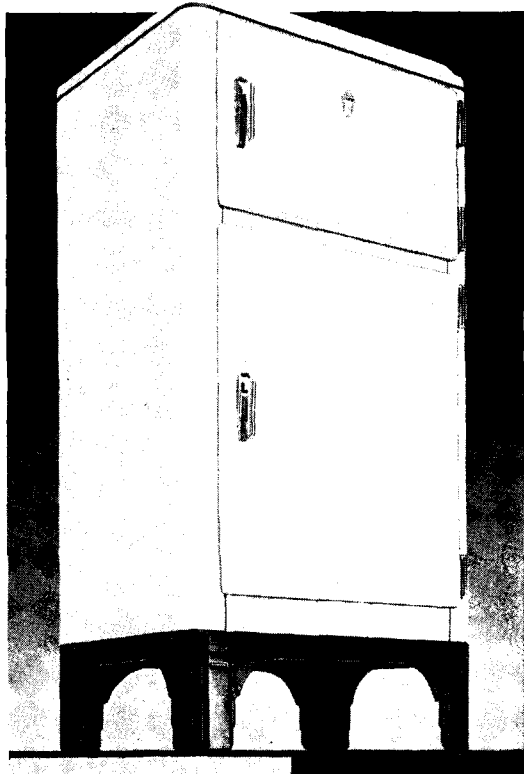
Coolerator

The Air Conditioned Refrigerator

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

**LOOK AT THE PRICE
THEN TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE**

\$74²⁵*



**TWICE THE
SPACE...YET SHE
PAID LESS!**



YOU'RE NOT THINKING
OF PAYING \$98⁰⁰ FOR
THIS! COME
OVER TO
MY HOUSE.

(AT MARY'S HOUSE)



I ONLY PAID \$74²⁵ FOR
MY BIG COOLERATOR.

MARY, IT'S
WONDERFUL!



THERE'S TWICE THE ROOM
INSIDE-AND COOLERATOR
HAS A PATENTED AIR-
CONDITIONING
CHAMBER!



Try Coolerator 10 days FREE! Only then can you appreciate the great advance air conditioned refrigeration is over cold air refrigeration.

Only Coolerator has this patented air conditioning chamber that not only keeps the air constantly cold, but also humidifies, purifies and circulates it throughout.

The amazing results: Foods stay fresh longer because they don't dry out. Strong food odors don't taint other foods... because, they are quickly carried away through the patented air conditioning chamber. No need to cover dishes.

Ice is used as a refrigerant, but in such an amazing new way that the temperature in the food compartment is constantly cold and under ordinary conditions, re-icing once every four to seven days is enough.

Ice cubes, crystal clear, in five minutes, frozen desserts in 45 minutes, are other Coolerator advantages which may be had for a slight additional cost.

Coolerator costs only $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of what you expect to pay. The large six cubic foot size is only \$74.25. Other home models, in snowy white Dulux finish with chromium hardware, from \$31 to \$148. Commercial models in many sizes.

Thousands of women who have tried Coolerator 10 days FREE have chosen this amazing new kind of refrigeration. Telephone your Coolerator dealer or ice company, or write The Coolerator Company, Duluth, Minn., for your copy of the booklet "Fresher Foods at Half the Cost."

Tune in on MARY PICKFORD'S PARTIES
AT PICKFAIR every Tues. evening, at 10:00 P.M.,
Eastern Standard Time,
Columbia Broadcasting
System. Sponsored by the
country's leading ice and
ice refrigerator companies



ONLY COOLERATOR GIVES YOU ALL SIX

1. Patented Air Conditioning Chamber
2. Cold, Washed, Humidified, Circulated Air
3. Constant Removal of Food Odors
4. 5 minute Ice Cubes (Slight extra cost)
5. Frozen Desserts in 45 minutes (Slight extra cost)
- *6. A Big Family Coolerator, six cubic foot size, for only \$74.25 F.O.B. Factory.

(Continued from page 63)

stumbled upstairs to his apartment. He fell forward beside the bed, without knowing that he had fallen.

As the drug of physical fatigue wore away, one idea beat louder than the rest. There was one escape, the one which had offered release three years ago. But to kill himself was not to save Kyra! Kyra must die. That he could not live after that did not matter.

The blood coursed back to his brain, and a new train of reasoning came. She must die, and he; their short lives had been linked for this end by some black destiny. His armor of materialistic Marxism was shattered by the hammer of Slavic fatalism. A few quick breaths of pain or pleasure, effort and achievement, failure and despair... Why, and to what end? Useless to ask... *nichevo*... He fell asleep.

HE WOKE late, relieved and strangely peaceful. There was disapproval in the sentry's face as he entered the square house, and a note of reproach, as Egor Nikich said, "We've been wondering what happened to you, Comrade Zubof. You went away in such a hurry. You didn't even give us your address." Then he whispered, "He's come back again. He wanted to see you. He doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Who?" asked Zubof.

"Comrade Galkin. He came in at nine o'clock and asked for you. You weren't here."

The clerk opened the door of the inner room and announced, "Comrade Zubof."

Behind the desk, perched on the high ivory chair, was a figure so tiny, so neat, that it seemed like a mannikin. The little blue eyes were bright, the lips full and scarlet, but the voice deep and assured. With a wave of the hand, he said, "Come in, Comrade; and please be careful not to walk on the white carpet."

So this was the meaning of the red baize, thought Zubof, as he saluted and came forward.

Galkin regarded his manicured nails. "You are late, Comrade. I was able to return—these stupid doctors; always

mistaken! Explain what you have done."

Zubof had only one subject in his mind. "She is guilty," he said. "I have decided to have her shot."

"You will forgive me, Comrade, if I fail to follow," came the soft reply. "Explain."

"Kyra Nicolaevna," said Zubof.

The little man polished his nails against his cheek. "And the others?"

"Tatiana Ivanova I released. She has been stupid and indiscreet, but she is not capable of conspiracy. The peasant Ozol is a subordinate, but he is deep in it. He must be shot. I have not yet seen the rest, but there is no doubt that Kyra is the head of the whole plot."

There, it was over. He could face the future—the short future that was left to him.

"A young man of remarkable acumen, admirably qualified to take my place," murmured Galkin. Then his temper broke. "Don't you know anything, you idiot?" he shouted. "The fools, to send me a cub like this, a numskull, a clodhopper, a soldier! That girl is the best agent I've ever had, the only one who can go everywhere, meet them all on their own ground!"

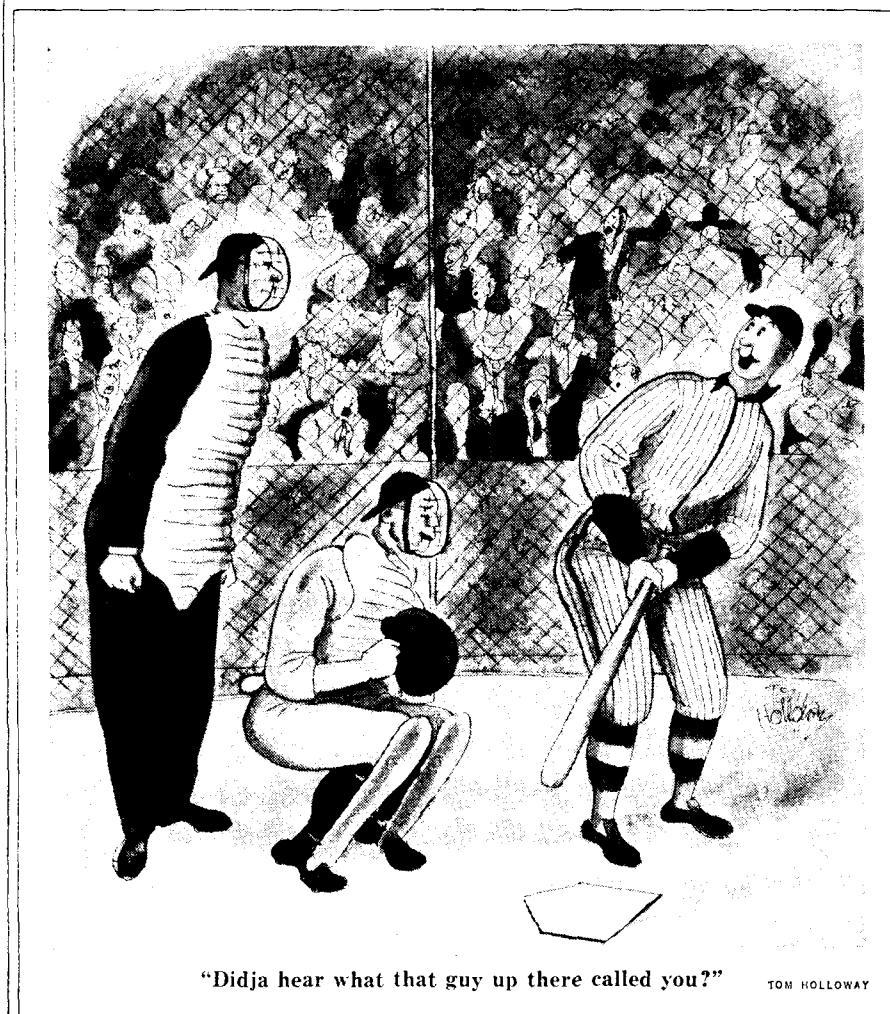
"I don't care about that gossiping old beldam. She's guilty as hell, but we can catch her again. I've seen the peasant myself. Oh, yes, he's guilty, too—of smuggling vodka. But Kyra, my best agent—to think that you... Get out of here! Get back to your farm, back to your stupid army!"

ZUBOF stumbled from the room.

Egor Nikich looked at him with pity; he had overheard. The sentry's salute was halfhearted.

They knew him for what he was, Zubof thought; a fool, an incompetent, a failure. They thought him drowning in a flood of humiliation.

To their amazement his back was straight and his face confident and bright, and he smiled as he waved goodbye. There was no room in his mind for shame or plots or even for the Party. All his thought was of Kyra, saved for life and love.



"Didja hear what that guy up there called you?"

TOM HOLLOWAY

A CRUDE CHALLENGE

every
motor oil
in the world

"VEEDOL provides lubrication protection to the modern motor, unmatched by any motor oil in the world." That is the challenge... and here is the proof.

Today, motor parts are smaller, clearances are finer. That means the lubricating oil film must be *thinner!* Motors operate for longer periods at greater speeds. That means the oil film must be *smoother!* Motors generate higher internal heat and friction. That means the oil film must be *tougher!*

And the thinnest, smoothest, and toughest of all oil films is the Veedol "Film of Protection." Veedol is made exclusively from Bradford Pennsylvania crude oil... the finest, the costliest crude in all the world (as shown by daily market quotations). Veedol is made by the world's largest refiner of Pennsylvania lubricants (as shown by government statistics).

It is that combination of the world's finest raw material and the matchless experience of its refiner that makes Veedol possible... that makes it the world's finest motor oil.

No wonder Veedol brings to your modern motor a positive protection against costly wear and tear! No wonder Veedol, with its modest price, dares to challenge any oil at any price.

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INDESTRUCTIBLE



VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S COSTLIEST CRUDE

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Strong-Back Golf

Continued from page 22



NOT A PICTURE
OF
"NO MAN'S LAND"

...but it tells a grim story of
DESTRUCTION!

Here is a microphoto that shows a portion of the dirt and grit and small metal particles and hard carbon that find their way into every engine. These deadly abrasives were filtered out of the circulating oil stream by a Purolator Oil Filter, during 8000 miles of driving... stored away in the Purolator reservoir... and rendered harmless. Otherwise they would be carried to the engine's closely fitted moving parts... to grind away at valves, and cylinder walls, and bearings.

A genuine Purolator keeps the oil so clean that it even retains its color for many thousand miles.

AND NOW REMEMBER THIS



**YOUR PUROLATOR MUST BE RESERVICED
AFTER ABOUT 8000 MILES**

That is because its reservoir has become so full of this destructive sludge that it will hold no more. Your garage man will give you this service while you wait. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, New Jersey.

P U R O L A T O R

The Oil Filter on Your Motor Car
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Owners of Ford V-8 Passenger cars or trucks, can now secure a genuine Purolator Oil Filter with all the attachments, at a price of \$3.25 plus a small charge for installation.

derived a deal of comfort from that theory. So several years later, at Pinehurst, I backed Joe up in a corner and asked for more.

"Well," said Joe reflectively, "I may be a bit too blunt, about that dumbness. Maybe it's less a matter of intelligence than of imagination—the less imagination you have, the better you play.

"You see, it's this way," Joe went on, "with these new sets of 'matched irons' and 'matched woods' too, you don't need a great variety of shots any more—the fade and the draw, the push-shot and the cut-pitch, the wind-cheater and the running-iron. The half-stroke and the three-quarters, with irons and pitching tools, are out of the picture now, except with some of the old-timers. Nowadays, you select a club from your matched set that will just get you there, and bang the ball as hard as you can. You master one stroke—the full swing—and pick out the proper club. If you're too dumb to do that, the caddy usually can do it for you. And besides, he carries the twenty or thirty pounds of hardware in a large bag."

Well, I've been mixed up with this game thirty-eight years, come Michaelmas, and I've seen it come along from the Gutter Era of the Gay Nineties, when a busted 80 was worth a case of anybody's champagne, to the present day, when a winter tournament without twenty or thirty busted 70's is regarded as something of a washout—just as I've seen baseball progress, or retrogress, to where each major league sports fifty or sixty batsmen hitting better than .300, instead of five or six.

A change in equipment has improved scoring in golf, just as the rabbit-ball has improved—or at least has increased—scoring in baseball. But if you will show me an old-timer in either pastime who contends that the game has improved in the last two decades, I will endeavor to shoot him.

Not for the Duffer

Now—speaking of golf—all this scientifically mechanized equipment is a vast boon to the duffer, ambitiously striving to reduce his average score from 100 to 90, or maybe from 150 to 145. And the ambitious duffer constitutes about ninety-five per cent of our golfing population, and I love him, and am heartily in accord with his ambitions.

But what chance has the A. D. to resist temptation, and, especially, what chance has his caddy, when that new Super-Dynamiter appears; a club that with the simplest swing (not even a twist of the wrist) will extract a ball from the awe-inspiring depths of Hell Bunker at Old St. Andrews; and the Windjammer, which automatically punches the ball low into the gale; and the Chipper—all you have to do is hit the ball in the back and watch it curl up by the flag; and the new putter, with the index on its little head, so you can't line the putt up all wrong?

Where the old spoon (it was a lofted driver at first) came bashfully back into play some thirty years ago in America, we now have the Big Spoon, just under the brassie; and a plain or cooking-spoon, and a No. 4 Spoon, and also a No. 5 Spoon, to say nothing of a revival of the interesting Bap and its illegitimate offspring, the Baffy—all these lofted woods to take the place of the longer irons, if you don't play the irons so well. But you carry the irons along just the same, because they're in the set, which now includes Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, and at times Number 10, not to

mention the Super-Dynamiter, the Light Sand-Wedge, the new Utility Iron, the Windjammer, the Chipper, etc.

And now they're planning to supply a No. 8½ for that puzzling little range just between the No. 8 and the No. 9—indeed, Chick Evans told me not long ago that he was playing a round with a professional who employed the No. 8½ for a couple of shots. So that probably means a line of half-numbers, stepping the ranges down a mere five yards at a time, instead of the present ten-yard gradation.

You hit the ball—we do the rest! Simple, isn't it? For the experts, certainly.

But the good, old duffer still doesn't find golf any too darned simple, and he never is likely to, and, anyway, while wishing him all kinds of good luck and blessings and that sort of thing, it's not my job to follow him about a golf course and observe his performance; I get plenty of that through a tin ear in the locker-room.

The Set in 1897

Let us rather consider the Grade A golfer and the "improvement in golf," as viewed by the popeyed fan in the thundering herd that is the gallery, and also by the callow critic to whom a busted 70, like the primrose on the river's brim, is a busted 70 to him and nothing more.

They bust plenty of them, these days. I read in the same paper not long ago that Jimmy Hines, former Long Island caddy and a member of the Younger Set, took charge of the Riverside Open tournament in California with a 66 in the second round and went on to win, with a total score of 276—an average of 69 to the round—while at the same time Willie Klein, three thousand miles away in Florida, played the last two rounds of the Miami Open in 64 and 68, for the nearly unprecedented total of 272—an average of 68 strokes to the round.

They're good, these young sprouts—they're great... I'd like to arrange a professional tournament some time, four rounds of medal play, over a tough, old-fashioned golf course with, say, sixty entries made up of the ultra-modernists and some old-timers, each contestant limited to a set of six clubs; any six he might select. I'd want Willie MacFarlane and MacDonald Smith and Walter Hagen or Bobby Cruickshank in the field. And I'd like some sucker to give me those lads in a modest wager, and keep the other fifty-seven varieties for himself.

Let's go back a moment toward the beginning of golf in America, in the Gay Nineties—the Gutta Percha Days—and see what constituted a set of clubs in 1897, when the first American golf book was written by H. J. Whigham, who won the second and third United States Amateur championships in 1896 and 1897.

The "set" in 1897:

Driver, brassie (spelled brassey) and spoon, for the three wood clubs, Mr. Whigham suggests definitely.

A cleek or driving-mashie, "for distances of about 150 yards"—this was for the stubborn old gutty ball, understand; a light iron, "which you may employ for any distance from 120 yards down to 30 or 40"—please note the implied versatility; a mashie or loftier, and a putter.

This set, with the loftier, comprises eight clubs.

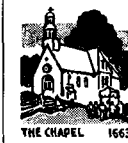
Sort of pathetic, isn't it?

Well, George Sargent, professional at the East Lake Country Club of Atlanta, who started his career under the wing



It Happened in the OLD Province of QUÉBEC

The Age of Miracles is not dead



THE CHAPEL 1663

They're still happening at Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, the miracles that were an old tale to the believing of 1665. Whatever one's faith, one should see the Canadian Lourdes and the world-famed shrine nestling at the foot of N'ont Ste-Anne, where the pile of discarded crutches grows ever larger.



THE SACRED WELL

In unspoiled Québec there is much to be seen just as God made it. Opposite Ste-Anne, in the St. Lawrence River, and connected to the mainland by a beautiful bridge, is the Ile-d'Orléans, with its parishes of St-Pierre, Ste-Famille, St-Francois, St-Jean, St-Laurent, Ste-Pétronille. Here can still be seen the real, old French Canadian country life, with its still-living folk lore. Oxen plough the farm lands and dog carts are a familiar sight on the roads. Here grand'mère spins in the sunlight as a grand'mère spun three hundred years ago, and croons the same queer old chanson that the other grand'mère crooned.



CHURCH AT ST-FAMILLE
ILE D'ORLÉANS

What a vacation! And who that ever came to Québec could fail to come again? And what a welcome awaits you! Bienvenue à Québec!

WHERE TO GO—WHAT TO SEE

Montréal, Hull and the Gatineau Valley, the Laurentians, the St. Maurice Valley, Québec City, Laurentide National Park, Lac St. Jean and Chicoutimi, Eastern Townships, Gaspé and lower St. Lawrence, Abitibi and Témiscamingue.



COME
by
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but be sure to
COME to QUÉBEC

Good Hotels and Inns
Everywhere

For maps and descriptive literature, write your home travel agency, Automobile Club, Chamber of Commerce, or Provincial Tourist Bureau, Québec City, Canada.

PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU

ROADS DEPARTMENT

QUÉBEC - CANADA

of Harry Vardon, and who won the United States Open in 1909 with one of the best scores in the book, 290—George Sargent recalls that Vardon, playing practice rounds on his home course, Ganton, and using only six clubs, produced in the same week six consecutive rounds of which the worst was 68.

At the top of his game, says George—and the top of Vardon's game lasted more than twenty years—the Old Master was accustomed to carry eight or nine clubs in his set: driver, brassie and later a spoon; cleek (a narrow, long-bladed No. 1 iron), midiron (the No. 2 of today), mashie-iron (a strong No. 4), mashie, niblick and putter.

Take a little inventory of your own outfit, Mr. Duffer, and see if you've forgotten how to blush.

Speaking of the Dynamiter, Sand-Wedge, Blaster, or whatever they call the blasted excavating implement today, Bobby Cruickshank, a younger member of the Older Set, told me recently at Augusta that if they took this one device (he would not call it a club) away from the younger generation of professionals he would expect to see their scores average five strokes worse per tournament.

"If you swing hard and hit the ball," said Bobby Cruickshank, "you can't help getting it out of trouble."

Pounds of Iron

And reverting to Joe Kirkwood's curtain lecture, and the standardization of golf into a full bang with every club, down to the chip and the putt, the beneficent policy of today extends markedly into the design and maintenance of most of our American golf courses, which also are standardized.

As the matched sets of clubs are designed and constructed for a carefully graduated series of shots, all played with a full swing in the popular "power mode"—the right-to-left—so are the standardized golf courses designed and constructed to fit those shots, blandly, obviously and without finesse; with greens neatly targeted with bunkers, but with surfaces amiably faced to the approach, and so thoroughly watered at all times that they will embrace lovingly any sort of lob from iron or pitching tool that drops upon them.

No more is required the crafty cut-shot, beloved of the great Taylor, to control the ball on the lightning greens of the British Isles; or the low-flying mashie with terrific backspin that set the gallery in a roar when Francis Ouimet was putting golf on the front page for the first time in America, as he turned back Harry Vardon and Big Ted Ray in the play-off at Brookline in the Open of 1913.

When Chick Evans tied with Bobby Jones for the medal at 36 holes in the qualifying round at Flossmoor, a course of 7,000 yards, in the United States Amateur of 1923, Chick's outfit, which I listed at the time, consisted of a brassie, a midiron, a jigger, a mashie, a mashie-niblick, a niblick and a putter. Seven clubs. And when he won both the Open and the Amateur championships the same year, in 1916, he carried a driver along with the brassie, but no mashie-niblick. Still seven clubs.

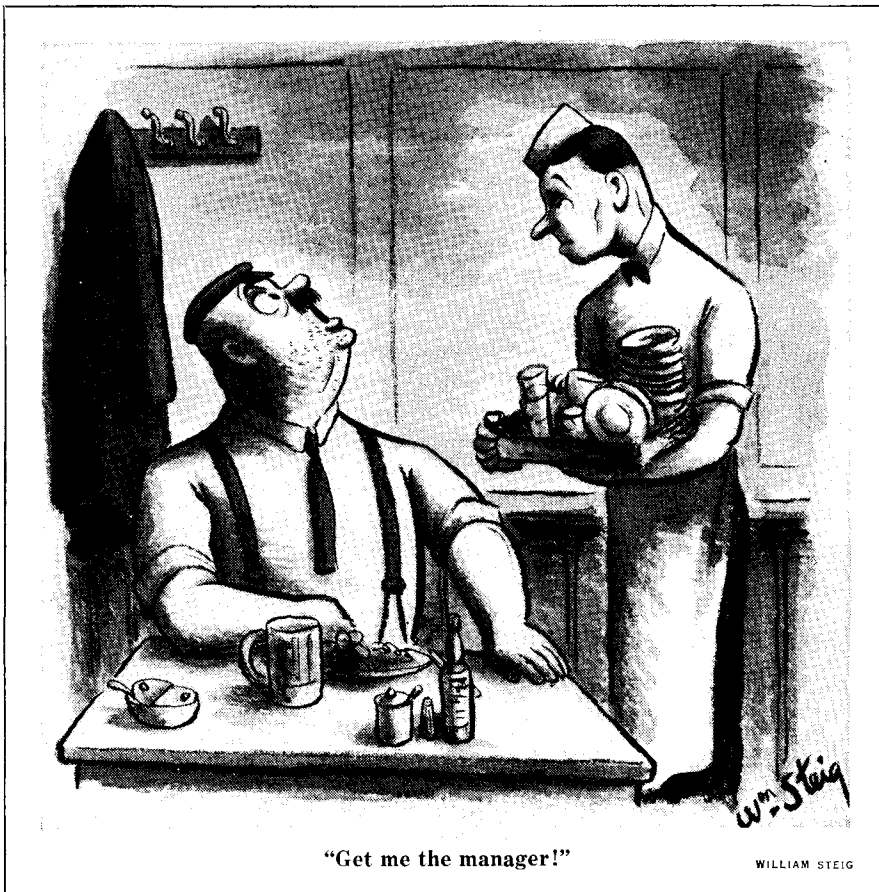
And the popeyes may even find something here to ponder—Chick Evans' score of 286 in the United States Open of 1916 at Minikahda still stands as the record, equaled only once, in 1932, at Fresh Meadow, by Gene Sarazen.

"They added pounds of iron in the bags," Chick said to me sadly, not long ago, "and they took tons of skill out of the game."

Well, there it is—the old game standardized. More popular than ever since, and conceivably because of, the advent of the Strong-Back Era, in which the good old duffers are whacking strokes off their cards with matched sets of clubs, and the Grade A golfers are slapping 70 in the face instead of 80. Except, my popeyed friends, in the Open championship, a competition in which something still seems needed, in addition to glistening wood and polished iron in the golf bag.

Some of the iron must be in the blood of the winner, in that show. And much of the Open championship, after all, must be played on what Eddie Loos has called the Five-and-a-Half-Inch Golf Course, which is between the ears.

Joe Kirkwood's famous rule finds its exception in the Open championship. Have a look at the next one, at Baltusrol—and count the 70's and the busted 70's. At Oakmont last year you could count them on the thumbs of one hand.



"Get me the manager!"

WILLIAM STEIG

YOUR INITIALS for YOUR CAR

2 Sets in Gold and Red

One set for
each side of
your car . .

6¢



TEN TO ONE, *you* have always wanted your initials on your car, to give it that extra touch of distinction. Now you can get them from Du Pont—your *own* initials, in stylish, durable letters which you can apply yourself, easily and quickly. They look just like those the coach-makers put on the finest cars.

And, of course, you'll want to polish the car before you install your initials. It's such an easy job when you use Duco Polish. You just rub it on—and wipe it off! It soon cleans away dull Traffic Film, and makes the car sparkle like new. It's quick—it's safe—it works perfectly on all car finishes.

Because we want you to see how easily you can keep your car beautiful, we make this generous offer.

HOW TO GET YOUR INITIALS

Purchase a can of Duco Polish, Duco Cleaner or Duco-Wax and send the tag (which you find on top of the can) with 6c in stamps, and your name and address, to DU PONT, Annex 7, Wilmington, Del. We will send you promptly two sets of your initials, one for each side of your car. This offer is made for a limited time, and is good in the U. S. only.

DEALERS: Write for tags for your stock. Give inventory.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



DU PONT DUCO POLISH

for "Duco," "Dulux" and Synthetic Enamels

FOR SOUND SLEEP TONIGHT



Try this natural drugless way that helps so many nowadays

If you toss and turn when you go to bed—if you “count sheep” night after night in a vain attempt to sleep—here’s news that may completely solve your problem.

For now there is a way to foster sound sleep quickly—entirely without drugs. A way that is promoting restful sleep and quiet nerves for thousands of people at night—and abundant new energy next day.

Called Ovaltine, it was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food-drink for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians noted that, when it was taken *hot* at bedtime, it was often a remarkable aid to sound and restful sleep.

As a result, Ovaltine has become world-famous as a drugless aid to natural sleep—while thousands of physicians approve its use which has spread to 54 different countries today.

How Its Action Is Explained

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is “conditioned” for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that hollow, restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep.

New Energy—New Vitality

In addition, Ovaltine contains certain important food elements that are needed to maintain natural energy and strength. And it furnishes them in a form that’s extremely easy to digest. (In fact, it digests so easily you might almost think it was *pre-digested*.)

Thus Ovaltine really acts in two ways to heighten natural energy and strength:

Indirectly, through restful sleep—and *directly*, through the special food elements it supplies.

That’s why so many users report that they awaken feeling so much more vigorous mornings—and possess so much more stamina and “driving force” throughout the day.

See For Yourself

If you have trouble sleeping at night—or feel listless and logy in the morning—we urge you to give Ovaltine a trial. You may be surprised at the difference it makes in the way you look and feel.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before getting into bed. See if you don’t fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, perhaps, in weeks and months . . . In the morning, take stock. See if you don’t feel much fresher than usual—and possess more nerve poise and energy, too.

Thousands of delighted users have had this experience with Ovaltine—and it may achieve a similar result for you. Phone your druggist or grocer now. Or, if your need is not immediate and urgent, mail the coupon below for a liberal trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-NIGHT TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. S6-C5
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.
(One package to a person.) 3616

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
(This offer good in U. S. A. only.)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.

Under Pressure

Continued from page 17

packing. Except for betrayal by her too-hasty lips she could have run to get the key or told Tobalito to fetch it, handed it over and said goodbye. A miraculous deliverance had been hers for the taking, but something inside her had turned it down. Why? Out of a puzzled daze she heard Van Suttart’s answer.

“In the gully I dived into when the second welcoming party opened fire. At first I thought the thing was a wreck, but it isn’t. Except for some missing paint and its tattered top all its fixings are in place, including a brand-new set of tires.” They arrived at the bridge. “Too bad you missed seeing me cross this thing with a barrel-roll and a zoom.”

“I didn’t,” said Joyce. “It was really funny, but don’t bother to show me again. I’ll send Tobalito over to get your things.”

THEY stood and watched while the *mozo* ran lightly across and presently returned. Laden with duffel bag, rifle, coonskin coat, cap and gloves, his bare feet met each sway as firmly as if he were walking on level ground. Dirk offered to relieve him of part of the load but he refused and trotted back to the *hacienda* ahead of them. Joyce watched Van Suttart with a curious expression as he replaced the bar on the great gate and then that of the *zaguan*. Reluctantly she led the way diagonally across the outer court and into the inner patio. He paused on its threshold and drew a long whistling breath.

“Give me time,” he murmured, faced with the sudden burst of its luxuriance, “give me time!” Luz came hurrying toward them, her dark eyes hard and questioning. Joyce gave her a rapid order. “You’ll have to talk faster than that for me to miss it,” said Dirk. “You told her to give me a room as far away from yours as possible.”

“Yes, and you’ll find it’s about a quarter of a mile,” said Joyce sharply. She was angry—no longer at him but at herself. Why had she done this thing—admitted an enemy when she could have let him go? She saw Maxie approaching. Hadn’t he warned her? “Since we ourselves are our only friends, whoever comes from without must be a foe.”

“Who’s the poor devil of a blind man?” asked Dirk, cutting in on her thoughts.

“It’s Señor Maximiliano, the superintendent,” explained Joyce. “Maxie, let me introduce Mr. Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of the American Embassy.”

Don Jorge threw up his head as he held out his hand gropingly. “Ah, my apologies.”

“What for?” asked Dirk.

“It was by my order you happened to be greeted with bullets.”

After a pause for further amenities Dirk followed Luz and Tobalito, but Joyce remained behind. “Maxie,” she said, “you’ll have to rescind that order or at least modify it.”

“Why? Is this young man a friend of yours?”

“No. As it happens he’s scarcely an acquaintance, but think it out. If we had killed him the government couldn’t have helped sending a battalion against us.”

“That’s so,” admitted Don Jorge ruefully.

“Let’s get things straight, Maxie. I have every respect for the Mexican government because while I’m here it’s my government. Our fight is with Dorado and Dorado alone. Shoot at him or his men whenever you like but at nobody else. Is it understood?”

“It is, *chica*,” said Don Jorge, “and you’re right. You carry a wise head on so young a body.”

Dirk was led around two sides of the balcony and then through a maze of corridors to a room where a single window looked down upon the walled enclosure of an abandoned threshing floor. It was comfortable rather than luxurious. There was a big bed, a reading lamp, a table, one bergère with leg rest, two straight chairs and an enormous wardrobe. Finding the duffel bag was unlocked, Luz opened it and inside five minutes had unpacked all it contained, hung the few clothes and laid away the linen. She showed him a bath directly opposite his door and disappeared, taking Tobalito with her.

He shaved and washed but did not change; then he found his way back to the balcony and stood with elbows on the rail watching such a scene of activity as reminded him of a certain week in spring at his boyhood New England home. The only difference was that here men did the scrubbing while women scurried. Not only did floors come in for holystoning; ceilings and walls were being swept, woodwork washed and metal rubbed, while blankets, rugs and curtains were being carried out in armfuls to be beaten and to air.

It was no place for a loafer. Hugging the rail he slipped down the stairs, intending to embark on a tour of discovery. As he passed the half-open door of what had once been Joyce’s playroom he heard a low whinny. He entered and a moment later was passing knowing fingers over the heads, across the withers and down the legs of as fine a pair of hunters as he had ever handled. Where there were such horses there must be gear. He went out and walked along slowly, trusting his nose more than his eyes. No sooner did he emerge from the inner patio than the smell of leather led him to the tack room, and what a tack room! Harness, bridles, spare bits and stirrups; saddles of every description, handmade, home-made and imported. Two English ones promptly caught his eye. He lifted their flaps, flexed the stirrup leathers and groaned.

A METHODICAL search unearthed half a gallon of neat’s-foot oil and an unopened tin of saddle soap. With a sigh of satisfaction he threw off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Oblivious of the passing hours he remained unaware of Joyce’s approach. She stood watching him with unbelieving eyes. Here was no coxcomb but an expert who knew exactly what he was about and recognized no goal short of perfection. A feeling of envy assailed her as she broke in on his absorption.

“I’m sorry I called you names.”

“Eh? Oh, it’s you. When?”

“You know; that first day at the chancellery.”

He nodded and then frowned, reminded of his mission.

“That was a long time ago,” he said with a shake of his head as if to wake himself up. “You’ve certainly been stepping since then.”

“It does seem long,” admitted Joyce, “but it’s only a week. I’m curious. How did you get here and why did you come?”

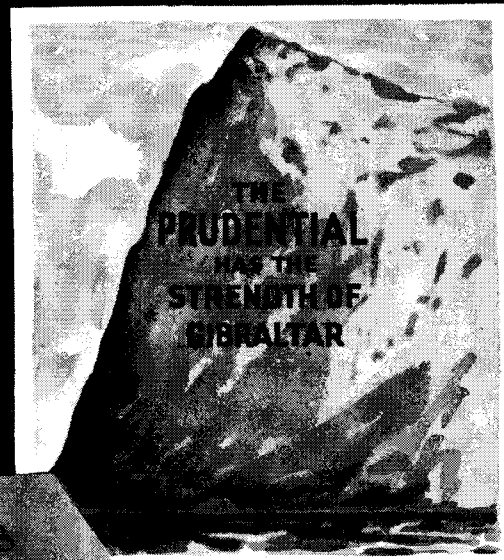
“Official business,” said Dirk. “Instructions.”

“What instructions?”

He dragged a flimsy from his hip pocket, unfolded it and studied the penciled interlinings with a frown. “I can’t read it all because it’s marked confidential, but it says I’m instructed to locate you with all possible dispatch, show every attention including provision of funds and guard without annoying you.”

(Continued on page 70)

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While he spoke Joyce had drawn near. With a sure movement, a pull rather than a snatch, she possessed herself of the paper and stepped back into the sunlight where she could read it at her ease. "So," she exclaimed, "I thought so! Prospective stepfather! What business is it of his? Why should he be giving you instructions?"

"Oh, not Mr. Blackadder. The Department of State."

"That's worse," said Joyce, her eyes flaring. "On what grounds?"

Dirk thought desperately but fast. What was the club Arnaldo had used on Margarida? He remembered. "On the grounds you're a minor."

Joyce's eyes traveled over him thoughtfully. "I came to tell you lunch is ready," she said at last. "While we're eating I'll decide whether to give you the run of the place on parole or have you locked up."

Not waiting for his answer, she turned and he followed.

She showed him a washroom which saved him many steps. Then they lunched. Dirk sat on Joyce's right, Don Jorge Maximiliano on her left and they were served by a barefooted procession of servants equal in number to the variety of dishes.

FOR a time, there was silence. Dirk, reminded of the hunters, asked about them.

"The last of a noble strain," said Don Jorge. "Dorado kept them close at hand, but as things turned out not quite close enough. He alone rode them, a daily profanation."

Dirk turned to Joyce. "Do you mind if I tend to them? They need grooming."

"I'd love to have them looked after," said Joyce, "but what about your parole?"

"You have it," said Dirk promptly. "I give you my word I won't pass the gates until you say I can go—and perhaps not then."

"Will you teach me to ride?" she bargained.

"Certainly." He spoke with confidence. "I'll be ready to give you your first lesson in an hour."

She rose from the table. "I'm not sure I can make it, but I'll try. We dine in this room at half past seven."

On his own responsibility he moved the hunters into two box stalls adjoining the tack-room. One after the other he curried and groomed them until their hides shone. For an hour a group of *campesinos* had encircled him, seated on their heels, smoking, spitting, saying nothing, but watching his every movement with glittering eyes. Among them was Tobalito. Dirk addressed him.

"What are their names?" he asked. "The bay is Tronido and the sorrel they call Rayo."

"Thunder and Thunderbolt," translated Dirk. "Are they gentle?"

Tobalito shook his head. "They were once; no more."

Every bridle in the tack room was murderously equipped and it took some time to discover a couple of discarded snaffle bits, polish and substitute them. Dirk undertook to ride the bay first. He was prepared for trouble but somewhat to his disappointment, certainly to that of the crowd, there were no pyrotechnics. The animal recognized a master and his only show of insubordination was a quivering sidling toward the outer gate and freedom. Dirk walked, trotted and finally cantered him on a reach where the cobbles were bedded in chaff. He put his mate through the same meager exercise and found him equally amenable and spirited; nevertheless when Joyce ap-

Under Pressure

Continued from page 68

peared upon the scene there were no hunters in sight. In their place, ready saddled with the same gear, stood two rat-tail country ponies.

"What's the idea?" she asked, flushing angrily as she took the reins he handed her.

"Now don't be cross, please," begged Dirk. "You wouldn't expect to play a concerto at your first music lesson, would you?" He looked her up and down admiringly. "If you don't ride, how do you happen to have the jodhpurs?"

"I bought them as soon as I knew I was coming," said Joyce, mollified by the frank admiration in his eyes. "You notice they haven't been worn."

"We'll soon fix that," said Dirk and proceeded to hand out the ABC's of equitation.

His patience matched her impatience and finally conquered it through sheer endurance. He made her mount and dismount a dozen times—reins, stirrup, pommel, then spring. When she was all but exhausted they rode at a walk and finally at a trot. She looked longingly toward the *zaguan*.

"I wonder if it would be safe," she murmured, "just for a little way?" She spoke rapidly to Tobalito in Spanish. "Go ask Leonardo if there's any trouble in sight. We want to ride only as far as the bridge and back."

Tobalito departed at a run, presently emerged from the northeast bastion, waved his hand and proceeded to drop the bar on the *zaguan*. A moment later she and Dirk passed through the outer gate and immediately she put her pony into a canter. The gait was so easy she promptly forgot she had been tired, threw back her head and laughed. It was a joyous sound, joyous and musical, a sound quite strange to Dirk's ears and rare in her own. True to her word, they rode only as far as the bridge and turned. The next instant she wondered what had happened. The scrawny pony between her knees had made for the open gate as though shot from a catapult. She did not go with him. She landed, all sitting, with a jar that shook every tooth in her head. While she was still seeing stars Dirk was on his knees at her side.

"Hurt?" he asked. "Don't be silly," she exclaimed angrily. "Of course I'm hurt. But not much."

SHE scrambled to her feet and walked before him. In silence they reached the gate, passed through the courts and the patio. She disappeared and he was not to see her again until dinnertime. Having bathed and dressed in his one lounge suit, he entered the dining-room. She was there. He stared at her as if once more he were discovering the unknown, so different did she look in a fresh summer frock like a splash of flowers. The meal finished, the three of them sat for an hour of lazy talk, since on any *hacienda* time ceases with the setting of the sun. When at last she rose Don Jorge lifted his face toward her.

"Shall I make the rounds, *chica*, or will you?"

"I'll do it," said Joyce.

"Perhaps you might show Mr. Van Suttart," said the blind man. "Since he is now our friend he could relieve us of the duty."

Joyce hesitated, her eyes downcast. "Very well. Mr. Van Suttart, will you come?"

Dirk followed her through tortuous passages, up a spiral stairway and out on the esplanade of the rectangular roof. At the four corners towered the bastions. Beneath their feet were flat tiles so thick and so deeply embedded they could have

withstood a cannonade. As far as the eye could reach shimmered the pale gold of the prairie, broken only by the distant snowy peak of the Nevada de Toluca. Above their heads arched the low heavens, dangling the lantern of the moon and pierced by the myriad dots of silvery stars. Beauty stopped them—stopped their breath, their hearts—as though they had crashed against a wall.

They faced each other with a gasp. A moment hung between them—a moment they must not lose. It was something visible, that had shape, round, translucent like a bubble—and like a bubble it broke and was gone. Mind had triumphed over dreaming. They were strangers with no right to own anything in common, even a bubble. Joyce shivered, but not from the cold.

"Come along; we've got to visit the four towers and it's quite a walk."

NO MAN, woman or child could reach Adán Arnaldo between six in the morning and five in the afternoon, the hour when he ordinarily sat down to breakfast. There were exceptions to this rule but they were made only by himself and well in advance. As a consequence, by the time the Minister of War could get in touch with him, Helm Blackadder was already closeted with the ambassador, who opened the interview by handing over a resumé, written in his own hand, of the situation to date.

"There you are, Mr. Blackadder, and I don't mind saying Miss Sewell's escape has managed to put the United States government, as represented by my unfortunate self, in a nasty hole. You asked us for assistance; I now return the compliment by calling upon you to help me out."

"How?" asked Blackadder.

"That's the very question I was going to put to you. You have all the facts. What do you suggest?"

Blackadder rose to pace up and down the room, his fists doubling as he walked. Finally he stopped and turned, his legs slightly straddled, his hands hanging at his sides. "Your clearing up of the mystery as to where Joyce got the money is the only essential change in the picture I've been studying since I found out she had come to Mexico. Wipe that off the slate and I'm exactly where I stood before. I see no reason to modify my original plan."

"What is it, may I ask?"

"Find me a car and a man who knows the way to La Barranca. Once I get in there I'll guarantee to bring the girl out."

"Your confidence is very encouraging," said the ambassador, "but let's talk the thing over a little further. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit."

"On what grounds do you intend to base your action?"

"She's a minor and authority has been delegated to me by her legal guardian," said Blackadder.

"You're sure she's under age?" interpolated the ambassador anxiously.

"You probably know the laws of the State of New York better than I do. A girl becomes of age at eighteen for certain purposes and at twenty-one for others. I'm willing to risk an assumption."

"Good enough," said the ambassador with a nod. "But do you intend to rely entirely on persuasion?"

"I haven't thought out the details," admitted Blackadder gloomily, "but I suppose that's what it will amount to—persuasion in one form or another." He threw up his head and a steely glint lit in his eyes. "I've been a man of action

(Continued on page 72)

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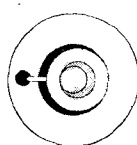
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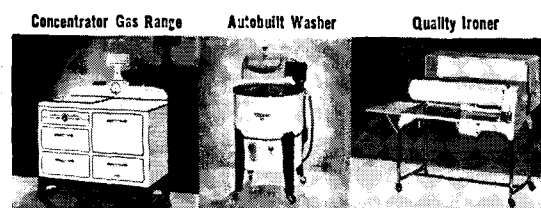
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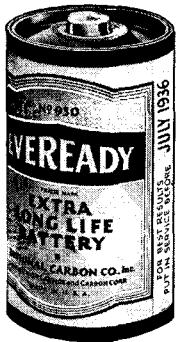
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all my life, sir, but I've never yet crossed a bridge before I came to it."

The ambassador leaned back with a sigh of relief. "The moment I laid eyes on you," he stated, "I felt encouraged and I'm glad to say every minute of our interview has increased my confidence. I had planned to send Mr. Van Suttart, our second secretary, to La Barranca. As it happens he's not available at the moment and I'm beginning to think his absence may prove a godsend. Do you know why?"

"I can guess," said Blackadder. "If there's any way to keep this a private family matter you'll breathe a lot easier."

"Exactly," agreed the ambassador. "By the same reasoning I can't offer you an Embassy car but I'll have the town searched at once for a good one owned by somebody well acquainted with the roads and the location of the *hacienda*. When could you start?"

"At dawn tomorrow," said Blackadder. "I'd go tonight but I doubt if we'd gain much time and it won't do me any harm to get some sleep."

HE NAMED his hotel and left the Embassy at the exact moment Arnaldo, half across the city, was being shown into the private study of the Minister of War.

"Adán, my friend!" exclaimed the minister, holding out both hands.

Arnaldo dodged the embrace but grinned, showing a gleam of white teeth. "How much is it going to cost me?" he asked. "From the welcome, I'll bet it runs into thousands."

"You've guessed it," said the minister, "but the wrong way round. Thousands for you."

"I can't believe it! Spread the map."

"Sit down and I will. It's a matter of

buying off a young girl at anything up to fifty thousand dollars. You might talk her into signing for thirty, twenty or ten. With your tongue and looks you might get her to do it for nothing. However you manage it, the balance is yours, and no questions asked."

Adán turned his head in a peculiar gesture of alertness. "Who's the girl? What's her name?"

"She's a young American, Miss Joyce Sewell."

Arnaldo threw out his hands and rose. "You're too late—too late by a lot of hours."

"Why? What do you know about it?"

"She went to La Barranca a couple of days ago. How long would it take Dorado to cook her goose? Figure it out for yourself."

"Dorado!" gasped the minister, stifling a laugh. "Apparently you haven't read this morning's papers." He thrust forward the same newspaper clipping he had shown the ambassador. "Cast your eye over that."

Arnaldo read the single paragraph, his expression changing at almost every line. When he reached the end he burst into a roar of laughter. "Pepe, of all people! Pepe!"

"You think it's funny?" said the minister.

"Funny? It's so funny I'm going to have sore ribs for the rest of my life." He folded the clipping and put it in his wallet. "That kid and Dorado! You know Pepe; have you met her?"

"No," said the minister. "Have you?"

"Sure thing. She came to my place."

"What is she like?"

"Lovely. So young she's still damp behind the ears, but with wide-open dark blue eyes. Moses! To have seen her shoot up Pepe I'd have given— No, no; I mustn't. If I don't stop thinking about



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LOUIS PRISCILLA

it I'll kill myself with laughing. And Margarida Fonseca told me the girl had gone to plead with him—to throw herself on his mercy!"

"Margarida Fonseca!" cried the minister, suddenly going tense and leaning forward.

"Sure, and what of it?"

The minister sank back. "The plot gets thicker," he explained, "and when I say plot I mean plot. But I begin to see the light and by it the finger of Onelia. The time has come for you to declare yourself. Which are you for—him or me?"

"You," said Adán promptly. "Now tell me what it's all about."

AFTER ten minutes' talk the minister picked up a signed slip of paper and read its contents aloud: "As Minister of War and with the consent of my government I guarantee the payment of an amount not to exceed fifty thousand dollars in case the Señorita Joyce Sewell, daughter and heir of Cutler Sewell, signs a quitclaim to the property known as La Barranca and leaves the Republic of Mexico within two weeks of the date hereof." He passed it to Arnaldo and asked with pardonable pride, "You notice the simple wording? Whoever brings in the quitclaim together with this order gets the money."

"Provided the girl has left Mexico."

"Yes, yes; of course. We don't care to have the job of expelling her but once she's across the border we'll undertake to see she doesn't come back. What about it, Adán? Doesn't it look like easy money?"

"On the face of it," said Arnaldo slowly, "it does—too easy. Where's the catch?"

"For a man like you and with your resources," said the minister, "there's no catch whatever. There can't be. What's your answer? Will you take it or not?"

Adán stood staring at the paper in his hand without seeing it. "I'll go," he declared finally.

"Splendid," said the minister, cracking his knuckles. "When?"

"Tomorrow."

"You couldn't start tonight?"

"No. I've got to arrange to leave somebody in charge at El Tenebroso since there's no telling how long this job is going to take."

They shook hands and he started out, but before he reached the door the telephone rang and with such insistency he paused. A moment later the minister was holding up his hand, ordering him to wait. The conversation began with "Yes, Excellency," and ended with the same phrase. He relinquished the apparatus and sat back.

"Well, Adán, you have a rival. The ambassador is sending his own emissary, a compatriot with the strange name of Blackadder."

"Good," said Adán. "Blackadder—it sounds like a snake. Then that lets me out."

"On the contrary; it doubles the importance of your mission. My thinking of you was a stroke of genius, because the more *gringos* get mixed in this business the worse it is for us. Besides, I feel the ambassador's choice hasn't a chance of success."

"Why not?"

"He's a stepfather."

"A stepfather!" exclaimed Arnaldo unbelievably.

"I correct myself," said the minister; "a prospective stepfather."

The two Mexicans stared at each other, shook their heads in mutual bewilderment; the minister threw out his hands, Arnaldo shrugged his shoulders.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "what do I get out of it?"

"I told you!" gasped the minister. "Isn't fifty thousand enough?"

"That's for the girl," said Arnaldo coolly. "If I lick Onelia, save your neck, attend to Dorado and keep a couple of countries out of war it's going to cost you fifty thousand more. Is it agreed?"

"I suppose so," said the minister after a long pause. "Do you want me to put it in writing?"

"Why should you?" asked Arnaldo with a thin gleam of shining teeth. "Once I've heard it, you and I know your word is as good as your bond—once I've heard it."

He departed.

Arnaldo knew when to rush at a job and when to take it easy. In the case of Margarida Fonseca, time had been the essence of the operation but the present situation was radically different. Instead of a kidnapped girl it was a question of a kidnapped *hacienda* with the young lady as the offender. Why hurry? He got away around seven in the morning, curled up in the back seat and disposed himself for slumber. Juanito, his daredevil driver, knew little of speed under sixty miles an hour, consequently Adán's nap ended violently a little after eight o'clock. For a moment he thought it was an earthquake, then realized it was merely the difference between the road before and after Toluca. He climbed into the front seat and presently was dangling from the overhead struts as Joyce had done. They came to a fork in the trail and the chauffeur started to bear left.

"No," said Arnaldo.

"Why not?" asked Juanito.

"Do you think I'm going to stand this ten miles farther than I have to? Drop me at the footbridge, then you and the baggage can take your time driving around the *barranca*."

The dips were many, yet the rises few, as is true of any plain country griddled by arroyos. Down and out was the rule, not down and up. The car groaned and so did its driver while Arnaldo swore. As they rounded a low butte the white blot of La Barranca burst into view, yet neither of them saw it. Instinctively Juanito slowed even before Adán could tap his wrist. Directly before them, possibly a little over halfway to the distant *hacienda*, a troop of horsemen was swirling in contracting circles around a slowly moving car.

"Back up," ordered Arnaldo, "and hide her. Stick her nose against the hill."

JUANITO obeyed. A moment later they were climbing the mound, which was crowned by a growth of three kinds of cacti, one of them a towering and many-branched sample of the giant torch variety. They approached it on their hands and knees, thrust their heads to the left and right of its trunk and watched. The horsemen, having brought the car to a halt, had gathered in a group ahead of it. Now a thickset man stepped out of its tonneau and walked directly toward them. Scarcely had he left the car than its driver raced it backward into a Y turn, reversed his gears and presently was shooting at top speed across the plain with his recent employer in a direct line between him and the bandits. Faint hoots and jeers came to the ears of the hidden watchers. They saw bullets knock sparks from rocks to the right and left of the fleeing motor but its own dust created an incomparable smoke screen. It escaped and continued its terrified rush toward Toluca.

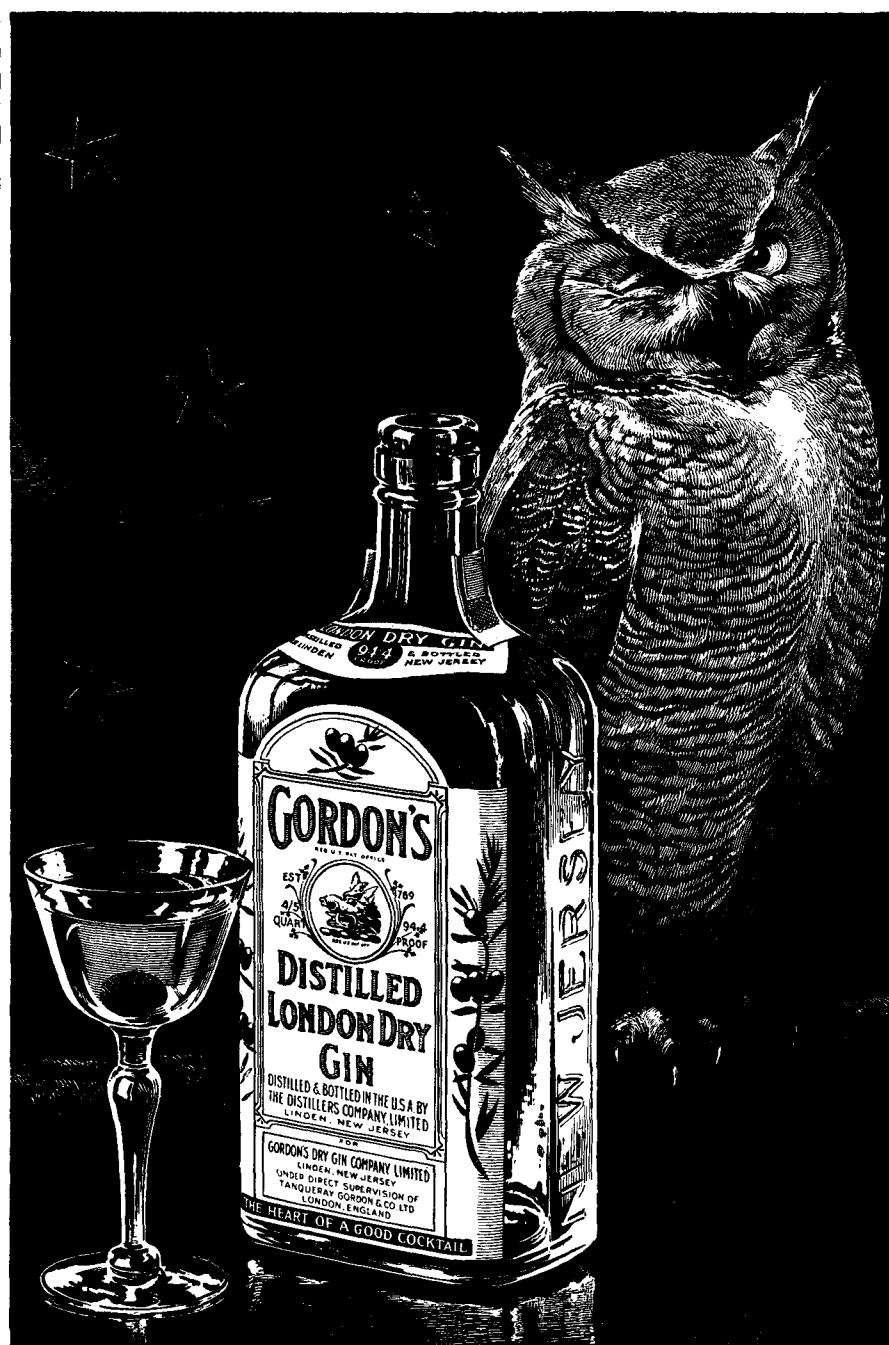
"For once a coward saves his master's life," murmured Arnaldo.

"I don't get it," said Juanito.

"The man you see down yonder is a *gringo* named Blackadder. Dorado and his men would have filled him full of holes if his louse of a driver hadn't created a diversion."

"Dorado!" breathed Juanito in an awed whisper.

(To be continued next week)



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The Invisible President

Continued from page 26

rapidly nearer. Smith crossed to the window. A searchlight was sweeping the sky. A moment he watched, then turned, acted—and his actions were extraordinary.

Seizing the abbot bodily, he hurled him in the direction of the door! Then, leaping forward, he threw the door open, extended a muscular arm, and dragged him out. On the landing, Dom Patrick staggered; Smith grasped his shoulder. "Down!" he shouted, "down the stairs!"

On the landing below:

"Lie flat!" cried Smith.

The noise of an airplane engine grew so loud that one could only assume the pilot deliberately to be steering for the Tower. Came a volley of rifle fire. . . .

They were prone on the marble-paved floor when a deafening explosion shook the Tower of the Holy Thorn as an earthquake might have shaken it. Excited cries followed, crashing of fallen debris; an acrid smell reached their nostrils: the drone of propellers died away.

Abbot Donegal rose to his knees.

"Wait!" cried Smith, breathlessly.

The air was pervaded by a smell resembling iodine. He distrusted it, and stood there staring upward towards the top landing.

"Smith!" came huskily—"Smith!"

An increasing clatter of footsteps arose from the stairs below, and presently Mark Hepburn appeared.

"All right, Hepburn!" said Nayland Smith. "No casualties!"

Hepburn leaned heavily against a handrail for a moment.

"Thank God for that!" he panted. "It was an aerial torpedo . . . we saw them launch it!"

"The plane?"

"Will undoubtedly be driven down."

Cautiously they mounted the stairs and looked into the dark wreckage which had been Dom Patrick's study. There were great holes in the roof through which one could see the stars, and two entire walls of the room had disappeared. All lights had gone out. Nayland Smith started as a hand touched his shoulder.

He turned. Abbot Donegal stood beside him, pointing.

"Look!" he said.

One corner of the study remained unscathed by the explosion. In it stood the microphone installed that day and from the plaster wall above, St. Jerome looked down undisturbed. . . .

"A sign, Sir Denis! God in His wisdom has ordained that I speak tonight!"

LOLA DUMAS lay curled up on a cushioned settee; she wore a rest gown and slippers, but no stockings. And in the dimly lighted room the curves of her slender, creamy legs created highlights too startling in their contrast against the blue velvet to have pleased a portrait painter. Stacks of crumpled newspapers lay upon the carpet beside her. Her elbows buried in the cushions, chin resting in cupped hands, Lola stared across the darkened room, her somber eyes speculative, almost menacing.

On the front page of the journal which crowned the litter, a large photograph of Lola appeared. It appeared in nearly all the others as well. She was the most talked-about woman in the United States. Drawings of the dresses to be worn by her bridesmaids had already been published in the fashion papers. It was to be a Louis XIII wedding: twenty tiny pages dressed as Black Musketeers, with Lola herself wearing the famous diamond necklace upon the recovery of which

(Continued on page 76)



"Of course the nursery is sheer whimsey!"

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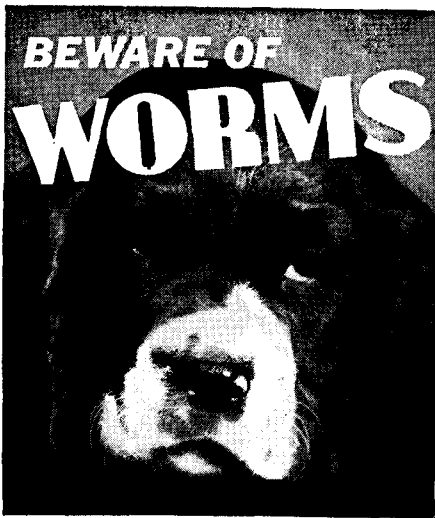
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The Invisible President

Continued from page 74

Dumas' greatest romance is based. An archbishop would perform the ceremony and not less than two bishops would be present. A cardinal would have been more decorative; but since the rites of the Church of Rome had been denied to Lola following her first divorce, she had necessarily abjured that faith.

Lola was to be married in her father's Park Avenue home. Five hundred invitations had been accepted for the reception; the Moonray Room of the Regal-Athenian had been rented, together with the services of New York's smartest band.

So keen was the interest which the magnetic rise of Paul Salvaletti had created throughout the world, that despite the disturbed state of Europe, war and the rumors of war, special correspondents were being sent to New York by many prominent European newspapers to report the Salvaletti-Dumas wedding. This wedding would be the master stroke of the master schemer, setting the seal of an international benediction upon the future President. Love always demands the front page.

But in the somber eyes of Lola Dumas there was no happiness. She lived for what she called "love" and without admiration must die. In fact, after her second divorce, the circumstances of which had not reflected creditably upon her, she had proclaimed that she intended to renounce the vanities of the world and take the veil. Perhaps, fortunately for her, she had failed to find any suitable convent prepared to accept her as a novice.

There came a discreet rap on the door. "Come in," Lola called.

She sat upright, slender jeweled fingers clutching the cushions as Marie, her maid, came in.

"Well?"

Marie pursed her lips, shrugged and nodded vigorously.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, madame. He is there again! And tonight I have found the number of the apartment—it is Number 36."

Lola swung her slippers to the floor and, clenching and unclenching her hands, began to walk up and down. In the semidarkness she all but upset a small table upon which a radio was standing. Marie, fearing one of the brainstorms for which Lola was notorious, stood just inside the door, watching fearfully. Of course, Lola argued, Paul's mysterious absences (which since they had been in Chicago had become so frequent), might be due to orders from the President. But if this were so, why was she not in Paul's confidence?

It was unlikely, too, for on many occasions before, and again tonight, he had slipped away from his bodyguard and had gone alone to this place. Tonight, indeed, it was more than ever strange: the Abbot Donegal was broadcasting, and almost certainly his address would take the form of an attack.

ANY man who admired her inspired Lola's friendship, but Paul Salvaletti had been the only real passion of her life. There were many who thought that she had been Harvey Bragg's mistress. It was not so.

The intrusion of the woman Adair had terrified her, followed as it had been by her own transfer to nurse's duties (which she understood) in Chinatown. She hated the thought of this Titian blonde's close association with Paul. Mrs. Adair was cultured, too, the widow of a naval officer, a woman of good fam-



"Your shyness won me, Wilbur, but it will never hold me!" ROLAND COE



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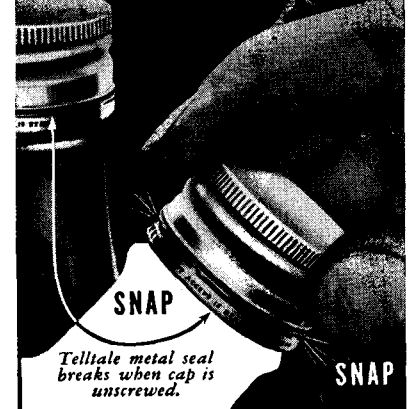
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WHEN YOU BUY FLEISCHMANN'S DISTILLED DRY GIN

See Page 77

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ily . . . and always the plans of the President were impenetrable.

Abruptly, long varnished nails pressed into her palms, she pulled up in that wildcat walk, right in front of the radio.

"What's the time, Marie?"

"It is after eight o'clock, madame."

"Fool! Why didn't you tell me!"

Lola dropped down onto one knee; she tuned in the instrument.

Suddenly came a voice:

"This is a national broadcast . . ." Formalities followed, and then: "I must apologize for the delay. It was caused by an accident to the special microphone, but this has been adjusted. You are now about to hear Dom Patrick Donegal, speaking from the Tower of the Holy Thorn."

LOLA DUMAS threw herself back upon the settee, curling her slim body up, serpentine, among the cushions. She was striving with all her will to regain composure. The beautiful voice of the priest helped to calm her; she hated it so intensely, for in her heart of hearts Lola knew that the Abbot of Holy Thorn was a finer orator than Paul Salvaletti. Then her attention was arrested:

"A torpedo of unusual design," the abbot was saying coldly, "fired from an airplane, wrecked my study, and delayed this broadcast. I am now going to tell you, and I ask you to listen with particular attention, who fired that torpedo into my study."

With the judgment of a practiced speaker, he paused for a moment after this sensational statement. Hourly, Lola had expected an attempt to be made to silence the abbot. It had been made—and had failed! She began to listen intently. This man, this damnable priest, was going to wreck their fortunes!

When he resumed, Patrick Donegal with that unflinching art in which Cicero has been his master, struck another note:

"There are many of you, I know, who day after weary day have returned from a tireless and honorable quest of work, to look into the sad eyes of a woman, to try to deafen your ears to that most dreadful of all cries coming from a child's lips: 'I am hungry.' The League of Good Americans, formerly associated with the name of Harvey Bragg, has, I don't deny the fact, remedied much of this. There are hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of men, women and children in this country, who today have won that meed of happiness which every human being strives to earn, through the offices of the League. But I am going to ask you to consider a few figures—figures are more eloquent than words."

In three minutes or less, the abbot proved (using Nayland Smith's statistics) that over the period with which he dealt, alone, some *two hundred million dollars* had been expended in the country through various activities of the League which, even admitting the possibility of anonymous donations from wealthy supporters, could not have come out of national funds!

"You may say, and justly so, this is good: it means that unearned wealth is coming into the United States. I ask you to pause—to think. . . . Is there such a thing as unearned wealth? Even a heritage carries its responsibilities. What are the responsibilities you are incurring by your acceptance of these mysterious benefits? I will tell you:

"You are being bought with alien money!" the abbot cried; "you are becoming slaves of a cruel master. You are being gagged with gold. The League and all its pretensions is a chimera, a hollow mockery, a travesty of administration. You are selling your country. Your hardships are being exploited in the interests of an alien financial genius who plans to control the United States. And do you know the nationality of that man? He is a *Chinese*!"

"Who is this man who tonight attempted to murder me in my own room. This callous assassin, this ravisher of a nation's liberty? By the mercy of God my life was spared that I might speak, that I might tell you. He is an international criminal, sought by the police of the civilized world, a criminal whose evil deeds dwarf those of any home-grown racketeer. His name will be known to many who listen: it is Dr. Fu Manchu. My friends, Dr. Fu Manchu is in America—Dr. Fu Manchu tonight attempted my assassination—Dr. Fu Manchu is the presiding genius of the League of Good Americans!"

A moment he paused, then:

"This is the Invisible President whom you are being bribed to send to the White House!" he said in a low, tense voice; "not in his own person but in the person of his servant, his creature, his slave: Paul Salvaletti! Paul Salvaletti, who stands upon the bloody corpse of Harvey Bragg . . . for I am going to tell you something else which you do not know: Harvey Bragg was assassinated to make way for Paul Salvaletti."

Even in the silence of that room where Lola Dumas crouched among the cushions, it was possible to imagine the sensation which from coast to coast those words had created.

"The wedding of the man Salvaletti promises to be an international event, a thing for which distinguished people are assembling. I say it would be an offense for which this country would never be forgiven," he thundered, "to permit that sacrilegious marriage to take place! I say this for three reasons: first, that Paul Salvaletti is merely the shadow of his Chinese master; second, that Paul Salvaletti is an unfrocked priest; and third, that he is already married."

Lola Dumas sprang to the floor and stood rigidly upright.

"He married an Italian girl—she was just sixteen—Marianna Savini, in a London registry office on March the 25th, 1929. She accompanied him secretly when he came to the United States; she has been with him ever since: she is with him now. . . ."

"**I**T WAS a good shot," said Captain Kingswell, "although at such close range that row of lighted windows offered a fine target. But it isn't the gunner, it's the pilot I want to meet. The way he dipped to the tower was pretty work."

"Very pretty," said Nayland Smith. "As I happened to be inside the tower, I fully appreciated its excellence. You were chasing this plane, I gather?"

Captain Kingswell, one of many Army aviators on duty that night, nodded.

"I should have caught him! It was the maneuver by the tower that tricked me. You see, I hadn't expected it."

The big armored car sped through the night.

"It is certain that they were driven down?"

"Lieutenant Olson, who was covering me on the left, reports he forced the ship down near the river somewhere above Tonawanda."

"Is there any place around there," Mark Hepburn asked slowly, "where they might have landed?"

"I may as well say," the pilot replied, smiling, "it's a section I don't pretend to be familiar with. Landing at night is always touch and go, even if the territory is known. It's only halfway safe on a landing field. Hullo! there's Gillig-ham!"

The headlights picked up a distant figure, arms outstretched, wearing Army air uniform. This was an agricultural district where folks were early abed; the country roads were deserted.

As the car pulled up and the aviator ran to the door:

(Continued on page 78)



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(Continued from page 77)

"What news, Gilligham?" cried Captain Kingswell.

"We're shorthanded to surround the area where they crashed," replied Gilligham, a young, fresh-faced man, immensely excited; "at least, it's ten to one they crashed. But I've done my best, and search parties are working right down to the river bank."

"How far to the river?" jerked Nayland Smith.

"As the crow flies from this spot, a half mile."

Smith jumped out, followed by Hepburn.

"This is the frontier?"

"Yes, the opposite bank's in Canada."

THROUGH the silence, from somewhere far off, came a sound like that of a ceaseless moan.

Nayland Smith, his eyes bright in the ray of the head lamp, turned to Hepburn questioningly.

"The rapids," said Mark.

As the breeze died, the mournful sound faded into a sad whisper. . . .

"Hullo!" Smith muttered; "what are those lights moving over there?"

"One of our search parties," Gilligham replied. "We expect to locate the wreck pretty soon. . . ."

But half an hour had elapsed before the mystery plane was found. It lay at one end of a long, plowed field: the undercarriage had been damaged, but the screw, wings and fuselage remained intact. Again, the work of a clever pilot was made manifest. There was no sign of the occupants.

"This is a Japanese ship," said Captain Kingswell on a note of astonishment. "Surely can't have crossed right to here in the air. Must have been re-assembled somewhere. Looks like it carried four of a crew: a pilot, a reserve (maybe he was the gunner) and two others."

He had climbed up and was now inside.

"Here's a queer torpedo outfit!" he cried; "with three reserve tubes. This is a fighting ship." He was prowling around enthusiastically, a torch in hand. "We'll overhaul every inch of it. There may be some very interesting evidence."

"The evidence I'm looking for," rapped Nayland Smith, irritably, "is evidence to show which way the occupants went. But all these footprints—" he flashed his torch upon the ground—"have made it impossible to trace."

He turned and stared toward where a red glow in the sky marked a distant town. Away to the east, half masked by trees, he could see outbuildings of what he took to be a farm.

"Tracks over here, mister!" came a hail from the northern end of the meadow. "Not made by the search party!"

NAYLAND SMITH, his repressed excitement communicating itself to Hepburn, set out at a run.

The man who had made the discovery was shining a light down upon the ground. He was a small, stout, red-faced man, wearing a very narrow-brimmed hat with a very high crown.

"Looks like the tracks of three men," he said: "two walkin' ahead an' one followin' along."

"Three men," muttered Nayland Smith; "there's the possibility there were four in the plane. Let me see. . . ."

He examined the tracks, and: "I must congratulate you," he said, addressing their discoverer. "Your powers of observation are excellent."

"That's all right, mister. In these per'ous times a man has to keep his eyes skinned—specially me; I'm deputy sheriff around here: Jabez Siskin—Sheriff Siskin they call me."

"Glad to have you with us, Sheriff. My name is Smith—federal agent."

Two sets of imprints there were which admittedly seemed to march side by side. The spacing indicated long strides; the depth of the impressions, considerable weight. The third track, although made by a substantial-sized shoe, was lighter; there was no evidence to show that the one who had made it had crossed the meadow at the same time as the other two.

"Move on!" snapped Nayland Smith; "follow the tracks but don't disturb them."

Right to a five-barred gate the tracks led, and there, Deputy Sheriff Siskin paused, pointing triumphantly.

The gate was open.

Nayland Smith stepped through on to a narrow, wheel-rutted lane.

"Where does this lane lead to?"

"To Clutterbuck's," Sheriff Siskin replied; "this is all part of his land. The League bought it back for him. The farm lies on the right. The river's beyond."

"Come on!"

It was a long, a tedious and a winding way, but at last they stood before the farm.

Their advent had not been unnoticed. A fiery red head was protruded from an upper window above and to the right of the porch, preceded by the barrel of a shotgun, and:

"What do you want?" a gruff voice inquired.

"It's me, Clutterbuck," Deputy Sheriff Siskin replied, "with some officers."

When Clutterbuck opened his front door, he appeared in gum boots. He wore a topcoat, apparently made of rabbit skin, over a woolen nightshirt, and his temper corresponded to his fiery hair. He was a big, bearded, choleric character.

"Listen!" he shouted. "It's you I'm talkin' to, Sheriff! I've had more'n enough o' this for one night. Money ain't ev'rything when a man has to buy a new boat."

"But, listen, Clutterbuck—"

Nayland Smith stepped forward.

"Mr. Clutterbuck," he said—"I gather that this is your name—we are government officers. We regret disturbing you, but we have our duty to perform."

"A boat's a boat, an' money ain't ev'rything."

"So you have already assured us. Explain what you mean."

Clutterbuck found himself to be strangely subdued by the cold authority of the speaker's voice.

"Well, it's this way," he said. (Two windows above were opened and two heads peered out.) "I'm a League man, see? This is a League farm. Can't alter that, can I? An' I'm roused up tonight when I'm fast asleep—that's enough to annoy a man, ain't it? I think the war's started. Around these parts we all figure on it. I take my gun an' I look out o' the window. What do I see? Listen to me, Sheriff—what do I see?"

"Forget the sheriff," said Nayland Smith, irritably; "address your remarks to me. What did you see?"

"Oh, well! All right. I see three men standin' right here outside—right here where we stand now. One's old, with white whiskers an' white hair; another, some kind of a colored man, I couldn't just see prop'ly; but the third one—him that's lookin' up—" he paused, "well. . . ."

"Well?" rapped Nayland Smith.

"He's very tall, see? As tall as me, I guess; an' he wears a coat with a fur collar an' he wears a fur cap. There's a sickle moon, an' his eyes—listen to this, Sheriff—his eyes ain't brown, an' his eyes ain't blue, an' they ain't gray: they're green!"

"QUICK, man!" Nayland Smith cried. "What happened? What did he want?"

"He wants my motorboat."

"Did he get it?"

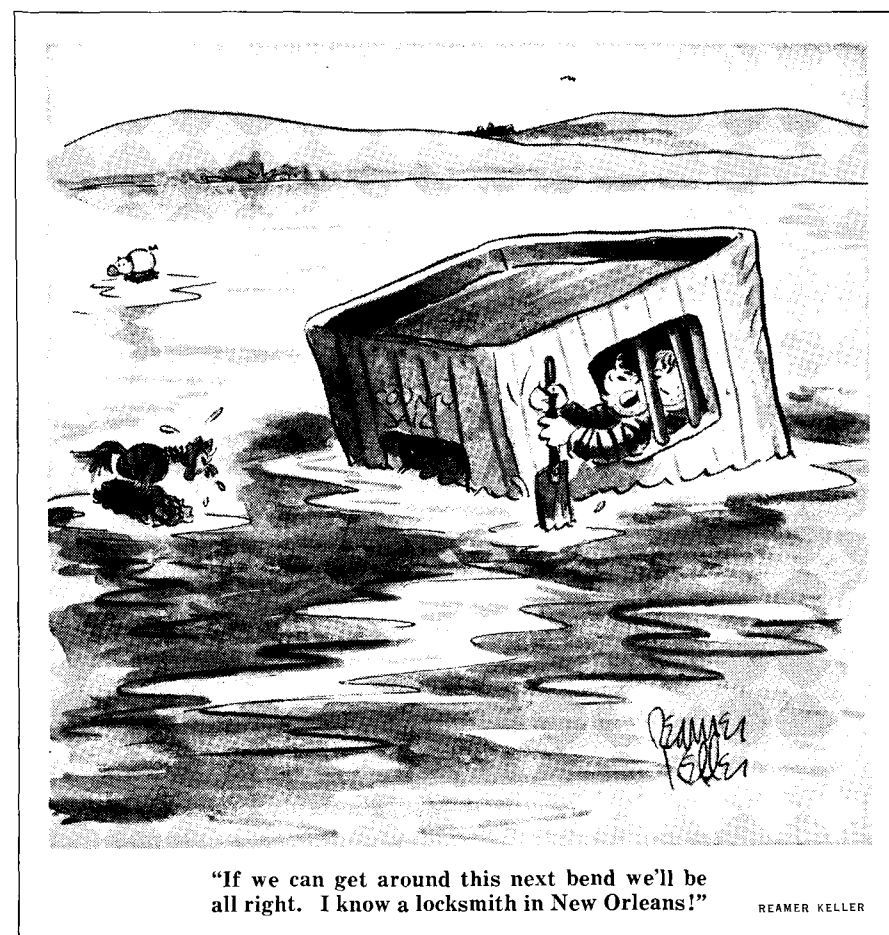
"Listen, mister! I told you I'm a League man, didn't I? Well, this is a League official, see? Shows me his badge. He buys the boat. I didn't have no choice, anyway—but I'd been nuts to say no to the price. Trouble is, now I got no boat; an' money ain't ev'rything when a man loses his boat!"

"Fu Manchu knows the game's up. They had radio in the plane!" said Smith to Hepburn in a low tone vibrant with excitement.

"Then God help Salvaletti!"

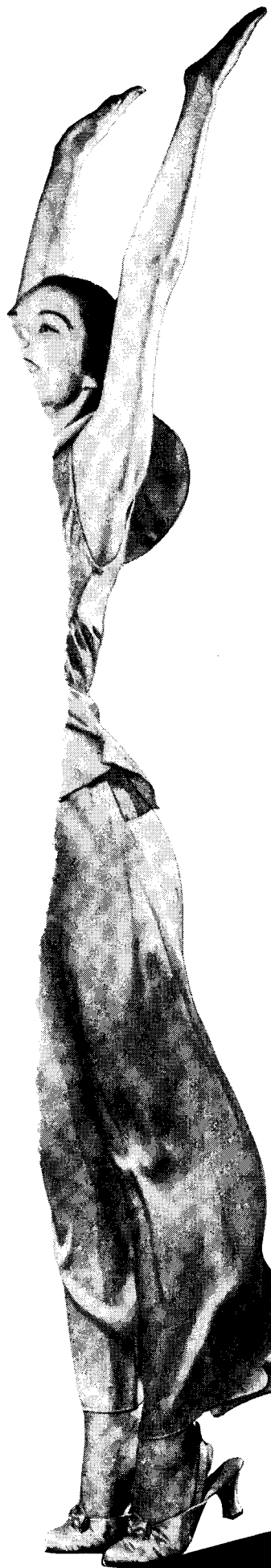
"Amen. We know he has agents in Chicago. But, by heaven, we must move, Hepburn—the Doctor is making for Canada!"

(Continued on page 80)



The Invisible President

Continued from page 78



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ial-size tin of Saraka.

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At roughly about this time, those who had listened to Patrick Donegal and who now were listening to radio topics received a further shock. . . . "A woman known as Mrs. Valetti occupied Apartment 36 in the Doric Building on Lakeside. She was a beautiful brunette and almost her only caller was a man believed to be her husband who frequently visited there. About 8:30 this evening, Miss Lola Dumas, whose marriage to Paul Salvaletti has been arranged to take place next month, came to the apartment. She had never been there before. She failed to get any reply to her ringing but was horrified to hear a woman's scream. At her urgent request, the door was opened by the resident manager, and a dreadful discovery was made.

"Mrs. Valetti and the man lay side by side upon the day bed in the sitting-room. On the woman's arms and on the man's neck there were a number of blood-red spots. They were both dead, and a window was wide open. Miss Dumas collapsed on recognizing the man as her fiancé, Paul Salvaletti. She is alleged to have uttered the words 'The Scarlet Bride'—which the police engaged on the case believe to relate to the dead woman. But Miss Dumas, to whom the sympathy of the entire country goes out in this hour of her unimaginable sorrow, is critically ill and cannot be questioned.

"The crisis which this tragedy will create in political circles it would be impossible to exaggerate. . . ."

"THEY'RE just landing!" cried the man in the bow of the customs launch—"at the old Indian Ferry."

"Guess those Canadian bums showed 'emself," growled another voice. "We had 'em trapped if they'd gone ashore where they planned."

Nayland Smith, standing up and peering through night glasses, saw a tall, dark figure on the rock-cut steps. It was unmistakable. It was Dr. Fu Manchu! He saw him beckon to the second passenger in the little motorboat; and the other, a man whose hair shone like silver in the moonlight, joined him on the steps. A third remained in the boat at the wheel.

Dr. Fu Manchu, arms folded, stood for a moment looking out across the river. He did not seem to be watching the approaching customs craft so swiftly bearing down upon him, but rather to be studying the shadowed American bank, the frontier of the United States.

It came to Nayland Smith, as they drew nearer and nearer to the motionless figure, that Dr. Fu Manchu was bidding a silent farewell to the empire he had so nearly won. . . .

Just as words of command trembled on Smith's lips, Fu Manchu spoke to the occupant of the boat, turned, and with his white-haired companion strode up the steps.

The motorboat spluttered into sudden life and set off downstream.

"Stop that man!" rapped Nayland Smith.

Dr. Fu Manchu and the other already were lost in the shadow.

"Heave to—federal orders!" roared a loud voice.

Clutterbuck's motorboat was kept on its course.

"Shall we let him have it?"

"Yes—but head for the steps."

Three shots came almost together. Raising the glasses again, Nayland Smith had a glimpse of a form crouching low over the wheel. . . . then, a bluff which protected the Indian Ferry ob-

scured the boat from sight. As they swung in to the steps:

"What was that move?" somebody inquired. "I guess we missed him anyway."

But Nayland Smith was already running up the steps. He found himself in a narrow gorge on one side completely overhung by tangled branches. He flashed a light ahead. Three federal agents came clattering up behind him.

"What I'm wondering," said one, "is, where's Captain Hepburn?"

Nayland Smith wondered also. Hepburn, in another launch, had been put ashore higher up on the Canadian bank, armed with Smith's personal card upon which a message had been scribbled. . . .

Dr. Fu Manchu and his companion seemed to have disappeared.

But, now, heralded by a roar of propellers, Captain Kingswell came swooping down out of the night, and the first Very light burst directly overhead! Nayland Smith paused, raised his glasses, and stared upward. Kingswell, flying very low, circled, dipped and headed downriver.

"He's seen them!" snapped Smith.

Came a dim shouting. . . . Hepburn was heading in their direction. A second light broke.

"Are we all blind?" Nayland Smith cried savagely. "Look at Kingswell's signals. They have rejoined the motorboat at some place below!"

Two more Army planes flew into view. . . .

"Back to the launch!" Smith shouted.

But when at last they set out again, the batlike maneuvers of the aviators and the points at which they threw out their flares indicated that the cunning quarry had a long start. It seemed to Nayland Smith, crouched in the bow, staring ahead, that time, elastic, had stretched out to infinity. Then, he sighted the motorboat. Kingswell, above, was flying just ahead of it. He threw out a light.

In the glare, while it prevailed, a grim scene was shown. The man at the wheel (probably the same who had piloted the plane) lay over it, if not dead, unconscious; and the silver-haired passenger was locked in a fierce struggle with Dr. Fu Manchu!

Professor Morgenstahl's hour had come! In the stress of that last fight for freedom, the Doctor's control for a matter of seconds only had relaxed. But, in those seconds, Morgenstahl had acted. . . .

"This is where we check out!" came a cry. "Hard over, Jim!"

ABSORBED in the drama being played before him—a drama the real significance of which he could only guess—Nayland Smith had remained deaf to the deepening roar of the river. Suddenly the launch rolled and swung about.

"What's this?" he shouted, turning.

"Twenty lengths more and we'd be in the rapids!"

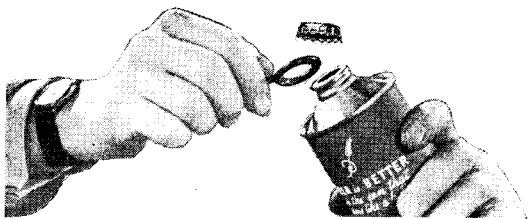
The rapids!

He craned his head, looking astern. Somewhere, far back, a light broke. Three planes were flying low over the river—and now, to his ears came the awesome song of Niagara, "The Thunderer of Waters."

An icy hand seemed to touch Nayland Smith's heart. . . .

Dr. Fu Manchu had been caught in the rapids; no human power nor his own superlative genius could prevent his being carried over the great falls! The man who had dared to remodel nature's forces had been claimed at last by the gods he had outraged.

THE END



OPENS LIKE A BOTTLE...

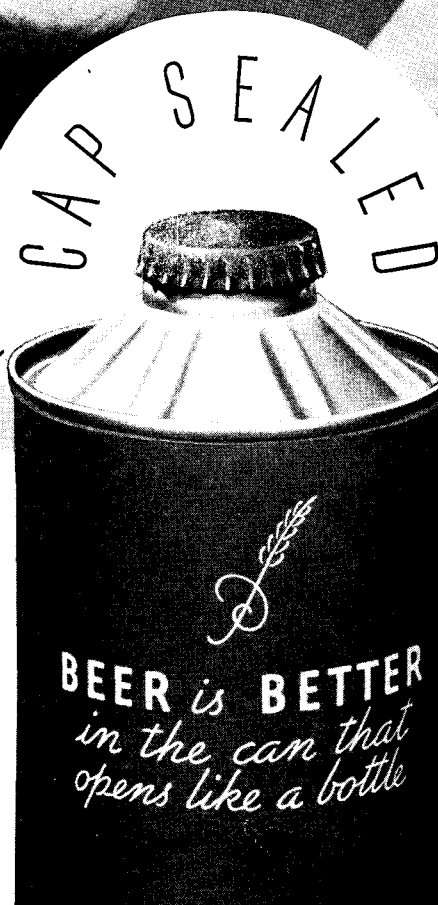


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Is There a Republican in the House?

Continued from page 41

Representatives. Some people may not hold the lower chamber in high regard, but Bertrand H. loves it. He has been a member since 1915, returned eleven times by a district that still refuses to credit the report of Abraham Lincoln's death, and although he could have nominations for the Senate, he has always clung steadfastly to his congressional seat. Seen through his adoring eyes, the House is the mainspring of government, and certainly he did much to make it so during the period between 1922 and 1930, when he served as chairman of the Rules Committee.

Today, moans Bertrand H., the House has abdicated its powers. The executive branch has put a chloroform cone to the nose of the legislative branch. Instead of running government, the government runs the House and, what is more, runs it ragged. The very thought of the four billions handed to the President, all in one big lump, causes tremors to race up and down Mr. Snell's ample form. A surrender and a betrayal, that's what it was! The House is the true guardian of the Treasury. Monies should and must be appropriated only for specific purposes.

What Can Come but Disaster?

No longer does a President send up his requests and suggestions to the House in the proper spirit of humility, but transmits his desires by messenger, snapping his fingers and telling congressmen to "get a move on" as though they were laggard bellhops. What can come of it but disaster? Ask Mr. Snell, and he answers that any day may see America following the example of Greece and Rome in a big way.

And such messages as the President sends! Even to think of them blanches the rufescent jowls of the minority leader. Nothing seems sacred to the man in the White House. Not invested capital, not private enterprise, not the protective tariff, not the gold standard, not the open shop, not rugged individualism, not the Good Old Order that made America great, and not even the Constitution.

From all of which it may be gathered that Mr. Snell is a good deal of a stand-patter. He is, and glories in it. Even so,

nothing would be more unjust than to write him down as a Servant of the Interests, a Tool of Wall Street, for he is what he is purely by virtue of birth, environment and experience. Born in 1870 in a small town in St. Lawrence County, New York, he has lived his whole life in a region where slums, sweatshops, and "radicals" are absolutely unknown. Educated in conservative Amherst, he went from college to a job in the lumber camps, and learned what it was to sleep cold and work hard. Rung by rung he climbed the ladder of success until he was the owner of his own business, a man of influence and affairs, a power in the community.

On the whole, the gentleman from New York would seem to be a pretty good person to have in the House. A vigorous, sincere man, liked and respected by his associates, he takes his job seriously and honestly, and best of all, *knows* his job. Between the rebel radicals, who want to start off in every direction at top speed, and Bertrand H., who digs his heels in, a sound medium pace may result.

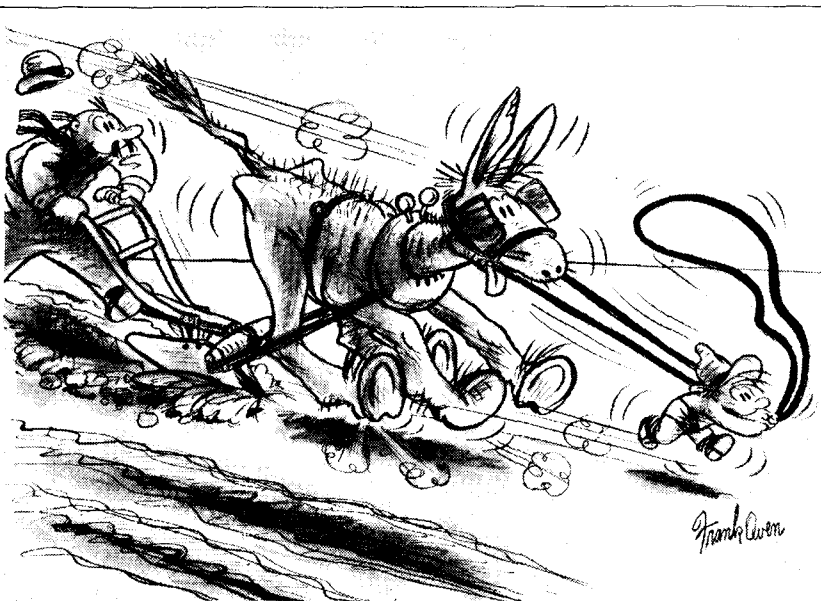
Even so, signs are not wanting to show that Mr. Snell is not the man he was. Even though he himself may not be conscious of it, a certain weakening of fiber is becoming very apparent. When pressed hard, for instance, he admits that our social and economic system may contain abuses that call for reform, although in the same breath he does protest that you do not have to kill a dog to get rid of the fleas or burn a barn to destroy the rats. True, he fulminates with much of his old passion against government "sticking its nose into business," but when asked flatly if he believes that all the great captains of industry and famous financiers, in the last four or five years, have distinguished themselves by ability, intelligence, courage and a sense of public responsibility, Bertrand H. does not roar an instant affirmative as he would have done in the good old days.

Far from it. Leading the questioner to the darkest corner in the basement of the Capitol, and putting his lips close to the eardrum, he quavers brokenly, "Heaven forgive me for saying it, but a lot of 'em have been pretty stupid."

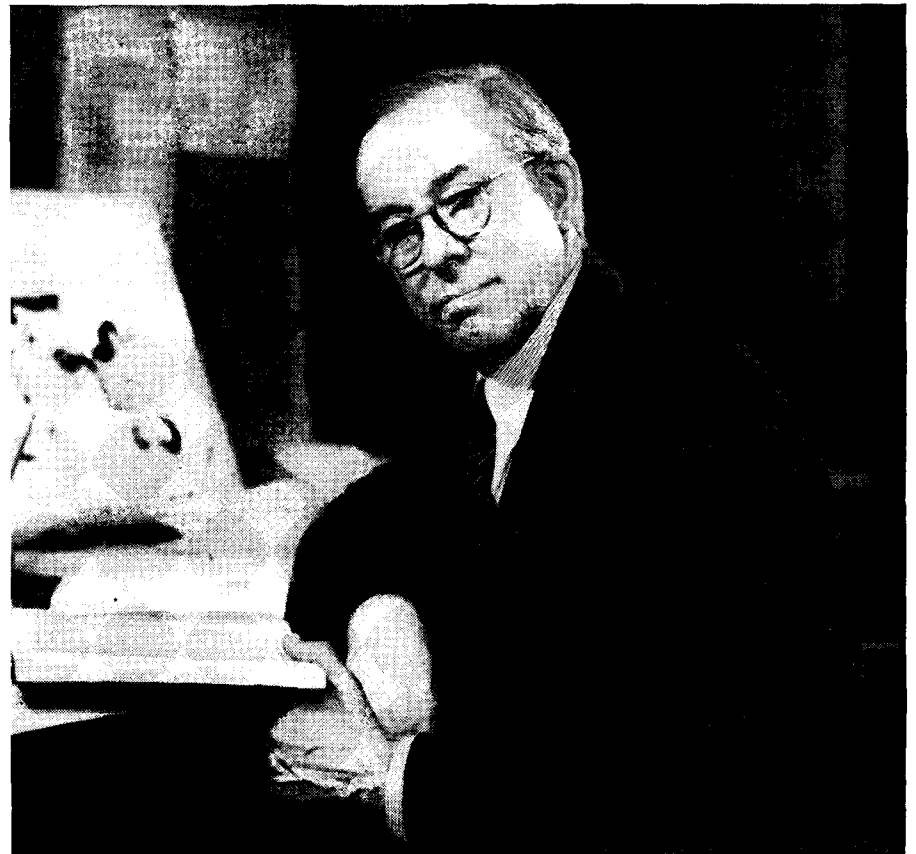
Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Wait, Philbert! We can get more plowing done if we take this mule out altogether!"



Shaving with a Piece of Mind

By Walter B. Pitkin

Author of "Life Begins at 40"

DID YOU ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade. But I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant spreading over two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the *Mind Behind the Blade*. And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a

Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this *Mind* and its laboratories than many other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

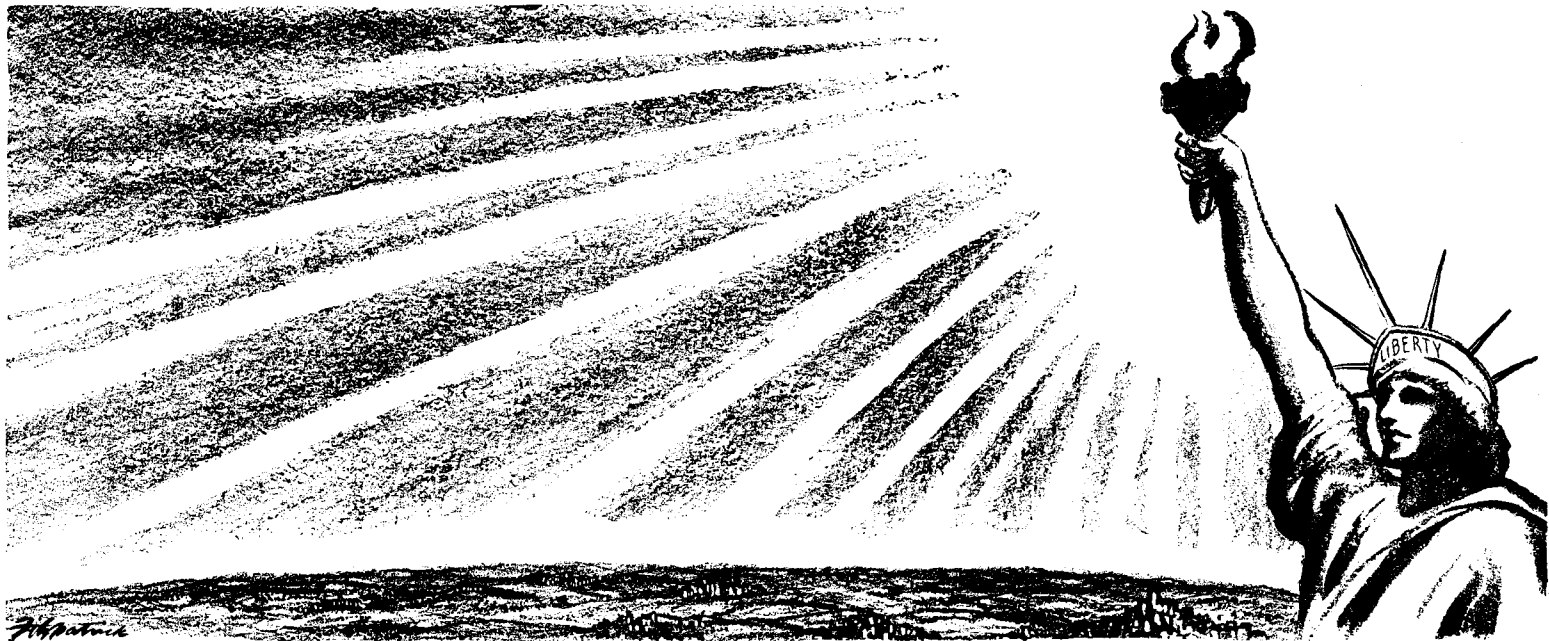
Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind that is determined to master every fact and to apply fact to factory, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real invisible edge of Gillette is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor!

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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We'll Keep Our Rights

AMERICANS have enjoyed liberty during most of the 149 years of our national existence. We and our predecessors have generally been free to speak and write as we pleased, short of libeling our neighbors. We have been free to choose our religions. We have been free to petition Congress and other lawmaking bodies when we felt our interests required consideration. We have been free from unreasonable searches and seizures.

We have been free because human liberty seemed very important to the men who established the United States. To the great leaders, freedom seemed more important than personal property, safety or even life itself.

Nothing ever written by an American has had greater influence upon our development as a nation than has George Washington's Farewell Address. Generation after generation has had confidence in the disinterested wisdom of the advice given by Washington.

Love of liberty inspired that message. Again and again Washington urged Americans to let nothing deny them the enjoyment of liberty. The happiness of the people under the auspices of liberty was the goal of Washington's long effort.

During most of the years liberty has in fact been the common property of the majority of Americans. Before the Civil War, it is true, slaves had few rights which their masters were required to respect. During important wars, also, it is true, freedom has been restricted. We have at times been intolerant of religious and economic sects whose beliefs seemed strange or dangerous to the majority. But such cases have been the exception, not the rule.

Now, for the first time in many decades, the preservation of liberty has again become a great issue in this country. Nobody is, of course, making a frank attack upon liberty in general. What is occurring is the very partisan struggle foreseen by Washington. Here are a few of his words:

"The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. . . . Sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty."

Could anyone have written a briefer or more accurate history of the actual developments in Italy and Germany which led to the dictatorships of Mussolini and Hitler?

In this country the present Congress has on more than one occasion shown a similar disregard for the constitutional rights of those out of favor. Senator Black's blanket seizure of telegrams without specific subpoenas was an extreme example of this abuse of power and denial of liberty.

The excuse offered by Senator Black's defenders was familiar and specious. In effect the senator said that those whose liberty was infringed were bad citizens. Mussolini or Hitler would have called them Communists. What Senator Black meant was that those whose constitutional rights he violated belonged to another political faction.

The Constitution was not adopted by the American people merely to safeguard the rights of senators or other elected officials or their friends. The Constitution extends its protection to all the people, majority and minority, black and white, rich and poor, good and bad. In this country constitutional rights are not a class possession, limited to those considered good by inquiring senators or others.

We have passed through a great economic sickness and we are far advanced today along the road to health. Convalescents and those on the road to recovery are notoriously excitable. Having made such progress, it would, however, be tragic if in a fit of nerves we jeopardized any of the great spiritual heritages of the American people.

During the years in front of us we shall have many problems to solve and many adjustments to make. The sum of all wisdom and virtue and patriotism is not lodged in this Congress. Good sense, patriotism and competence are possessed by many men and women who are not in Congress or in any other public office.

If we are to manage our affairs with skill and wisdom and generosity we shall need to employ the unfettered capacities of citizens of various classes and opinions. We shall get nowhere by intolerance or a denial of liberty to those who are disliked by particular senators or others.

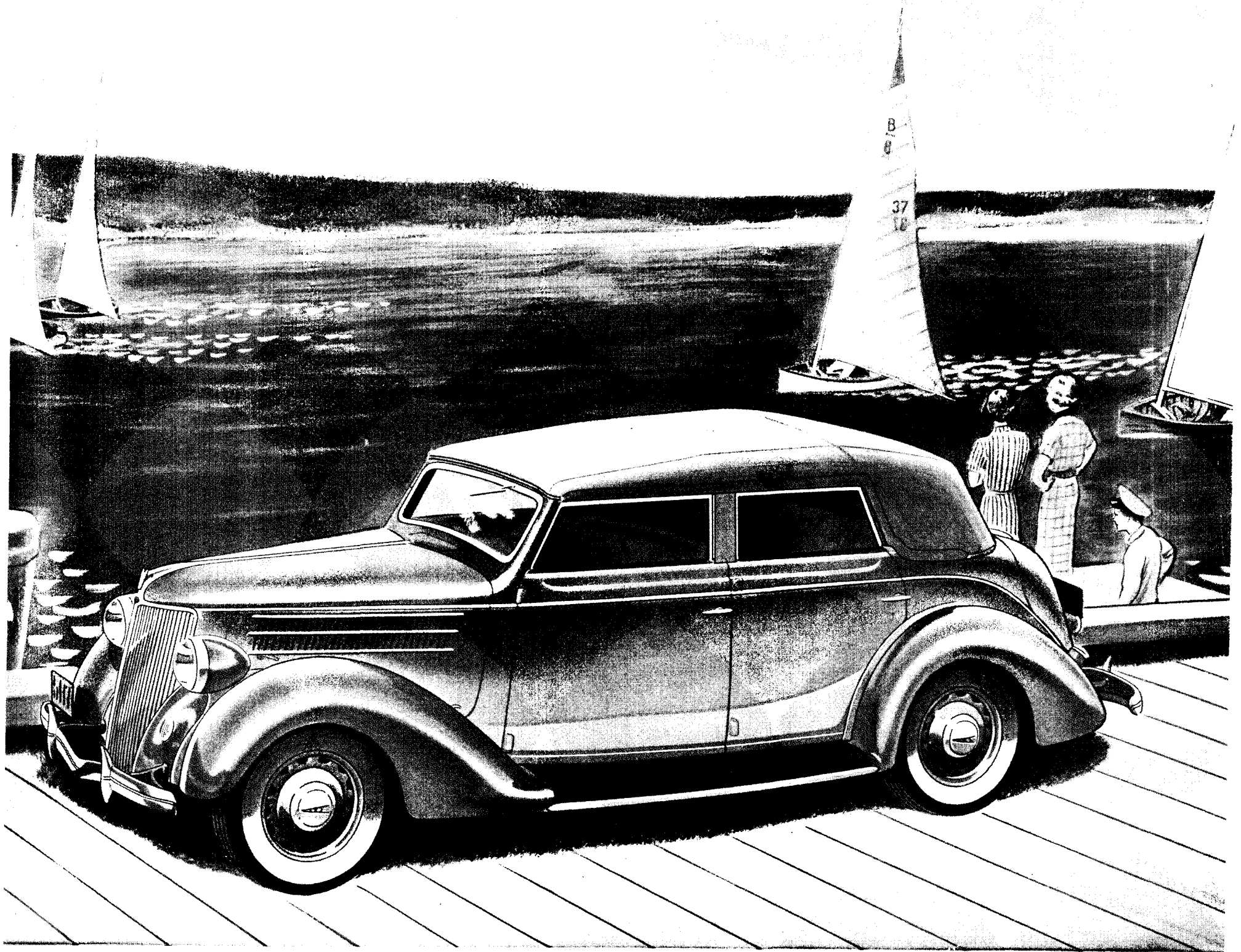
Fortunately, calmer men in the Senate itself have shown signs of protest against the stupidly un-American tactics adopted by Senator Black and some of his more fanatic colleagues. Men of both parties have had the courage to speak in defense of constitutional liberty, even for those belonging to other factions and considered by partisans as "the enemy."

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, Democratic Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, for example, had the courage to remind his fellow citizens that:

"In a government where one and the same magistracy makes, construes and enforces the laws, whether such magistracy be lodged in one man or in a body of men, there can be no public liberty."

That is as good American doctrine in 1936 as it was 149 years ago. So, too, was the statement of Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican senator from Michigan, who took as his text the historic remark attributed to Hamilton and Madison: "An elective despotism was not the government we fought for."

The sooner the Senate and all other governmental agencies learn to respect the liberty and constitutional rights of all classes of Americans, regardless of political partisanship, the more rapidly we shall proceed to complete recovery.



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